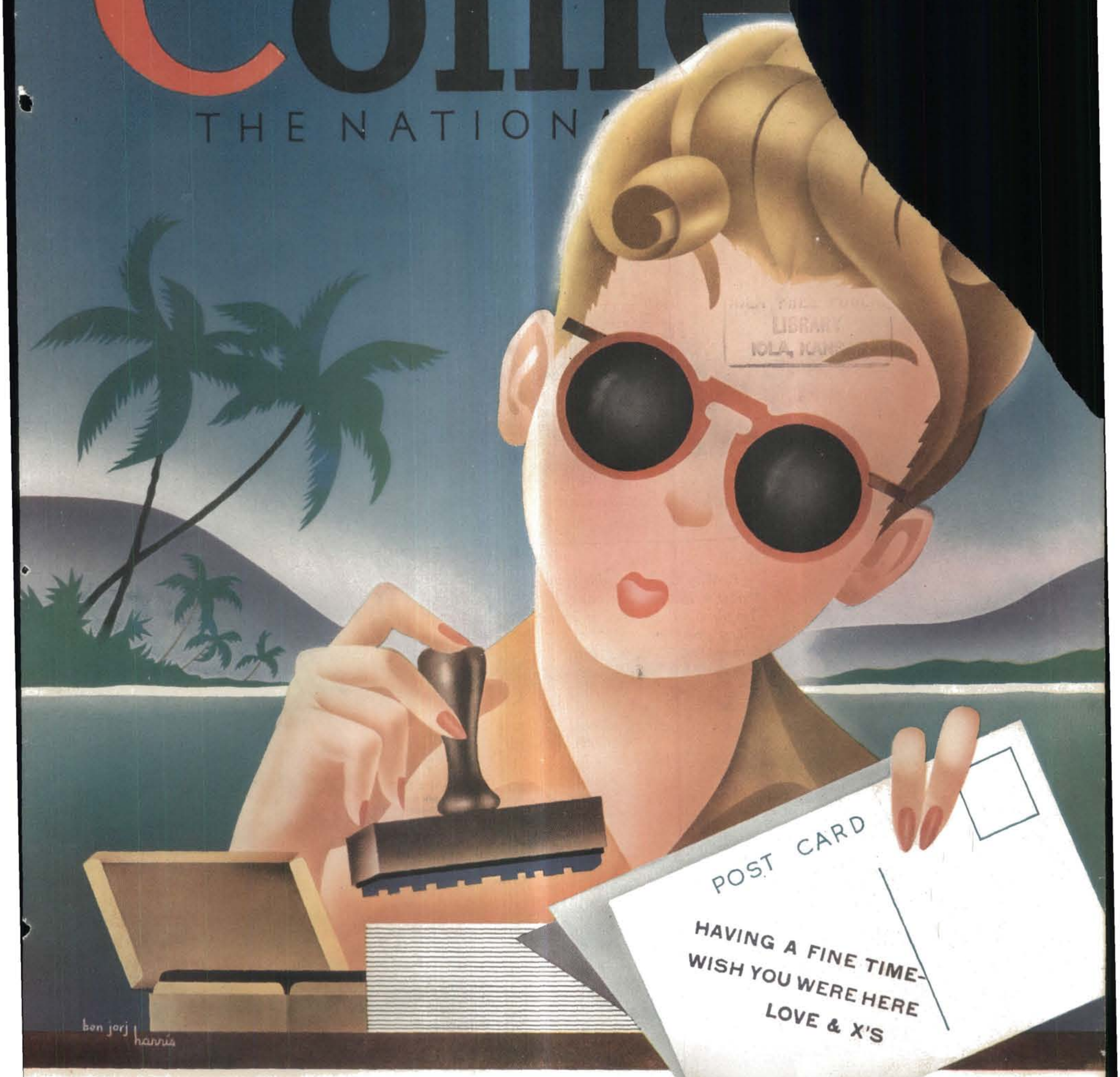
January 21, 1

Collie

THE NATION


POST CARD
HAVING A FINE TIME-
WISH YOU WERE HERE
LOVE & X'S
ben jorj harris

LIBRARY
IOLA, KANS

After Roosevelt—What?

By Congressman Bruce Barton

JUNE E THOMPSON
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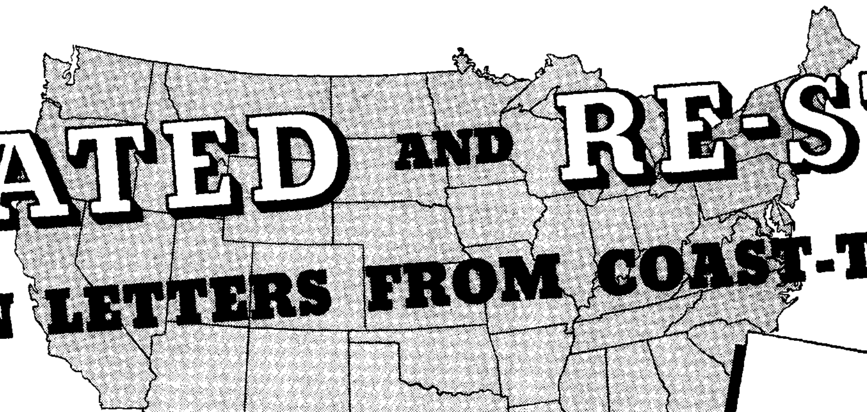
HOME COMPANION

JAN. 21, 1939



STATED AND RE-STATED IN LETTERS FROM COAST-TO-COAST:

ST. LOUIS
"LISTERINE cured my DANDRUFF"

WHEN the sensational discovery that dandruff is in reality a *germ* disease was flashed to the world recently, hope of positive dandruff control became possible. It could no longer be said that dandruff therapy was largely a matter of guesswork. The very scientists who proved the germ origin of dandruff, also proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, kills the stubborn little bacillus, *Pityrosporum ovale*, which causes dandruff. In repeated tests it was shown that, by killing the germ, Listerine Antiseptic banished or substantially improved the dandruff condition in the great majority of cases.

Now, a wave of letters from all over the country brings wholesale corroboration. Read this first hand evidence of the effectiveness of the easy, delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatment. Note how quickly scalp and hair were ridded of ugly, embarrassing dandruff flakes.

Start your own invigorating Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And even after dandruff has entirely disappeared, continue to enjoy a treatment from time to time to guard against possible reinfection.

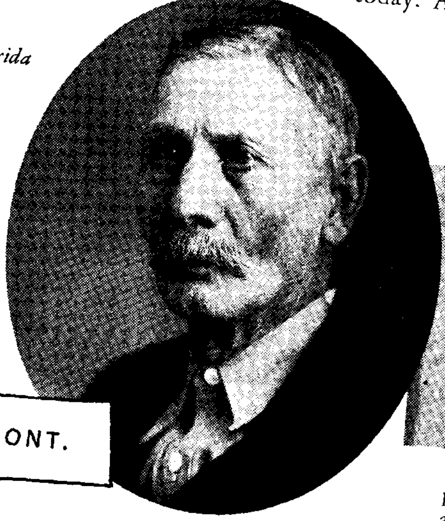
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

"I have used Listerine Antiseptic on my own hair, and on my daughter's hair as well, for a number of years now. I like its stimulating effect on the scalp. It is the most effective treatment for dandruff that I have ever tried . . . and certainly the most pleasant one."

MRS. S. C. SLOAN
West Palm Beach, Florida

"I am a retired barber. I have barbered 27 years and I have often used Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff. I am writing this letter to the manufacturers of Listerine because I have used all kinds of hair tonic and want to say that Listerine Antiseptic beats them all. I am absolutely convinced that it will restore hair to its natural condition if properly used."

G. S. CUMMINGS
Saltease, Montana



"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER, *Oshkosh, Wis.*

"This is the first letter that I have ever written endorsing a product but Listerine Antiseptic has made such an impression on me that I thought that I would tell you about it. You have been advertising Listerine as a cure for dandruff so I thought that I would try it. After the first application the intense itching stopped. I am nearly finished with the bottle now and I am happy to say that all traces of dandruff have disappeared and my hair and scalp are again normal."

JOHN KEESER, *Walden, New York*

LISTERINE

THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

January 21, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
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JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

ENSIGN NICHOLAS RAINE of the Reserve, flying south from Pensacola, was intent on a family matter. He was going to pay a call on his father whom he had not seen in ten years. It was an interesting and slightly frightening prospect; Bennett Raine had become a legend. But Nick was unprepared for what happened.

In his father's house Nick, "The Pacifist," found out the reason for his deep-seated abhorrence of violence. The story is by Harry Sylvester.

FOR thirty years Oregon has been looked upon as a testing ground for liberal reforms. It was Oregon that introduced the initiative and referendum; Oregon was a haven for populists and single-taxers and all sorts of other political insurgents; Oregon led the nation in protecting industrial workers from exploitation. But on a rainy Tuesday last November the people of Oregon strode to the polls and adopted by a decisive vote the severest legal restraint on the activities of labor unions ever enacted in this country. What had happened in Oregon? The story, as told by Richard L. Neuberger, is a critical chapter in the history of labor and industry.

MORONEY was young but he rated as a tough cop. Honey Lee was young, too, and there was no doubt about her toughness. She was a gangster's moll, the cops had killed the gangster, and the way Moroney comes into the story is that he was given the job of keeping Honey from escaping from the hospital while she was having the gangster's child. "Jail Baby" is by Hannah Lees.

BRAZIL has a dictator who has a knack of getting things done. They call him affectionately "The Man with the Screwdriver," and they overlook the fact that somewhere in all this efficiency their rights as citizens have almost disappeared. Jim Marshall gives you a close-up of Uncle Getulio Vargas.

HOW "The Spirit of Non-Stop" invaded the Filmore County Fair and led to the establishment of the world's greatest (and most bogus) glider record is told by Frank Condon. In the aviator and his accomplices you will meet as appealing a crowd of frauds as ever showed one another up.

HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS writes the Short Short Story. Kyle Crichton, Ruth Carson, Laurence G. Blochman, Octavus Roy Cohen and others complete the bill.

This Week

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SERIAL STORIES

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OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Strange Honeymoon. The seventh of ten parts. The price of silence. Page 22

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FRANK CONDON
Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly? First name Nancy; investment five million. Page 17

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●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. What's the latest? Page 6

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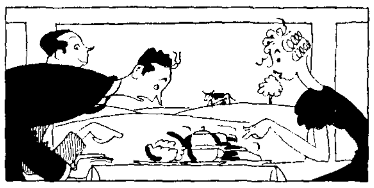
Mrs. Roosevelt's Motto. Page 58

COVER BEN JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

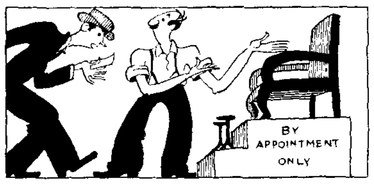
WHAT with Congress swarming around our ears and Europe catching a nervous breakdown, we've had to pass up a number of social affairs lately. For example, we weren't able to accept Miss Pam Saubert's invitation to a Jitterbug Jag in Great Falls, Montana. It was held by the Agora Club. Anyway, our train stopped in Great Falls only long enough for Miss Saubert to tell us what we were going to miss. She said that "there was to be absolutely no formality because Jack Larson, leader of the Genial Gents Band, had promised that the hall was going to jump until the windows broke. However," went on Miss Saubert, "there'll be no dearth of slow romantic numbers for guests of more mature years." Then she told us something that made us even surer that we were a pretty inferior sap to pass it up. "You'd just have to have a good time," said she. "The doors will be locked at nine o'clock."



HOWEVER, we overcame our inclination to throw everything to the winds and go. We got back on the train and ate lunch at the same table with a gentleman and his wife. After surveying the menu longingly and at some length the lady confided to her husband that she'd "have a light lunch and later a good dinner." She studied the card again. "Yes," she said, "that's what I'll do. I'll have a snack now and later a good dinner." He said nothing. When the waiter arrived she gave the menu another going-over and told everybody within hearing that after all she'd "have just a little something, and a good dinner later." So she ordered soup, salad, a ham omelet, coffee and pie, saying that she'd have a good dinner later. While the luncheon was being prepared we all gazed silently at the mountains. When it arrived she went at it lustily, advising us that she'd fully made up her mind to have a good hearty dinner later. And that broke the gentleman's silence. He looked at us and, nodding at his wife, told us: "She's decided to have a good dinner, by God."

PRESENTLY we arrived in Seattle, Washington, only to find out that complete happiness did not fill the state treasurer's offices. We learned this from one of the auditors. The poor fellow had just come from Governor Clarence Martin's office. Anyone could see that he wasn't happy. Governor Martin is a very rich man. His $6,000 salary doesn't mean much to him. Nevertheless, his salary check arrives at his desk every two weeks. Mr. Martin looks at it, tosses it into a drawer and there it stays along with many predecessors. He doesn't cash them, doesn't bank them. Our friend, the auditor, had just come from the governor's office after having failed for the hundredth time to convince the governor that auditors simply can't balance their books with checks lying around uncashed. "Now, now, my boy," says Governor Martin, "don't scold me. Let us not borrow trouble. Let us take life as it comes." And so forth. However, Mr. Martin goes right ahead slinging checks into that drawer. And the auditor just can't take life as it comes.

EVENTUALLY, after sloshing up Puget Sound through a purée of fog, on the Princess Something, we arrived in Victoria, British Columbia. To make a good impression we decided to have our shoes shined. We took the vacant seat in a two-chair establishment. When the elderly and dignified bootblack had finished with our neighbor he asked us: "Did you have an appointment?" Asked we, rather coldly: "What? To have our shoes shined?" "It's customary," he said. "You'll probably have to wait." He consulted his records. Yes, a Mr. Brathwaite had telephoned for a shine. He notified Mr. Brathwaite. After Mr. Brathwaite, a Mr. Stoats was notified that it was his turn. Then we got shined. The proprietor told us that we were pretty lucky: A Mr. Gardener had just called off his appointment. But he gave us clearly to understand that hereafter we'd do well to telephone.



WITH all this on our mind we completely forgot that we hadn't the slightest interest in whether Reno, Nevada, is west or east of Los Angeles, California. So naturally when a Mr. Maleward wanted to bet us two dollars that Reno was west of Los Angeles we absent-mindedly took him up. Look it up for yourself.

ANYWAY, we lost. W. D.

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SOMEWHERE, SOME DAY...

YOU MAY HAVE A DATE WITH A *Blowout!*

Will you wait until it happens . . . or change to a Hudson in time?

IT may be within an hour from now . . . or tomorrow, next week, or next year. But when you hear that BANG! . . . when your car goes twisting out of control . . . when sudden injury threatens . . . *will it be too late to wish you had changed to a Hudson?*

For Hudson, you know, is the *only* car with Auto-Poise Control . . . the automobile safety invention that helps to keep wheels on their true course *automatically*. It is built into every 1939 Hudson as standard equipment—at no extra cost.

On rough roads, in heavy side winds . . . even when a tire blows . . . it resists the sudden swerve that may mean disaster. It is a sensational new mechanical invention, working on a new mechanical principle. You get it at no extra cost in every 1939 Hudson, including the new Hudson 112 in the lowest price field. *No other car has anything like it.*

Or, if your hydraulic brakes should suddenly fail, as they may at any moment through accident or service neglect, must you think fast enough to reach for a hand lever? In a Hudson, you just do the natural thing . . . *push farther down on the same foot pedal* . . . and STOP. Thanks to Double-Safe Brakes, an exclusive feature standard in *all* Hudsons.

What are they? Finest Bendix Hydraulics, equal to the best on any car, with a separate reserve mechanical braking system *that takes hold automatically from the same foot pedal if ever needed.* Of course, there's a convenient hand brake in every Hudson, too.

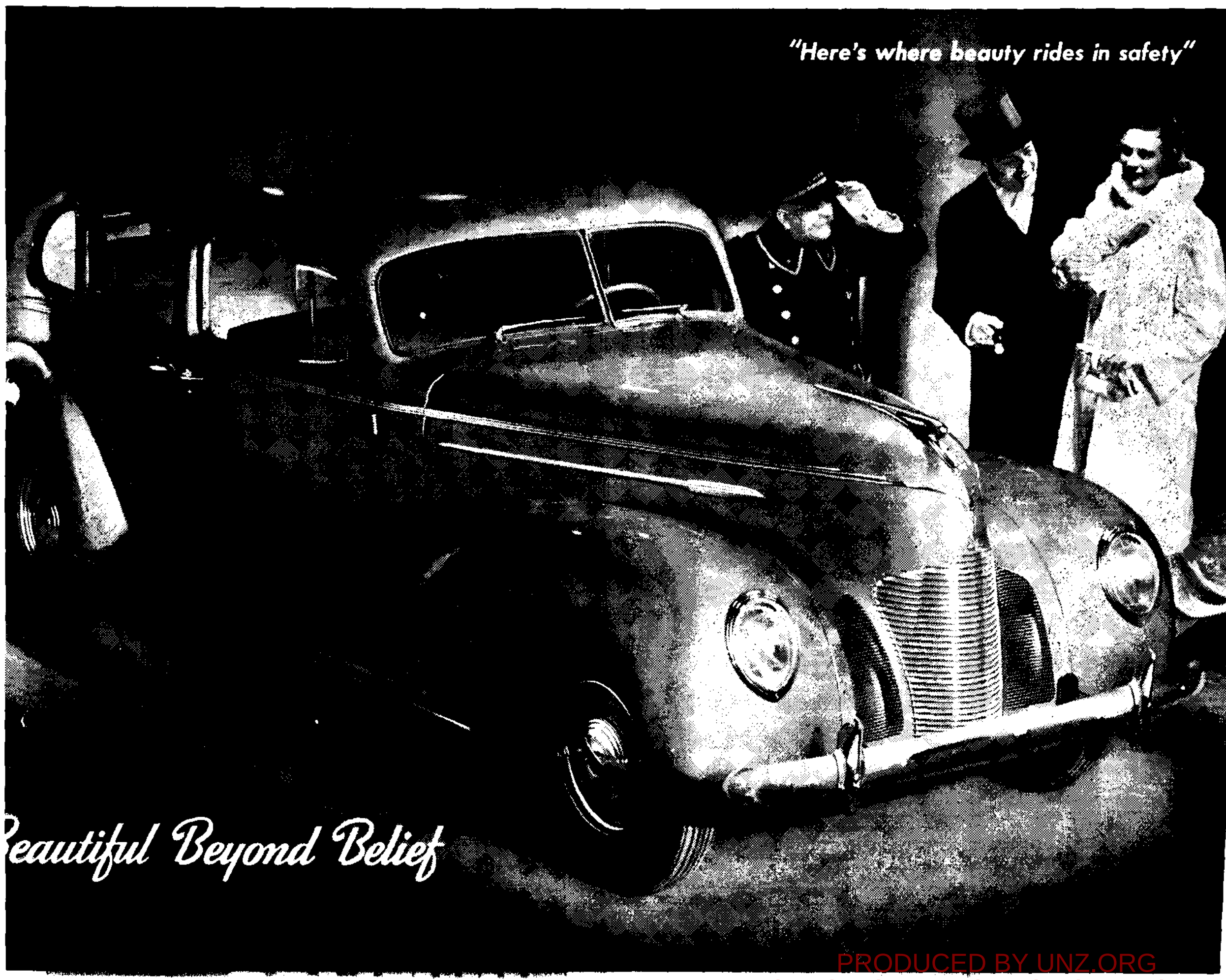
Here's extra protection against two of the deadliest hazards of driving . . . obtainable *only* in a Hudson! Don't wait another day to investigate *all* you get in a Hudson. Tomorrow *might* be too late.

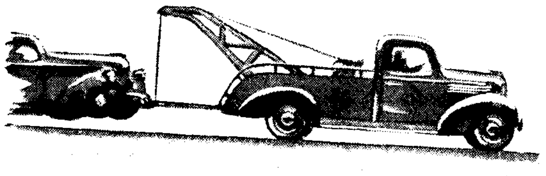
Hudson's Weather-Master Fresh Air and Heat Control Available in all Models

HUDSON

HUDSON 112
•
HUDSON SIX
•
HUDSON
Country Club
Six and Eight

New 1939 Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $898, delivered in Detroit equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any.





This Car Had Everything Except HUDSON SAFETY!

You've seen scores like it. A car with style, roominess, good performance, luxurious fittings . . . yet turned into a mass of junk in a split second *because a tire blew out or brakes failed!* Because in a vital emergency its driver was left wholly "on his own" with no dependable mechanical watchdogs to help ward off disaster—such as Auto-Poise Control and Double-Safe Brakes, which are described at the left. Something to think about? We believe so. Something to *do* something about? See your nearest Hudson dealer.

NOW! A DE LUXE HUDSON 112 PRICED DOWN WITH DE LUXE MODELS OF THE "OTHER THREE"

$745 and up for 86 H. P. Hudson 112 De Luxe; **$823** and up for Hudson Six—96 H. P., 118-in. W. B.; **$919** and up for Country Club models—101 and 122 H. P., 122 and 129-in. W. B.

Prices delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. For delivered prices in your locality see your Hudson dealer.

See ALL You Get in a 1939 Hudson

New Salon Interiors, in all models. New beauty and luxury from rich fabrics, tasteful fittings and a wealth of appreciated conveniences.

New Handy Shift, at the steering wheel. Fully mechanical. Hudson's exclusive "no free wheeling" automatic clutch available at low extra cost . . . you never need push the clutch pedal.

Real Three-Passenger Seats, 55 inches from door to door. Since Hudson's Handy Shift leaves a clear front floor, three can ride as comfortably in front as in back.

New Dash-Locking Safety Hood, hinged at the front . . . wind can't blow it open. Hood latches operate from a lever inside the car; when you lock your car you lock your hood . . . battery and engine parts safe from theft.

New Carry-All Luggage Compartment, a "concealed trunk" with an amazing amount of room. Spare tire and tools can be removed or replaced without disturbing an ordinary load of baggage. Back of the car is beautifully streamlined.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL NEW FEATURE

Airfoam Ride

You ride on cushions of amazing softness, made of a marvelous new material . . . Airfoam. Hundreds of miles leave you untired. Air constantly circulating through tiny interconnecting air cells keeps seats cool in all temperatures. Airfoam is optional at small extra cost in Hudson 112 and Hudson Six; standard in Country Club and Convertible models.

The Greatest
FLORSHEIM VALUE
in 47 Years!

Founded with an urge to excel, Florsheim has always made fine shoes . . . and today's Florsheims are even better than their distinguished ancestors. In truth, it is this policy of continuing improvement that has built the largest quality shoe business in the world. From the standpoints of style and stamina, fit and finish, lasts, leathers and labor, the Florsheims of today are the greatest dollar values we have ever been privileged to offer . . . a strong statement when you consider that Florsheim, for years, has been the unquestioned leader in the fine shoe field. No matter what you have been paying for your footwear, Florsheims give you more for your money. *Styles illustrated above,* The Dearborn, S-798, *$10;* The Brookfield, S-623, *$8.75;* The Major, S-869, *$8.75.*

$8.75
SOME HIGHER

THE Florsheim SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Among movie actors famed for getting their families on the pay roll is a Javanese beauty starring in an American picture now being made in a Malayan jungle. Before signing her contract, the lady made the director "hire" more than thirty of her relatives and friends.

Since 1926, when a few private companies began searching the battlefields of France for old war materials, several hundred million dollars' worth of guns, bombs, shell cases and tin hats have been found. In one year alone, the junk picked up had a salvage value of more than $160,000,000.

Motion pictures of prize fights and other pugilistic encounters taken in foreign countries are barred from importation into the United States.—*By G. W. Fane, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

No nation today has a secret military code that cannot be deciphered by foreign experts within 175 hours. If such a code were invented, it would be too complicated for practical purposes.

Homeopathic physicians, who generally believe in minute doses of medicine, have been known to write prescriptions calling for such dilution that they were comparable to a mixture of one drop of medicine in one hundred million gallons of water.—*By Leo L. Levi, Brighton, Massachusetts.*

The chamois of the Alps, a goatlike antelope, is so sure-footed that it is able to balance itself, using all four feet in tiptoe fashion, on a mountain pinnacle no larger than the top of a quart milk bottle.—*By Muriel Baer, New York City.*

The last pope to be made a saint was Pius V, pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church from 1566 to 1572, whose canonization took place in 1712.

In most states of this country, a debtor can be sued for the full amount of a definite debt, such as $100, despite the fact that he has offered and paid a smaller sum, such as $75, to settle the debt and received a receipt marked "Paid in Full." Legally he still owes the remaining $25.—*By Samuel L. Kadell, Paterson, New Jersey.*

Among the numerous and varied articles that have been found completely embedded in trees in sawmills are a small cannon ball, some fence wire, a piece of chain, a bird's nest, a wineglass and the body of a mouse.

When Stalin, dictator of Russia, makes a railroad journey, the engine driver of his special train is a woman, Sinaida Troizkaia, whom he trusts more than any man.

Among the ordinary people who, through some queer twist of fate, happen to be buried or have memorials in Westminster Abbey, Britain's most celebrated church, are John Broughton, a prize fighter, and Mrs. Atkinson, a personal laundress to Anne, queen of England from 1702 to 1714.—*By Arthur Lenox, Washington, D. C.*

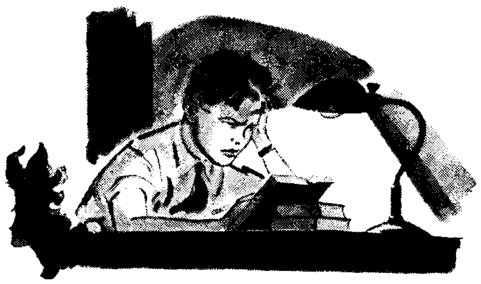
As long as three months after Huey Long had been assassinated on September 10, 1935, more than 2,000 letters a week were still being sent to him by his "fans" who had not heard that he was dead.

Times Square in New York City has buildings whose electric sign space earns a larger rental than all the interior space combined.

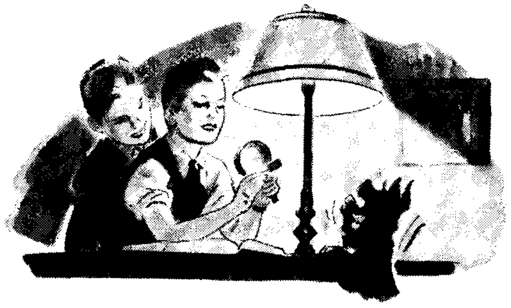
The Fate of Fenella, a book published in New York in 1892, had each of its twenty-four chapters written successively and independently by a different well-known author.—*By Louise E. Rorabacher, Urbana, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

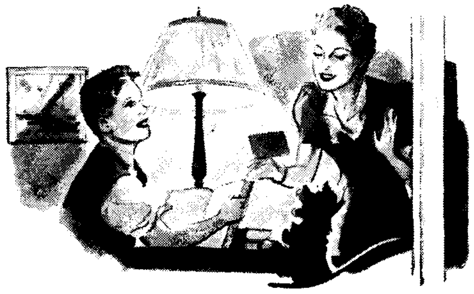
WHAT'S KEEPIN' YOU, PAL?



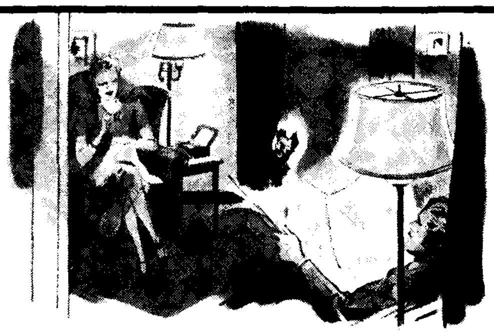
1 If you could only see the way you look, frowning and squinting and erasing. Schooling can't be THAT TOUGH. It must be something the other kids have—that you haven't got. Through, eh? Let's go over to Rod's and look over his stamps. Maybe I'll get a clue.



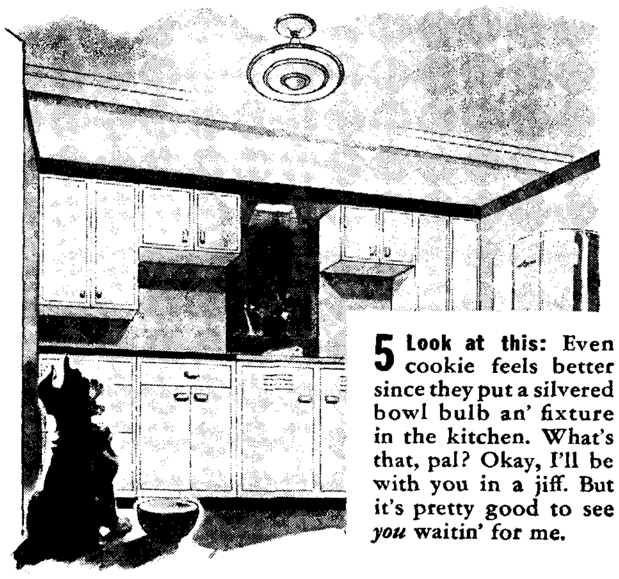
2 Forget those stamps, Pal. I've got it. Look at the difference between Rod's room and yours. You're not squinting now—even over that fine print. So here goes! I'm goin' to bark at that lamp until Rod tells you all about it.



3 See! What did I tell you? And look at your mother! Is she proud of that report card. But don't give all the credit to that lighting girl who told your mother how poor light hurts kids' eyes and retards their progress in school. Give ME some credit!

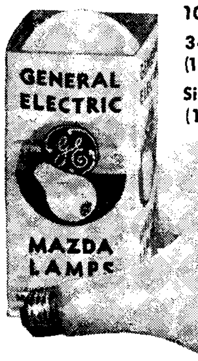


4 So you've come to it too, eh? Bought a light conditioning package of G-E bulbs and some new I. E. S. lamps. Blow me down, folks, I wouldn't know the room. Maybe if I bark a hint you'll remember. I started all this.



5 Look at this: Even cookie feels better since they put a silvered bowl bulb an' fixture in the kitchen. What's that, pal? Okay, I'll be with you in a jiff. But it's pretty good to see *you* waitin' for me.

SIGHT IS PRICELESS...LIGHT IS CHEAP



100-watt	15c
3-lite (100-200-300-watt).	60c
Silvered Bowl (150-watt) . . .	65c
75, 60, 40, 25 and 15-watt .	15c

6 BEGIN to light condition your home...to have enough light in enough places to make seeing easier and prevent eyestrain. Your dealer will help you make up a package of G-E MAZDA lamps in the sizes *you* need for Better Light-Better Sight.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

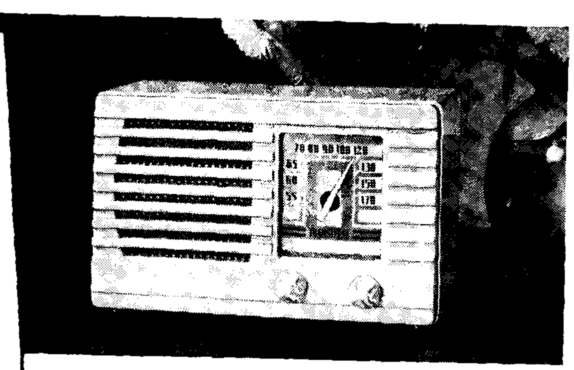
They're New! Thrilling!

Enjoy these Latest Triumphs of Philco Research in *Glorious Tone and Superb Performance!*

YOURS FOR ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY!

YEAR by year, the scientific achievements from the great Philco laboratories have made radio tone more gloriously real, performance more thrilling and the joy of fine radio entertainment more easily within the reach of every home. Today, the owners of almost twelve million Philco radios enjoy the fruits of the inventive genius of Philco engineers. Wherever radio is known, Philco is famous for that *finer* tone and performance which is born of the millions of dollars spent in scientific research.

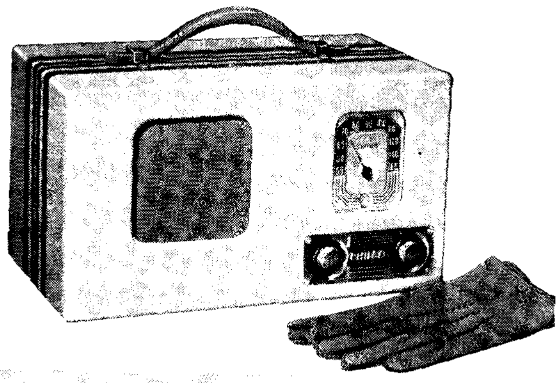
Whatever the purpose, whatever the price, your nearest dealer offers a Philco to suit your need. Visit him today. He'll gladly demonstrate how Philco gives you the utmost in radio pleasure for the price you wish to pay.



TRANSITONE . . . (*Left*)

Sold and Guaranteed by **PHILCO**

New Philco inventions, new tubes, new speaker refinements give you amazingly rich tone and powerful performance never before heard in radios of this compact size. And, for the first time, Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. approval! No hot wires, SAFE from fire and shock, SAFE for your home and children! Several models, beginning at only $9.95, full complete price including built-in aerial.



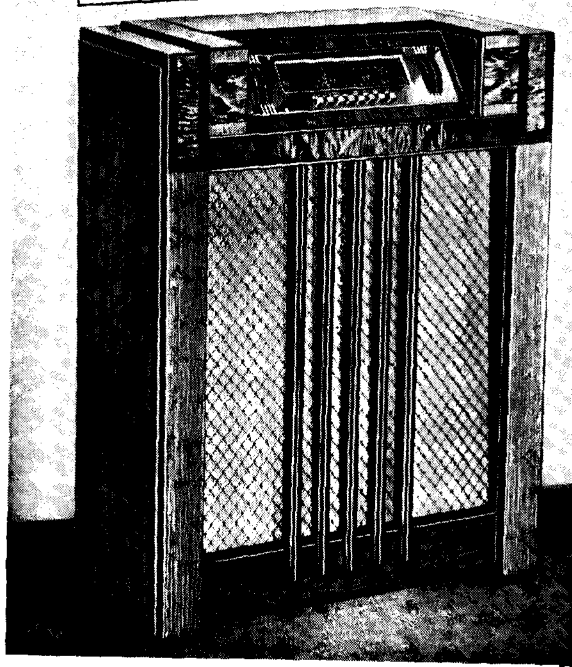
THE TRAVELER . . . (*Right*)

"She shall have music wherever she goes!"

An entirely new kind of radio, invented by Philco engineers . . . the Philco 71T. Portable . . . self-powered . . . needs no aerial, ground or "house-current". Take it with you wherever you go . . . traveling, on trains, in hotels. Use it in camps, cottages, boats, at bathing beaches—anywhere indoors or outdoors. It plays, without "hooking up" to anything!

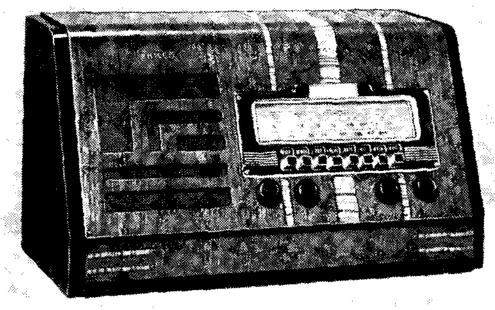
PHILCO MYSTERY CONTROL

The great Philco 116RX, above, gives you radio's finest in depth and richness of tone, in superb American and Foreign reception, in beauty of design and costly cabinet woods. In addition, it brings you Mystery Control—the most miraculous radio invention since radio itself. Remote Control, without wires or plug-in connections to radio, electric outlet or anything else. Wherever you wish in your home, you change stations, adjust volume and turn the radio off without the annoyance of jumping up and running to and fro. In many cases, your present radio may be traded in as part payment and the easiest of monthly terms arranged for the balance.



THE NEW SPINET FURNITURE DESIGN

The new vogue in radio furniture, acclaimed by home decoration experts everywhere. Exquisite simplicity . . . graceful styling that adds to the beauty of your home, that does not clash with its surroundings. Philco Spinet style models give you the finest performance-features including Electric Push-Button Tuning for 8 stations. $10 down puts the 40XX (illustrated) in your home!



LOVELY, STREAMLINE TABLE MODELS

If you prefer fine radio tone and performance in smaller space, Philco table models are your answer! Powerful American and Foreign reception, Electric Push-Button Tuning, all the costly features of a big radio. Housed in table cabinets of handsome design in richly finished, inlaid Walnut woods. Just $5.50 down puts the 30T (illustrated) in your home!

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A Musical Instrument of Quality

PHILCO ALSO OFFERS YOU—

a complete selection of Battery Radios for Farm Homes, Phonographs with Philco, Philco Auto Radios, Philco High-Efficiency Radio Tubes and the new *vertical* Philco Safety Aerial.

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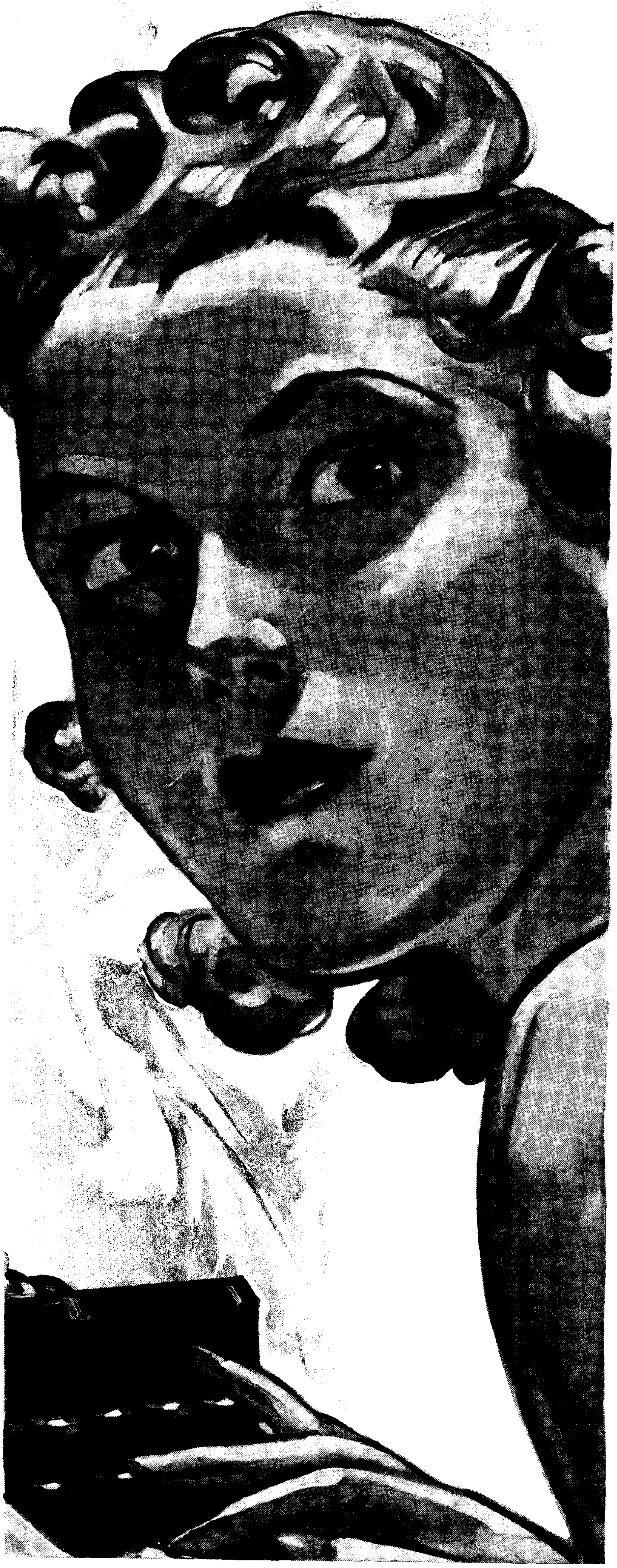
Collier's The National Weekly for January 21, 1939

The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Beginning a novel of today—the brilliant story of Walter Lane and Muriel Monroe, who found themselves players in Germany's game for a new empire in Latin America



"It will save time," the girl said, "if I tell you I didn't come here to run away from a broken heart"

FOR hours now, the purple mountain wall, shivering grotesquely in the steamy heat, had been following the train as though drawn by two shining ropes of steel that stretched back endlessly through the vast monotonous green sea of banana plantation. At last a few huts, a few whitewashed shacks with corrugated iron roofs broke through the glaring verdure. The locomotive whistle shrieked. The trainboy came out and said: "Puerto Musa, Señor."

Walter Lane looked at his watch. When the trainboy had gone back inside the car, Lane glanced around to make sure he was alone with the dozen wicker armchairs on the observation platform. Then he took the telegram from his pocket. He had read it twenty times since it was delivered to him in the Capital that morning, but some morbid fascination compelled one final reading:

POST MORTEM ANALYSIS INDICATES BOSSERT'S BLACKWATER FEVER TO BE SIMPLE CASE OF ARSENIC POISONING WE RELEASE YOU FURTHER OBLIGATIONS CONTINUE PRESENT MISSION STOP EITHER RETURN HOME OR PROCEED PUERTO MUSA ON OWN RESPONSIBILITY HALIAETUS

Lane tore the telegraph blank into tiny bits that fluttered into the swirling, dusty wake of the train.

When the train stopped, Lane got off—a tall, deliberate, well-muscled young man in his late twenties. No other passenger got off the *salon* car at the station; the rest stayed with the train as it puffed wearily on its last quarter mile to the end of the pier where a banana steamer gleamed white against the dazzling blue of the Caribbean. Lane walked beyond the platform, put down his suitcases, turned his head slowly for his first appraising glimpse of Puerto Musa.

There was nothing particularly sinister in the prospect. The little town was sprawled along the narrow rim of civilization between sea and jungle, sprawled supinely, gasping for breath, yet scarcely breathing. The gaudy flag above the Comandancia drooped limply in the anesthetic heat of late afternoon. The barefooted soldiers lolling on the Comandancia steps were as still as corpses. Lifeless, too, were the open-front shops and dingy cantinas that lined one side of the railway tracks—the seamy side. Only sign of activity in the suffocating panorama was the movement of banana conveyers—great red towers moving slowly down the pier.

But, although he had never been in Puerto Musa before, Walter Lane knew there would be activity on the other side of the tracks, in the fruit company town. Here, leading from a lush, green plaza, was a broad, palm-shaded street that paralleled the sweep of white, sandy beach all the way to the radio towers on the point of land opposite the pier. Here were neat rows of yellow houses with red roofs and rain-water tanks, close-cropped lawns and trimmed hibiscus hedges. Here were well-screened offices and homes on concrete stilts, housing the administration and administrators of the Caribbean Fruit Company.

Lane took off his hat—a battered felt hat with a brim that curled unevenly to an angle at the front, in the manner of a tricorn—and mopped his brow. His hair was straight and dark, with mahogany high lights, and grew up to a point at the center of his forehead. The forehead returned the compliment by growing up to a point deep into the part on the left side of his hair. The tanned, intelligent face that reappeared at last from behind the large handkerchief seemed to be erected upon the quarry-faced cornerstone that served him as a jaw. It was a hard jaw, yet it did not make his expression hard; determined, purposeful, perhaps, but not hard; his humorous, deep-set eyes, dark and almond-shaped, prevented that.

WITH easy, unhurried strides, Lane walked into the fruit company settlement until he came to a two-story building that bore the multiple sign: Port Office—Division Manager—Superintendent of Agriculture—Division Engineer.

He went through the double screen doors, and found himself leaning on a long counter, looking at a room full of desks. A score of office workers were busy there, most of them Latin-looking clerks. Two of them were girls who were not Latin-looking. A third girl came into the general office from a door marked "Mr. Perry" and sat down at a typewriter almost opposite Lane. She was a small girl, with fluffy blond hair, and her nimble fingers began an immediate tattoo on the typewriter. Lane cleared his throat. The girl looked up, but did not stop typing.

"I'm looking for the division manager," Lane said.

"The office closes at four," the girl said, jerking at the carriage return with a slim white forefinger.

"Not when there's a ship in port, it doesn't," said Lane. "I don't see many cars of fruit on the dock yet. My guess is that you've still got a long day ahead of you."

The girl stopped typing at last. She looked at the khaki jacket hanging in the crook of Lane's elbow, nearly white from many launderings, almost as white as his shirt which was open at the throat, displaying the furry darkness of his chest. She seemed to be studying the blue necktie that dangled from the pocket of the coat.

"You a banana herder?" she asked.

"Do I look like one?"

"You talk like one." She pulled the page from her typewriter, inserted a fresh one. "Mr. Perry's on the dock," she said.

"He be back soon?"

"I wouldn't know."

"I'll wait," said Lane. "Perry'll want to see me. He has a job for me."

The girl looked up again. She stared at Lane, long and curiously.

"Does Mr. Perry know that?" she finally asked.

"Not yet. That's what I've come to tell him."

"I'm sure he'll be surprised and delighted," the girl said. "Maybe you ought to go over to the Musa Club and have a drink—just in case you're surprised, too."

"I'm all right here," said Lane, leaning his elbows on the counter.

THE girl didn't even shrug. She went on typing, sublimely indifferent to Lane's thorough and approving scrutiny.

Yes, she was a small girl, all right. Small, heart-shaped face. . . . No, not heart-shaped, either. Heart-shaped faces were usually doll-like and insipid, and hers wasn't. Her chin was small and pointed, her mouth small but full, her nose small with just a suggestion of an inquisitive tilt at the end. Her cheeks were broad, however, to accommodate her tremendous blue eyes—big, sapphire-blue eyes that were limpid and solemn but somehow seemed to hold a sly, latent wink far down in their wise, luminous depths.

"Enjoying yourself?"

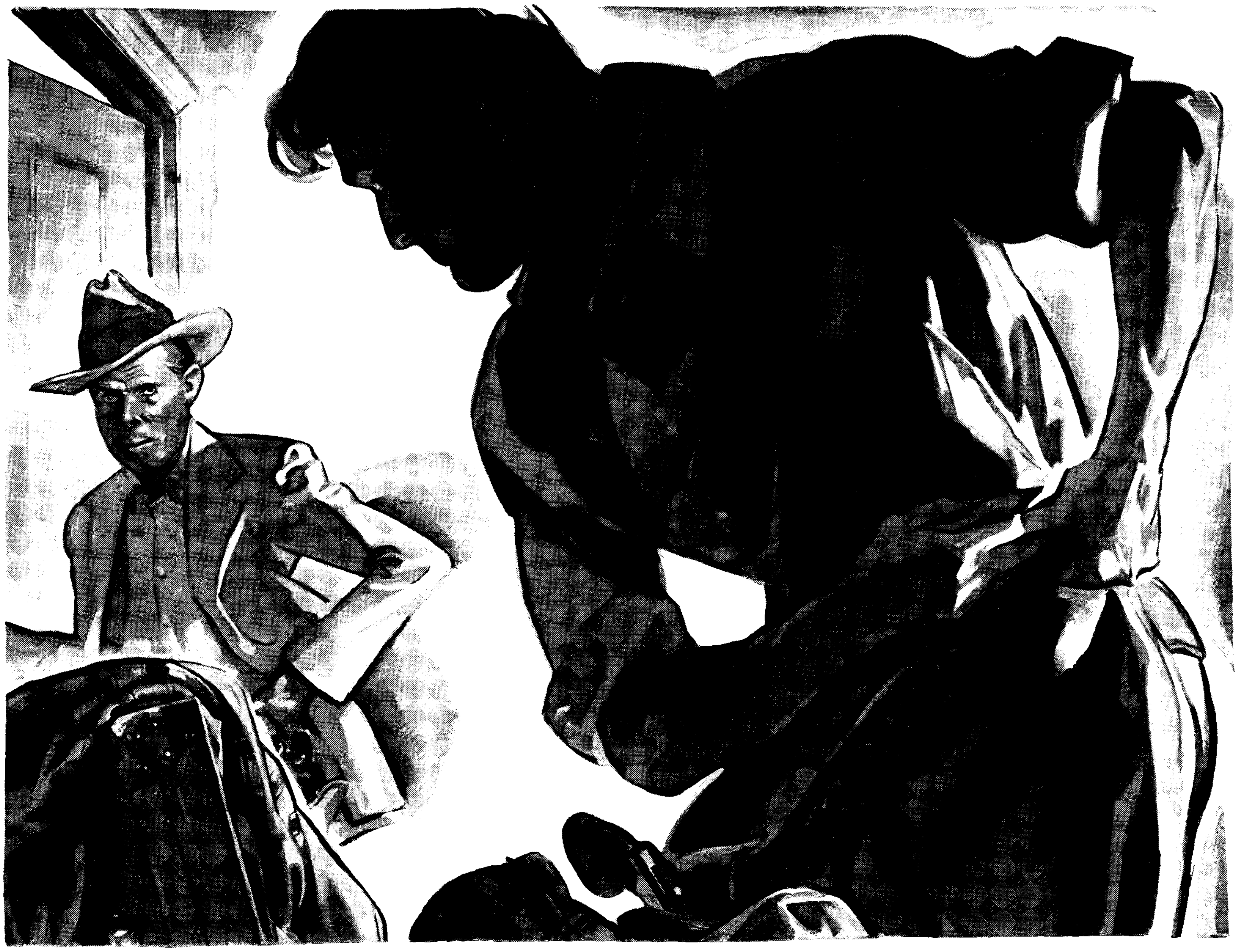
Lane colored slightly at the sound of the girl's voice—a rather low-pitched voice, exciting in its throaty undertones. There was no annoyance in it, however. She was even smiling faintly.

"Immensely," he said.

"Then we may as well get the preliminaries over with," the girl said. "It will save time if I tell you that my name is Muriel Monroe, that I've been Mr. Perry's secretary for three years, that I

(Continued on page 47)

Lane turned, lifted out his own belt and holster and buckled them on. "Never mind the artillery," Hind said. "We ain't goin' huntin' "



BEQUEST

By
Robert S. Mansfield

DOCTOR TOBIAS was very old when he stood before the county council that last budget meeting during his life. His lean, bearded face, like the lines of a nursery rhyme so familiar as to be beyond memory, was a part of the life of every man of the council.

"Gentlemen," he said, "for twenty years I have asked every budget-making council to create a county medical clinic. Too many have come to me for treatment too late, because their pride and honesty came first and they knew they could not pay for my services. They have been brought to me only when they were too weak to protest, and I have watched many of them die. You are fortunate that you are not doctors, gentlemen.

"There have been others, who have come in time, but who still could not pay for medical aid. I see no reason to penalize them." He wiped his glasses on a huge linen handkerchief drawn from the tail pocket of his old-fashioned coat.

"No council has seen fit to grant my request, and I am too old now to hope the present council may do so. You have followed my other prescriptions, although at times I have had to hold your noses and pour the dose down your protesting throats." He smiled, and there were chuckles in the room. Martin Connor tapped the table lightly with his gavel. "At times," the doctor repeated, "yes. So this year I am not here to ask for a clinic, but to promise you one."

He let the buzz of amazement run its course around the room.

"A doctor," he said, "takes his living directly from the community. Perhaps it is only just that the community should share the fruits of his income. I have just made my will, and, since I have no family, it provides that the entire estate go to the county to build the clinic that would have meant so much to me.

"I have lived frugally, and saved the securities accumulated through the years. There will be slightly more than one hundred thousand dollars for the county to inherit. Roughly, two thousand dollars for each year of my practice. Your inheritance will come soon. It is a poor doctor who cannot diagnose his own case. I am eighty-one years old." He stepped down from the platform. "Goodby, my friends."

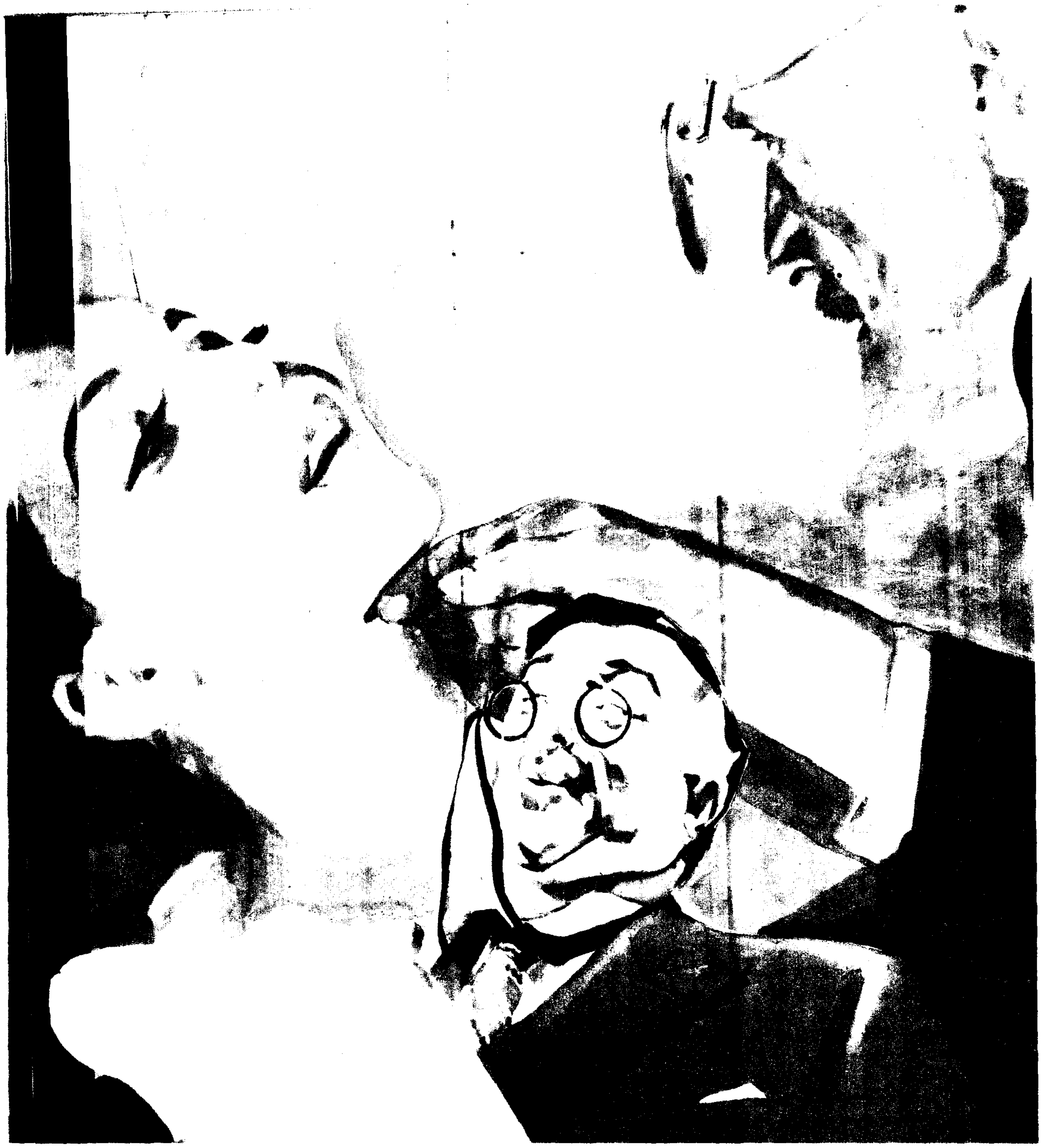
"A hundred thousand!" Frank Cowles said after the old man had gone. "That'll build a real hospital!"

"Wish I could save two thousand a year," Martin Connor said.

"Mebbe you ain't been living right, Mart," Bill Towney said. "When Doc says he lived frugal, he has lived frugal. His car ain't a day under twelve years old."

Doctor Tobias died peacefully within a month, and the county as a whole went into sincere mourning. Almost as a whole, too, the county went to the funeral and then flocked into the high-school auditorium for the reading of the will.

Up on the platform sat the five members of the council. Martin Connor called the meeting to order, and asked Tompkins to read the will. He made the request with proper references to "the deceased," and "our late, great friend," and "our generous benefactor."



Tompkins lifted the will. " 'I, Nathaniel Tobias, doctor of medicine, declare this my last will and testament' "

Tompkins lifted the will and cleared his throat.

" 'Hm. State and county, ss, and so forth. In the name of God, amen. I, Nathaniel Tobias, doctor of medicine, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, declare this my last will and testament, the same to supersede and to nullify any and all other wills made by me.' "

The crowd sighed collectively. Tompkins rattled the papers.

" 'I ask,' " he read on, " 'that at this juncture my good friend and colleague, Dr. Howard Murch, deliver publicly his confirmation of my mental state at the time it was made.'

"Doctor Murch," said Tompkins.

"AS a doctor of medicine, I am prepared to testify Doctor Tobias was of sound mind and memory when he executed this will, and I have signed and acknowledged before a notary an affidavit to that effect."

Tompkins read on, " 'I do hereby give, devise, and bequeath to Selby County, for the purpose of building, equipping, and partially endowing a free medical and surgical clinic in and for the said Selby County, the sum and total of my estate after all costs of my funeral and any current indebtedness have been paid, including the securities representing the savings of a lifetime of frugal living. The total value of these securities is one hundred three thousand, two hundred forty-six dollars and no cents.

" 'I hereby name the county council my executor, who shall immediately liquidate these securities, the monetary returns to be employed as I have herein instructed and according to a plan hereto attached. In the event of the failure of the council to fulfill these terms it is my will that the National Bank of Selby be thereupon declared my sole heir.

" 'At this time in the public reading of this will, I instruct my friend Laird Mosely, president of the National Bank of Selby, to open the safety-deposit box and to display to the council and the public attending the session the securities bequeathed to them as a community.' " Tompkins paused significantly.

Laird Mosely lifted the lid of the black box and tossed bundle after bundle of closely tied papers on the table top.

"Bustin' right out!" Martin Connor said. "A hundred thousand dollars!"

Mosely cut the strings. "The securities mentioned in Doctor Tobias' will," he said, "are the unpaid bills for his services over a period of fifty-one years."

Out of the gasp that swept across the gathering, Frank Cowles' voice sounded: "Those bills, almost every one of 'em, have been outlawed for years."

"Statute of limitations!" someone echoed. Mosely held up his hands for quiet, got it, finally, and cleared his throat.

"Each unpaid bill here has attached to it a valid promissory note, signed by the debtor. Remember—when you could not pay, you acknowledged the debt in writing, promising to pay within twenty years?"

Bill Towney whistled. "An' when the twenty years was up after he took care of birthin' our Clara, Doc just tore up the old slip and made out a new one for me to sign. 'There's lots of years, Bill,' he says."

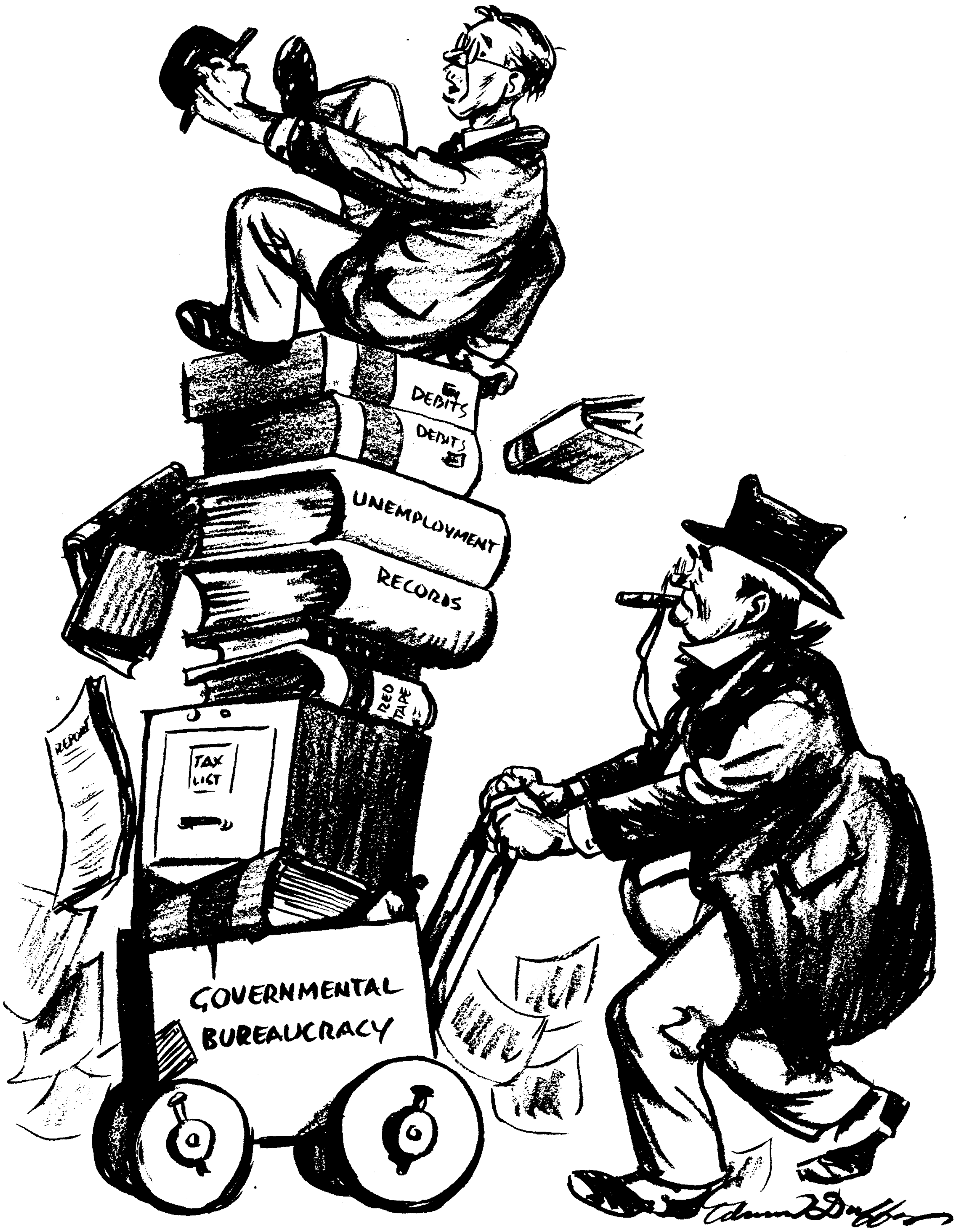
"Boys," Martin Connor said, "we've heired us a clinic for us to buy. Seems as if Old Doc's still holdin' our noses."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

After Roosevelt—What?

By Congressman Bruce Barton

CARTOONS BY EDMUND DUFFY



If people are to have faith in democracy they must rid themselves of blind dependence on bureaucracy

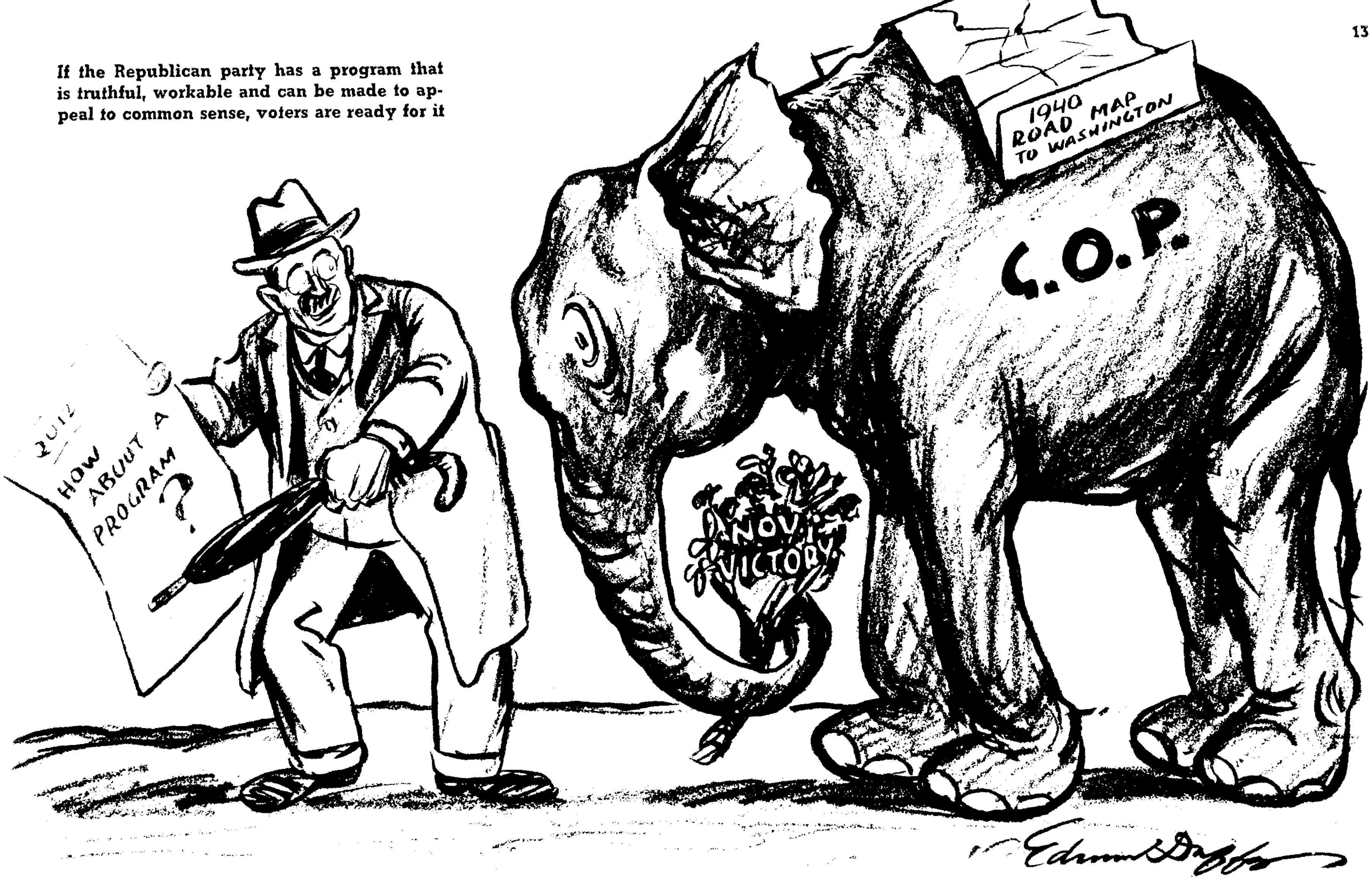
SAID a prominent Democratic leader two weeks before the election: "There's something going on—underneath. I don't understand it, and I don't like it. I have been all over the central states. When you ask people how they intend to vote they change the subject. They are not talking, but they have quietly made up their minds to *do* something."

What was going on underneath was the silent protest of several million Americans. Farmers, who are just naturally opposed to being bossed even when prices are high, will have none of it when prices crumble. Small businessmen and middle-class folks feel hampered and insecure. Young people, tramping wearily from door to door and finding no door open, are properly rebellious. Mr. Hopkins has assumed that the unemployed could be kept permanently manageable, but even *they* grow weary of the dole. People in each of these groups made up their minds to express their dissatisfaction in the typical American way, i.e., by throwing a brick through the front window of the administration in power. The Republican party was the handiest brick.

This is the meaning of the election. Many millions of voters, annoyed at the New Deal, are in the political market for something different. What have we Republicans to offer?

Well, first of all, we are fully conscious that this is the twentieth century, not the nineteenth. The population of the United States in the last century increased fifteenfold. The richest continent in the world poured its treasures into the hands of the world's freest and most energetic people. Wealth grew by leaps and bounds; every new industry found the ranks of its potential customers swelling by the addition of new millions. The major problem was one of production—how to build the railroads and factories fast enough to keep pace with the demand. Even so recently as twenty-five years ago, when I became actively associated with the sales prob-

If the Republican party has a program that is truthful, workable and can be made to appeal to common sense, voters are ready for it



lems of industry, we could count on an additional million mouths to feed and backs to clothe each year, ten million additional customers every ten years. Sales were plotted and plant extensions planned on that sound assumption.

Now with startling suddenness this picture has changed. The stoppage of immigration and the precipitate decline in the birth rate have halted our population growth. In the kindergartens and the first five grades of the nation's schools there are today 7.8 per cent fewer children than there were ten years ago. In 1949 there will begin to be fewer children in the first year of high school, and in 1960 there will be fewer brides and grooms. At this point the curve, instead of shooting upward as in the nineteenth century, will begin to turn down.

The task of the nineteenth century was to build for the demands of additional young customers, but today's task is to raise the consuming capacity of older customers. The political party that is equipped to render service in the future must begin by recognizing honestly (1) that the masses of the American people have been thoroughly convinced that they should and can have a better life, and (2) that the process of giving it to them must proceed without the impetus of a rapidly expanding population. Anyone who talks about the "good old days" marks himself as politically incompetent. There can be good days, but never good *old* days, because the good *old* conditions are gone.

The immediate obligation of the Republicans is twofold. We have first of all a negative duty. As the minority we constitute what the English delightfully term "His Majesty's loyal opposition." It is our constitutional function to compel the majority to defend its proposals before the bar of public opinion, to make sure that all measures are fully debated, all relevant facts developed, all weaknesses revealed. Our field of operations extends to the administrative as well as legislative aspects of the New Deal, and here a very big job of examination and revaluation needs to be done. The piling of agency on agency, and bureau on bureau, has resulted in forty billions of debt, eleven millions unemployed, and a condition approaching administrative chaos.

Democracy will never be saved by bureaucracy. If it is saved at all, the people must save it. Therefore, the party that attacks bureaucracy and seeks to throw the responsibility for self-government back upon the people is fighting for democracy.

How New is the New Deal?

Years ago the historian Buckle pointed out that more progress has been made in the democracies of Europe by repealing bad laws than by passing new ones. The time has come to review the mass of New Deal legislation, preserve the good, and modify or repeal the rest. Both parties are agreed on adequate relief, collective bargaining, the regulation of exchanges, social security and low-priced housing; these, in principle, have ceased to be matters of political controversy.

But beyond this common ground lies a broad area of rash experiment that is condemned by the whole record of human history. Here it may be truthfully said that little in the New Deal is really new. Its farm program is only an expensive variation of the coffee control that nearly bankrupted Brazil, and the rubber control that failed in England. Its centralized and regimented relief operations, with the unholy effort to influence elections, are as old as the decline of Rome, when emperors sought by "bread and circuses" to keep the masses in line. Its much vaunted discovery that "over-saving" "under-consumption" is the cause of depressions goes back to de Sismondi, an Italian writer of the early nineteenth century, whose ideas were later appropriated and expounded by the German socialists. Public works at the cost of deficits and crushing taxes were the chief feature of King Solomon's reign, whose kingdom broke into pieces as soon as he was dead.

Since 1929 the country has been in and out of the throes of the second post-war depression, corresponding to the depression of the 1830's after the Napoleonic Wars, and the panic of 1873 after the Civil War. Always these second and severer depressions have been characterized by a flock of wild ideas. Every member of Congress today receives some of these notions in almost every mail.

There is a simple yardstick with which to measure all these panaceas. One has only to ask: "Does the proposal offer an *easy* solution of an old problem? Does it promise to fix things up without effort or sacrifice on the part of anybody?" If so, it is no good. All the easy solutions have been thought of a million times, and tried repeatedly in periods of depression. One of the best and wisest of my friends used to say: "When I am dead, write this on my tombstone: 'Here lies a man who lived for fifty years and learned only one truth—*there is no substitute for work.*' " The Republican party must have the courage to reaffirm this old-fashioned faith. The people may not be quite ready for it, but they will be presently. Having tried all the short cuts and found them ineffective, their common sense will welcome the idea that the way for us all to have more is to produce more, that not money wages but real wages are important, and that only a united effort on the part of industry, labor, agriculture and government can create an income of eighty-five or ninety billions such as we had in 1928, when there was practically full employment. We Republicans admit that the distribution of the national income was faulty at that time; there was too much money at the top and not enough down below. We favor a fairer distribution, but we favor first and foremost a policy that will create something to distribute.

Space is limited. Let me try to be brief and specific.

TAXATION. When Congress met in special session on November 15, 1937, the country was already in the first stages of a depression. The Administration, which had boasted that "we planned it that way," sought to laugh off the seriousness of the situation by the feeble expedient of applying the softer word "recession." The Republicans realistically faced the facts. On the first day of the session we met in caucus and committed ourselves to work for the immediate repeal or modification of the capital gains and undistributed profits taxes. A joint resolution could have passed both houses in twenty-four hours. It would have liberated vast amounts of "chance-taking" capital on which the heavy industries, and hence the prosperity of the nation, depend. As a courageous move for the reassurance of all industry it would have saved many jobs. The Administration fought the proposal with all the power at its command. When, months later, Congress took the bit in its teeth and passed the tax bill, it was too late. The depression had become acute. Men and women who lost their jobs last winter or this spring can lay their troubles at the door of the White House. The Republicans fought to save those jobs.

When Taxes Really Destroy

The United States has no intelligent system of taxation. More than 175,000 separate taxing bodies are empowered to bedevil industry, agriculture and the worker. The medium-sized business with which I am associated has offices in six states; it must file 97 different tax returns: local, state, federal and social security. In England it would file one. Here is a tremendous field for simplification and economy. The New Deal has no tax policy except to hunt out every working dollar and slap a penalty on it; there is no appreciation of the sad fact that every dollar collected in taxes is a deduction from the people's purchasing

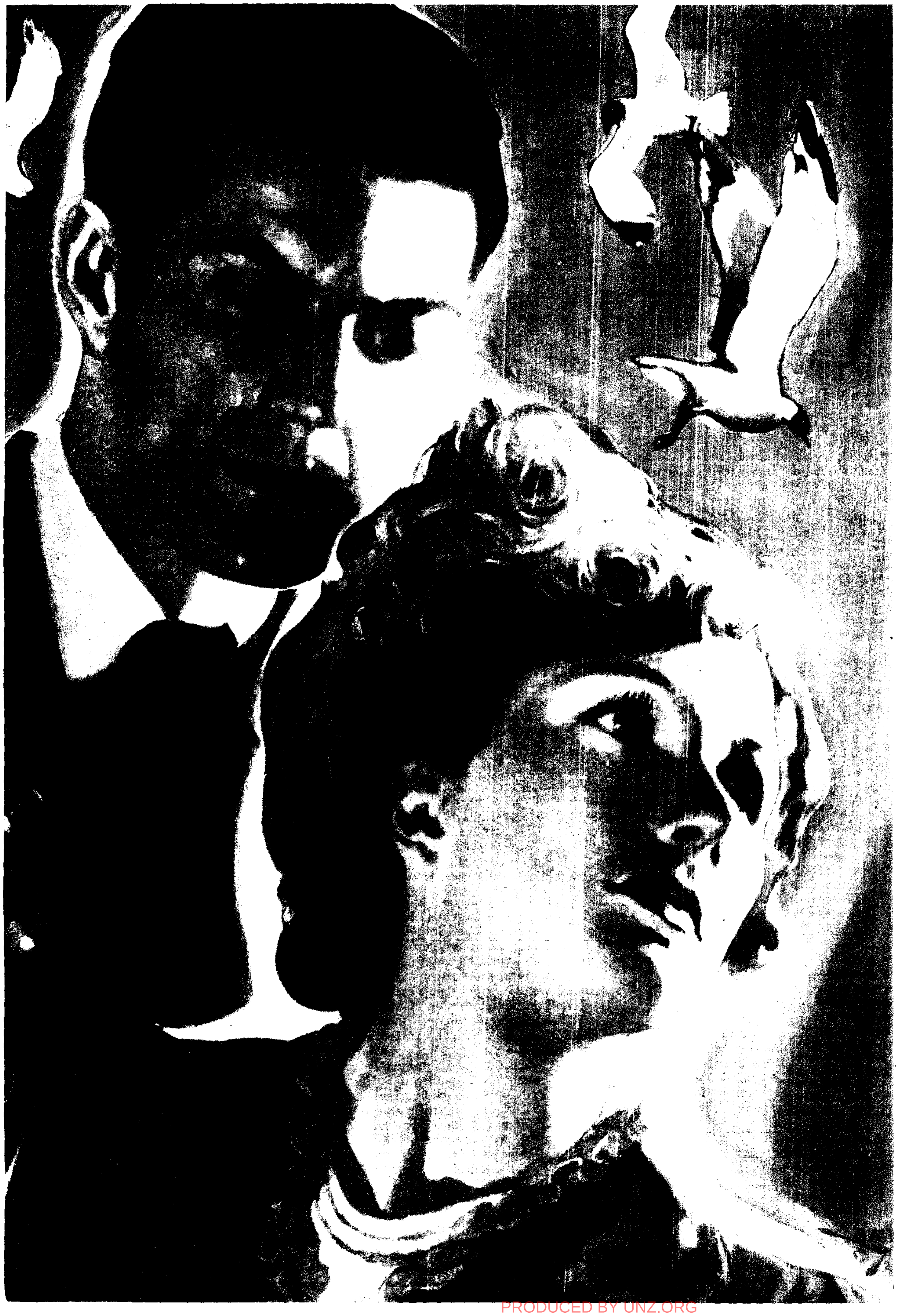
(Continued on page 35)

Naval Engagement

By D. C. O'Flaherty

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. SCHLAIKJER

Love and war have a great deal in common, but enemy hearts are far better prizes than merchant cargoes



CAPTAIN Abijah Wilkes, of the brigantine Golden Hind, out of Boston with a cargo of shoes for Bahia, saw a sight in the April afternoon that froze his hands to the wheel. Without altering his course, or leaving the weather quarter, he began to bellow orders to the deck.

The wind, which had been light all day, was now freshened into a stiff breeze. And the breeze was bringing up a steam-funneled sailing sloop, very smart and British, scudding along rakishly under the Union Jack. The cruiser's hull was jet black, and her twelve guns glinted with pumice and polish. On her quarterdeck was a nine-pounder toy rifle, thrown in for impudence.

Ordinarily, the sight of one of her Britannic Majesty's innumerable cruisers, so common in West Indian waters, would not have startled Captain Wilkes of the Golden Hind. But this April was April of 1863, and he was not deceived by the stranger's colors. From the New York papers he had an excellent description of the English-built Confederate raider Alabama, as well as full knowledge of her commander's piratical habit of hoisting the Cross of St. George or even the Stars and Stripes.

On one point only had the New York papers misled him. They had stated that the Alabama was away on the other side of Cape Horn, looking for the China trade. One look at the menacing position of the sleek black man-of-war convinced Captain Wilkes that the Confederates did not rely on the New York papers for their sailing orders.

The cruiser was close enough for Captain Wilkes to see the gigantic figure of a man on her quarterdeck, studying him with a glass. The giant had a red beard that cascaded to his thighs, and mustaches that he could have tied behind his ears. His uniform looked not at all naval, but it gleamed with gold braid. The giant was John McIntosh Kell of Georgia, and he found Mr. Wilkes amusing.

Mr. Kell lowered his glass, and turned to his junior lieutenant: "What do you make her, Mr. Merryfield?"

"She's a Yankee, sir," said Daniel Merryfield. "John Bull doesn't build them like that."

"She's a Yankee, all right. There's her name—The Golden Hind. Give her a blank cartridge, Mr. Merryfield. Wait—she's seen us. Look at that."

DANIEL MERRYFIELD looked in admiration. The Golden Hind's canvas was beautifully cut and hoisted; her clews were well spread, with square yards and tapering masts. Now, suddenly, her masts billowed out under a cloud of sail. She rose on the gentle motion of the South Atlantic and spurted forward through the milky spray like a dog with a bone in his mouth.

Daniel Merryfield snapped a command to the gunner. He shouted an order into the rigging, and Mr. Evans, the lookout, came scrambling down.

"Show them the Stars and Bars," said John Kell in a voice that could have been heard in the Bahamas.

The Union Jack came tumbling from the Alabama's forepeak. In its place, a red ball went spinning skyward, shaking itself out into a blunt square of white with a blue and crimson cross in the upper left-hand corner. It could have been the Cross of St. George, but it was not, as the Golden Hind knew very well by now.

Daniel Merryfield saw the pale flash of the thirty-two-pounder and heard the

"Madam," said Daniel Merryfield, "I will not quarrel with your version of the matter. You are entitled to have it your way"

quickly following report. The Yankee hove to, and the speeding Alabama almost chipped paint as she slid alongside.

People were crowding to the railings of the Golden Hind.

"Mr. Merryfield," said Lieutenant Kell, "you may as well take your camp stool and washbasin on deck. There are ladies aboard that ship, which means you will lose your bunk. The dear girls always engage the best rooms."

"Good lord, sir," said Daniel Merryfield. "We're loaded to the guards with Yankee orphans now."

"Well, that'll give the next Yankee consul a chance to earn his pay, shipping 'em home." Lieutenant Kell tucked his spyglass into a recess beneath his beard. "Assemble a boarding party, Mr. Merryfield. And raid the wardroom of your best bib and tucker. You will administer the smelling salts on this trip."

Kell went forward to confer with the Old Man, and Daniel Merryfield made his way below, with only a brief glance at the bridge. He noted, without noticing, the Old Man himself carefully studying the Golden Hind.

He had rarely spoken to Raphael Semmes, C. S. N., outside the line of duty, but to him, as to many others, the figure of that lean ascetic personified the Confederate States. He was the vicar of Jefferson Davis beyond the marine league, the court beyond which there was no appeal, the iron master by whose leave alone any ship remained above the ocean rather than on the bottom.

Daniel Merryfield felt, rather than thought these things as he went below. If there were ladies aboard the Golden Hind, it would be well to change his collar and put on his new uniform coat.

CAPTAIN WILKES was waiting for him as he swung himself to the deck of the Golden Hind. Crew and passengers made a blur of faces behind him, but the captain himself was as clearly outlined as a steel engraving or a caricature in Punch. A typical Yankee skipper, Daniel thought. Mean-spirited and slab-sided, one of the psalm-singing kind who were responsible for the war. It would be a pleasure to burn his ship.

"I must trouble you for a look at your papers, Captain," said Daniel Merryfield.

"You can save yourself the trouble." Wilkes stood with his legs slightly apart, his hands half doubling into fists. "My cargo is consigned to the order of a neutral owner, in Brazil."

This was familiar business. Daniel Merryfield had been through it all before.

"Consigning a cargo to the order of a neutral is merely submitting goods on approval, Captain. Admiralty courts have held that in such cases the title does not pass from the consignor. Will you kindly bring your papers and step on board my ship?"

He turned to the passengers. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there is no cause for alarm. If it is necessary to transfer you from this ship, you will be well-treated and placed ashore, under protection of your consul, in the nearest port."

A feminine voice, cool and contemptuous, interrupted him:

"That is very gallant of you, Lieutenant, I am sure."

She was wearing some kind of hat with a feather on it, but Daniel Merryfield could not have sworn exactly what she was wearing. He saw only her oval, perfect face and great dark eyes. She was not afraid, and she was beautiful. Daniel Merryfield would not have believed it possible for eyes like that to be so cold with hatred.

"But then," said the girl, and the measured contempt in her voice was as cool as the side of an iceberg, "the lieutenants of the Alabama are noted for gallantry. I have read of young ladies so smitten that they carried home pirate buttons for souvenirs. That, of course, was all they did carry home, after you finished burning peaceful ships."

"Madam," said Daniel Merryfield, though it seemed silly to be addressing this vision as Madam, "I will not quarrel with your version of the matter. You are entitled to have it your way." He turned to Captain Wilkes. "Come, Captain, your papers, if you please."

"Wait." The girl said it imperiously.

"Lieutenant," she said, "I will present myself, since Captain Wilkes seems reluctant to do it. My name is Frances Swann, and I happen to be the owner of this cargo. The cargo, not the vessel. Since I cannot run a ship myself, I have sold the vessel to Captain Wilkes. Is that clear?"

"It's clear enough, Miss Swann," said Daniel Merryfield, "though, if you will pardon me, I fail to see what it has to do with the business in hand. Business which, by the way, will wait no longer. Come along, Captain, or I'll be forced to fetch you."

"LIEUTENANT," said Frances Swann with asperity, "I'm trying to tell you something and you are not listening. I thought Southern gentlemen had better manners."

"I beg your pardon," said Daniel Merryfield gravely.

"I have assigned this cargo to the order of Messrs. Oglethorpe and Company in Bahia. They will be very angry with your rebel government if you burn it. But you tell me that as I am the consignor I own it."

"That is the construction a prize court would put upon it," said Daniel.

"Hence you will confiscate my property and burn it?"

"The decision," Daniel Merryfield told her patiently, "rests with my superior officer. I have no authority—"

"On the other hand," continued Miss Frances Swann relentlessly, "if my cargo were the property of a neutral—if I were a British subject, for instance—it would be safe. Is that true, Lieutenant?"

"That is true," said Daniel Merryfield.

He looked candidly at Miss Frances Swann, and the blood pounded oddly under his uniform collar. Daniel Merryfield was certainly not starved for the sight of a pretty face. He had danced with the London ladies of the Gibraltar garrison not long since, and there was a scented glove lying in his top bureau drawer, as well as a dance program or two. There was no reason for him to blush like a schoolboy in the presence of the enemy. Perhaps it was the reference to the buttons. Some of his buttons were on the way to Shanghai, in the possession of a young person from Philadelphia, and Miss Frances Swann had guessed it and made fun of him.

"Mr. Larraby," Frances Swann was saying. "Mr. Larraby, may I have a word with you, please, before this gentleman leaves us?"

A stocky, handsome man, an inch shorter than Daniel Merryfield but twenty pounds heavier, threw his cigar over the railing and stepped forward. He wore a fawn-colored waistcoat and a watch chain of rolled gold, light-colored breeches and patent-leather shoes. A speculator of some kind, but not a New Englander, certainly. His square face, with dark skin drawn tightly over his cheekbones, looked almost Latin.

But when he spoke, his accent was down-East.

"Yes, Miss Frances?"

"Mr. Larraby, it appears that the only way we can save ourselves is for me to change my nationality. There isn't time to stand on the usual conventions. Mr. Larraby, will you do me the honor to ask my hand in marriage?"

There was a gasp of astonishment from the crowd. A smothered guffaw broke out behind Daniel Merryfield, but he did not reprimand the sailor. He was not sure he was hearing correctly.

LARRABY clasped and unclasped his hands slowly, and his handsome face broke into a smile.

"Miss Frances," he said gaily, "I am ashamed to be such a bashful suitor that a lady has to remind me. Will you marry me?"

"Captain Wilkes," said the girl, "go get your book. You are going to marry me to Mr. Larraby, right now." She looked straight at Daniel Merryfield with calm assurance, her eyes opaque.

"Mr. Larraby is a Canadian, a subject of Great Britain," said Miss Swann. "As his wife I shall acquire British citizenship. You can prevent my marriage by force, of course."

They were all strong in their common hatred of Daniel Merryfield. And Miss Frances Swann hated him so much that she was willing to marry this bounder in front of his eyes!

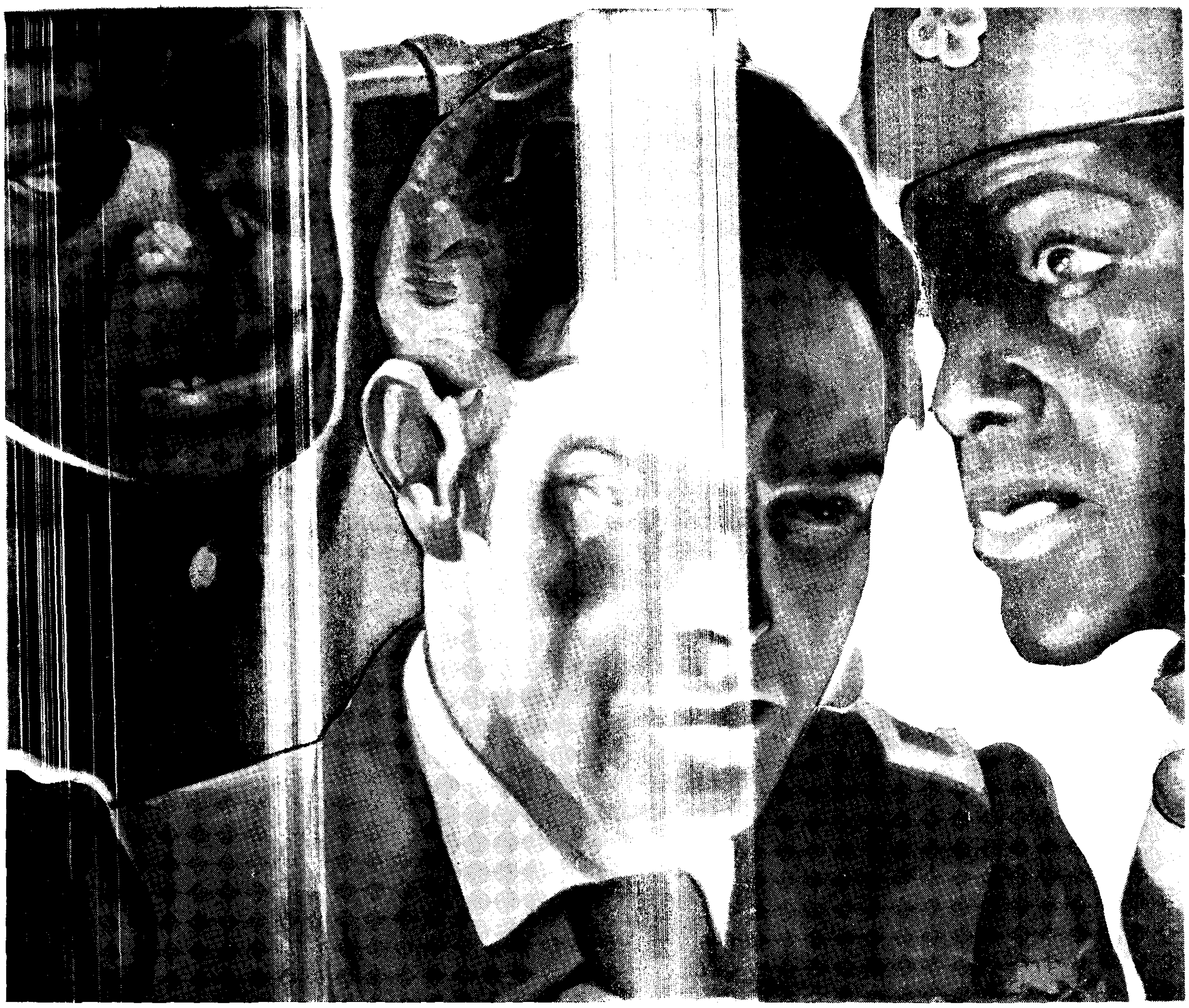
"The captain of the Alabama has given orders to molest no one," he said. "You will not be disturbed in anything you choose to do, so long as you do not try to escape."

"Very well, then," said Frances Swann. "You will not require Captain Wilkes to accompany you until he has performed the ceremony."

Daniel Merryfield placed his hand in his breast pocket, and pulled out his watch.

"I will require Captain Wilkes to be on board the Alabama in fifteen minutes,

(Continued on page 41)


Daniel cursed himself soberly for a fool as th[illegible]ched him through the streets

They Shouldn't Come Back

By Jack Dempsey

WHEN Gene Tunney toppled to the floor of that Chicago ring eleven years ago, I felt that I was the luckiest guy alive, for I had tagged him six times with just about everything remaining in my weary arms. It was like reaching the subway turnstile with your last nickel for carfare home.

"But what did you think about?" people have asked. "What was in your mind when you stood there, and you'd been warned—"

That seventh-round instant affected a flock of important circumstances, and I *should have been thinking* of the millions of dollars involved; of my own future; of my red-faced friend at the ringside who had seen fit to bet $60,000 on Tunney and who was now screaming like an enraged employer to the hired help, "Get up, Gene! Get up, Gene!"; of the lasting fame and importance of regaining the heavyweight title for the first time; of what I should do if Tunney actually *did* get up; of the go-to-a-neutral-corner rule, which had been outlined carefully to both of us a few hours before.

But when you have given your all in a sports competition, or even to a tough day of work, you have only one thought, and it's usually of rest. I did the human thing and thought only of rest. I was dog-tired. More than anything else in the world I wanted to stand still an instant and relax long enough to take a deep breath in safety. The motion pictures show that I did just that. I leaned back against a convenient spot on the ropes and draped my arms over the top strand to enjoy the most welcome moment of relaxation a fighter ever knew. The pause was brief, but it cleared away enough fatigue for me to think of something else.

Tunney has said that he kept his wits during those fleeting seconds. If he actually did, he is more of a wonder than his ring record shows, because few people can be staggered against the ropes with a heavy right and, five seconds later, spilled to the deck with five more rights and lefts, and still be cagey enough to remember that the other guy must go to a neutral corner before the counting begins.

Millions of words have been written about that celebrated "long count" and what might have happened had Dave Barry tolled off ten seconds beginning with the instant Tunney hit the canvas. My rooters say that Tunney on his feet at ten would have been an easy target for a finisher. Gene's following scoffs and says that he merely looked bad because he was smart enough to take advantage of a technicality. We'll never know, and I have no desire to.

The World's Luckiest Citizen

Regardless of how it affected others, it was a sickening sight for me to see Tunney grab that rope, pick up the belated count and pull himself to an upright position. I felt as though I had reached the subway without the nickel carfare home—the unluckiest guy on earth at that moment.

Today, eleven years later, I feel that I was most fortunate of all the world's able-bodied citizens. For, if Gene Tunney had remained on the canvas, the whole course of my life would have changed, and for the worse, I am certain. The contrast between what is and what might have been is so marked as to illustrate and emphasize the fact that modern boxing is suffering from an acute case of millstone around the neck.

This millstone is made up of needy veterans, ex-champions planning comebacks and fighters who stubbornly refuse to quit the ring until they can qualify as public charges.

I was never slapped around much in the ring, chiefly because I formed the habit of so forcing things that the other guy seldom had a chance to tag me. Back in the very lean days John Lester Johnson spoiled my first New York fight, even though I won it, by cracking a couple of my ribs, and a year later Fireman Jim Flynn hit the button in the first round and doused the lights for the only "KO-by" in my record. After that it was Dempsey rushing the other guy, ducking, bobbing, weaving, riding the punches and shuffling in until I could manage a haymaker.

A total of seventy fights brought me only two of what we in the fight game call shellackings, or real beatings that produce pain, bruises, headaches and soreness. One came on September 23, 1926. I took the other on September 22, 1927. And both came from the gloved fists of Gene Tunney. I had been hit harder by two others—Luis Firpo and Gunboat Smith—but never so consistently hard and often. Most important, however, was that both shellackings came after I was thirty years old and with ten years of hard fighting behind me.

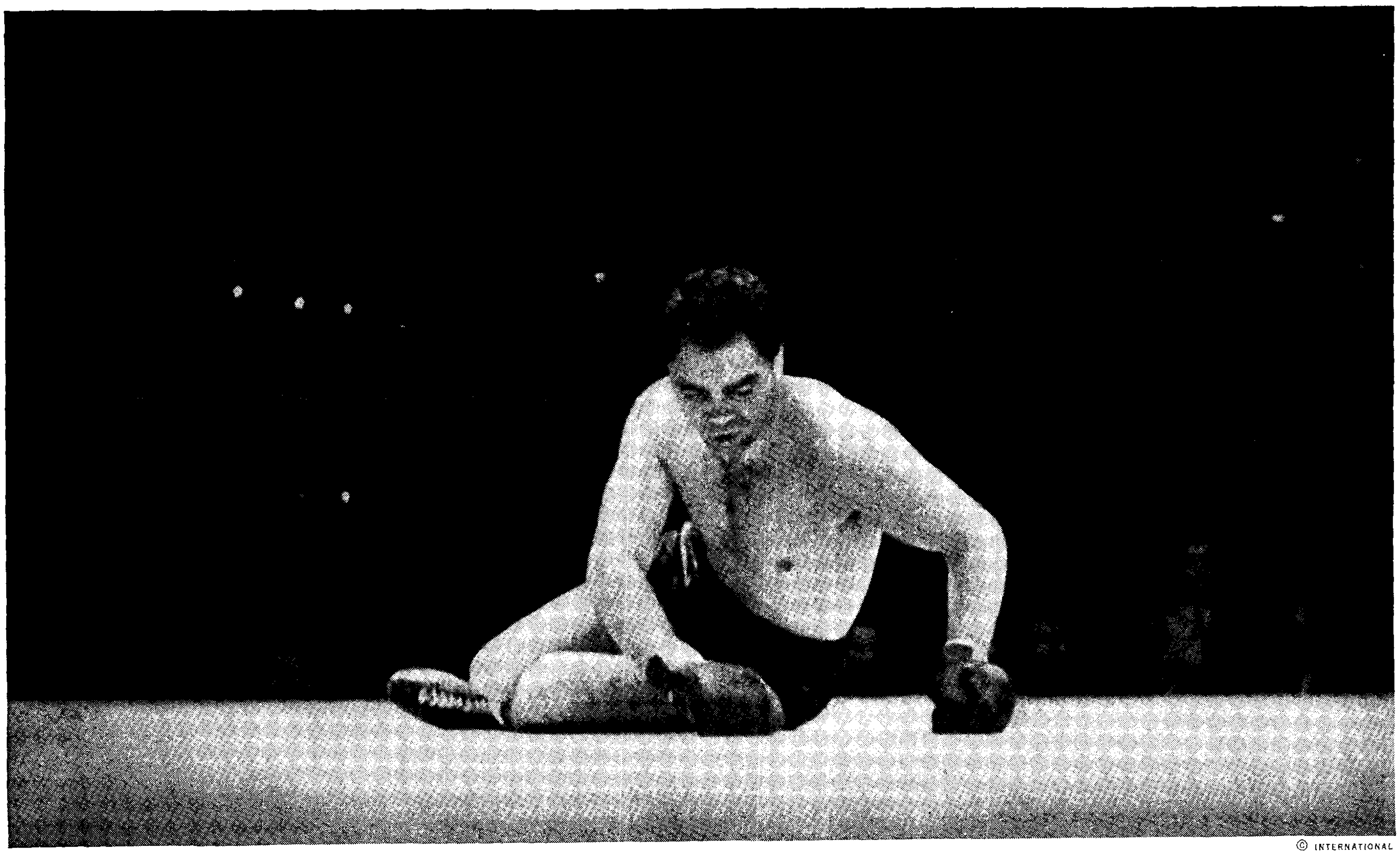
Headed for a Beating

Had Tunney remained on the floor in Chicago, I would have been hailed as a "superman" of the ring. Money would have been showered my way by the bucketful. Clamor of the public and press would have guaranteed $3,000,000 for another Tunney-Dempsey battle.

And nine months later I would have been in the ring taking a third straight beating, a million-dollar beating, win or lose; for, being the most studious and determined of all fighters, Tunney had perfected a defense and a counterattack for the only fighting style I knew. *It* wasn't a case of his being as good or better than I. It was simply a matter of popping in straight lefts with stifling accuracy, and countering with one of the shrewdest right hands that the ring has known. Just as enough pennies will make a dollar, and little drops of water will fill a bucket, a sufficient number of rights and lefts, however feeble, sooner or later will equal the damage of a roundhouse wallop flush on the jaw.

But Gene Tunney got up from the floor, climbed on his bicycle, as any smart fighter will and should, and Jack Dempsey's legs as well as his feet turned to clay. Defeated, I believed it wise to stop fighting. I have since engaged in four-round exhibition bouts with pillow

(Continued on page 44)



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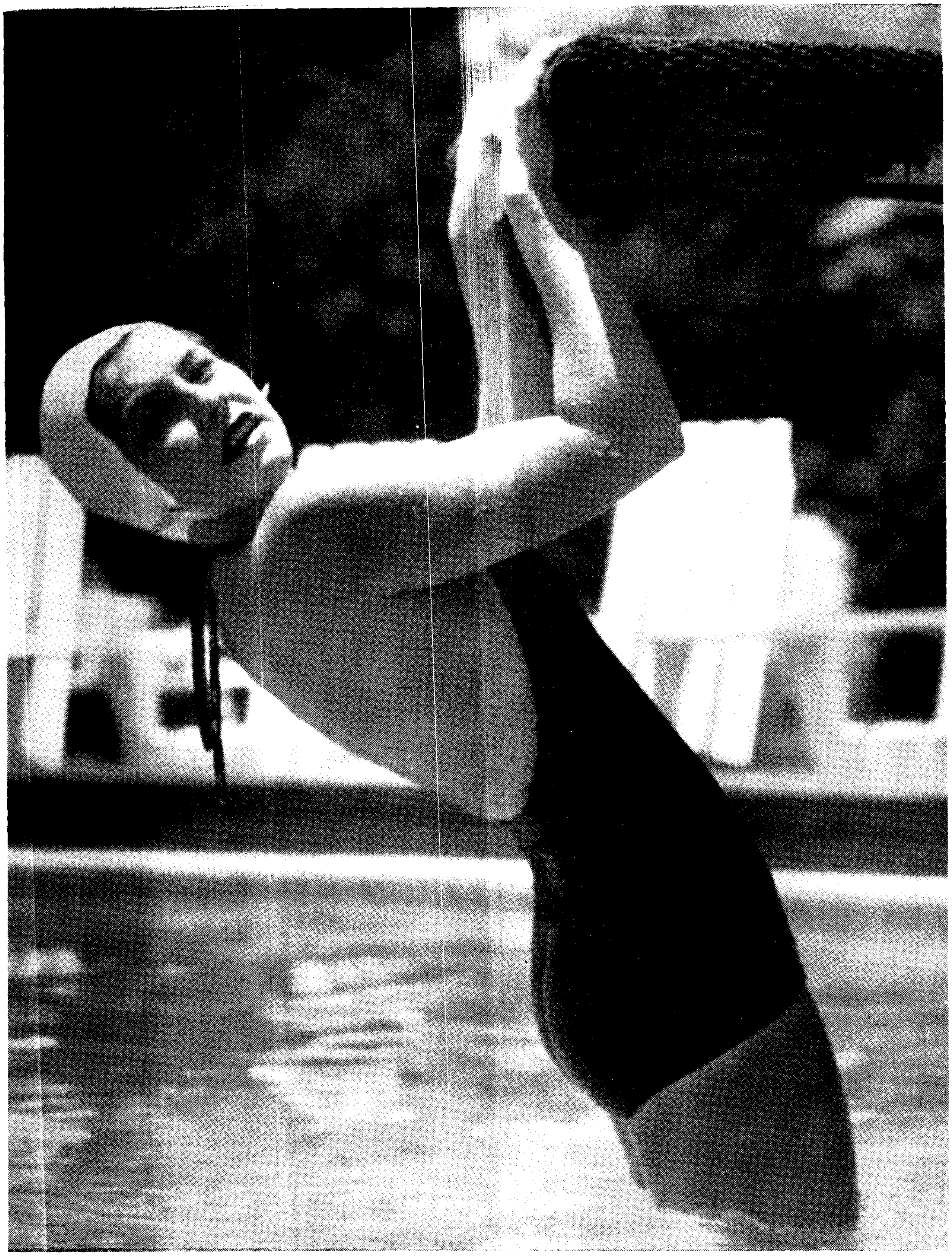
Living proof that they shouldn't come back: Max Schmeling on the floor with a fractured vertebra in the first round of his fight with Joe Louis

Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?

By Frank Condon

Miss Nancy Kelly's advent in films—an incident celebrated by Mr. Zanuck to the tune of five million dollars



After having retired from baby roles in the films at the ripe age of eight, Miss Nancy Kelly at 17 has staged a comeback as a major star in mature roles

AMONG those who have recently arrived in Hollywood is Miss Nancy Kelly of the New York Kellys, accompanied by her father and mother, and in this case the word "arrived" is used in its triumphant or acquisitive sense, meaning one who is in the chips. Miss Kelly is at present residing in Beverly Hills, on North Arden, and is doing dramaturgic chores at the Fox Studio in Westwood, where she will be seen at her labors for some time to come.

There is nothing temporary or tentative about Miss Kelly's ticket at the Fox Studio. She is not a young hopeful who is being given opportunity to demonstrate. She and the fire insurance and the roof are going to be right there on the lot from now on.

The name of Nancy Kelly is not well-known among cinema-goers. I inquired of four Los Angeles ladies, who attend the movies at least three times a week, and they hadn't heard of her. That will be remedied. . . . By the end of next year, the name of Nancy Kelly will be as familiar as "Detour Ahead" or "We fix flats". . . . She will be known in the largest city and the smallest hamlet and movie fans will be chanting her praise in the remote suburbs of Hong Kong and the far islands of the sea. If not, then there will be one in Hollywood, named Zanuck, who will be seen changing his rabbit's foot, lucky charm, phone number and license plates.

This young member of the Kelly tribe is not to be introduced quietly or timidly to the great warmhearted public of America. No period of trial and error for Nancy. She is to be shot out of guns and exploded upon the movie scene in four pictures—not one—greatly to the amazement of old-timers in Hollywood, for nothing like this has happened since C. B. De Mille opened a barn on Vine Street and substituted a camera for a mule.

The advent of Miss Kelly in films is unique and without precedent, and at present the Fox people are on the line to the tune of five million. . . . That many dollars. The three pictures already made cost that much. In a manner of speaking, Mr. Zanuck has wagered five million fish that this particular Kelly is the goods. He is chancing that indescribable sum that the cinema public will see and take her to their hearts amid loud acclaim, pronounce her a star of the first magnitude, fall in love with her and flock into theaters in rewarding numbers.

If by any mischance or miscalculation the great warmhearted public should decide otherwise, turn thumbs down on Nancy, give her the cold shoulder and veto Mr. Z., then there remains a wooden dock down at Santa Monica, one end of which juts out into the Pacific, and it is stated that very few persons jumping off this dock are ever seen again by their stockholders.

The usual custom among studios, when hunting a new star, is first to discover her, project her into a picture and see how she does. When the picture is complete and all scenes have been taken, the young starlet walks around on tenterhooks and bites her fingernails until it is released, and if the public responds warmly she is given a new contract and is a lady at work.

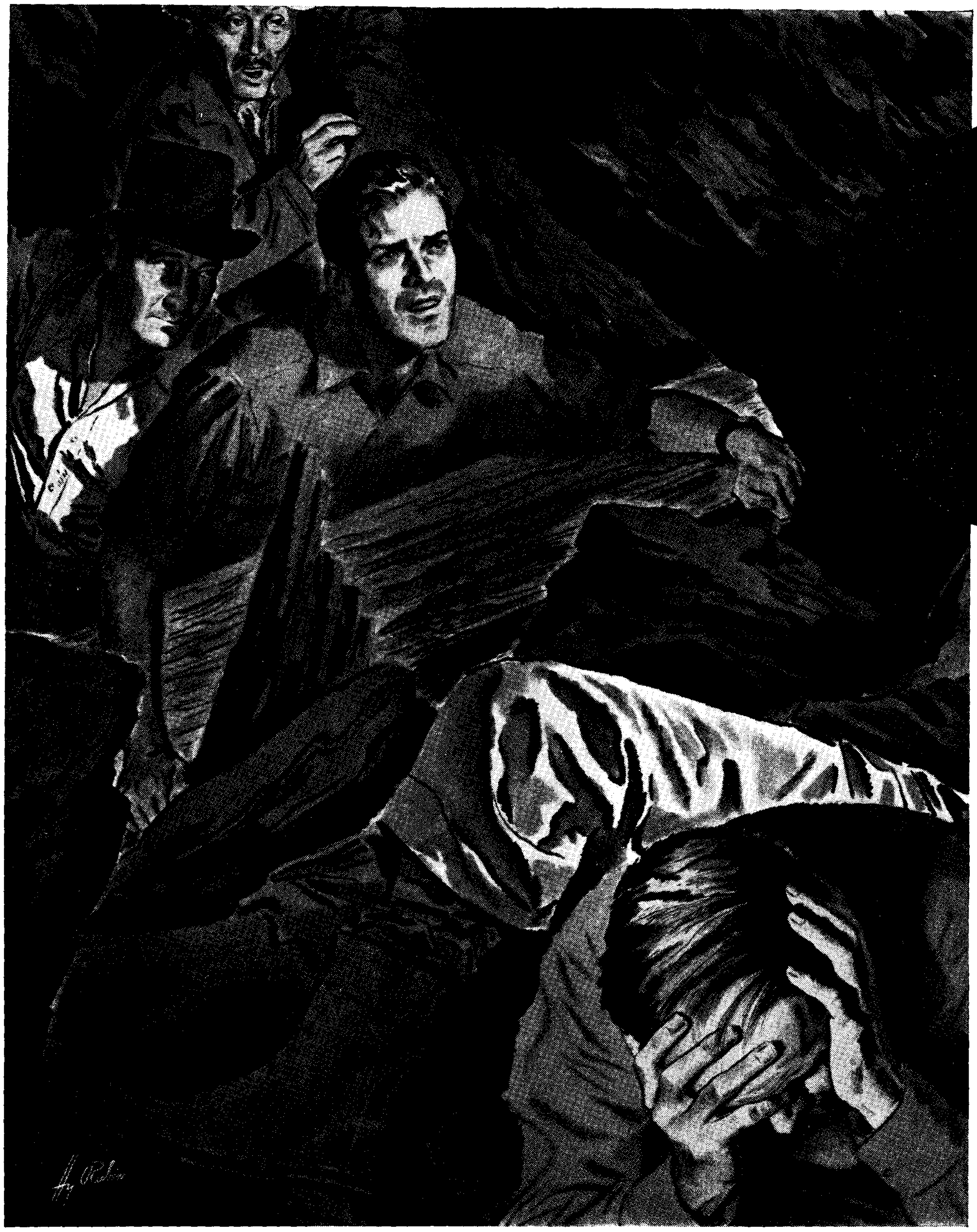
In the case of this Nancy Kelly, everything is different. Precedents go to smash. Custom is ignored and caution scorned. The works are shot. Long before any picture is released for public judgment, Miss Kelly has her job nailed down and her contract at home in the wall safe.

And the amazing thing—three pictures are already shot and in the cans, and one of them is already in the theaters.

The three films are, in the order of their shooting and release, Submarine Patrol, Jesse James and Tail Spin, and a fourth picture, Belle Starr, is on the fire. The Belle Starr production is in its earliest stages, which means the scenario writers are wandering fretfully about the studio, trying to discover who Belle Starr was and what she did.

But the first three are done, finished and complete, with Submarine Patrol

(Continued on page 51)



Brian said, "The lamp can't last more than ten minutes." Shorty said, "You're scared, Engineer"

The gripping story of a handful of men who didn't quit living when they were buried alive

JEAN CORBY knew construction. Foremen, riggers and tunnel men had taught her their language when her red hair was still in braids; had done a far more thorough job than the university professor who had since taught her French. She knew, for example, that a shoo-fly is used in the building of bridges, and has nothing at all to do with insects. She called the big tractors cats, and knew that a heading can be a hundred feet underground as well as on your office stationery. And, knowing construction, she knew trouble—for the two go hand in hand.

And there was the cab, the rain, and the highway, climbing stubbornly into the hills south of the city. The radio played softly. Jean Corby sang a husky, happy little song; watched the rain, slanting in silver lines across the headlights, and wondered why cab drivers always need a haircut.

She could ask Brian O'Hara. He'd grin down at her and say, as he always did, "Irish, your nurse must have bounced you on your head when you were a baby." And she could answer, as always, "Why else would I be in love with you, Engineer?"

Like that. Planning and remembering. And planning was half the fun, now that the waiting was over. The hands of her watch, like tiny scissors, had already snipped away the first hours of the new day. Her wedding day.

Brian would laugh at her for not waiting at the hotel until morning. "Two A. M.," he'd say, "now that's a fine time of day to be calling." Then, "Us O'Haras make good even if we have to marry the boss' daughter."

But that wasn't a joke, not any more, not after the thing her father had said, just before plane time. "Be happy, Irish, but there's this you've got to know: Brian's a good man, but not the best. The men don't like him."

She'd smiled, saying, "You're trying to scare me, Mike Corby. You're wrong. Brian was top man in his class and . . ."

Her father had frowned. "A tunnel job's not college, Irish, and Brian's not playing football now. The tunnel men don't like him, and a man who can't handle his crew doesn't belong in construction." He'd bent his head then—a big man, stocky and brown, whose eyes were troubled. "Your mother and I'll be down for the wedding."

AND that was her wedding present, she'd thought bitterly, as the plane roared south. But it wasn't, and she knew it. The word had reached Mike Corby, and he'd told her. For Mike Corby there was no other way. . . .

There it was. And when Mike Corby said a thing you didn't laugh it off. You tried to push it back in your mind; tried to remember only the laughter and music and all the things that made being in love so swell. And yet, you wondered. . . .

A sweeping curve, and the cab was nosing into a tangled snarl of traffic. Dimly she could see the warning glow of red lanterns, the barricade that blocked the road. Two white police cars were there; slickered troopers tried to bring order out of the roaring confusion.

"That tunnel job ought to be near here, lady," the driver said, "but we ain't goin' any farther. The hill slid down an' covered the road."

Jean Corby didn't answer. She was looking down and down, and far to the right. The glare of trouble lights splashed white on the hillside there, and men clustered around small tar-papered shacks. Too many men—for what but trouble could bring a hundred workmen to a job where ten was a full shift?

A cold something caught at her throat. "This is—is the place." She pushed money into the driver's hand.

And she ran, slipping between the stalled cars, stumbling in the deep gravel of the path. Someone shouted. The storm pawed at her, twisting her belted slicker about her legs, driving blinding rain at her eyes.

She found George Dobbs, construction engineer in charge, standing a little way from the tunnel mouth. The men around him fell back to let her pass, and Dobbs lifted a mud-splashed face. A moment, and his hands went out, stiffly. His mouth tightened.

"Jean," he said, "Jean Corby! What in the name of heaven are you doing here?"

Jean Corby whispered, "Brian? Where—is he?"

Lines that were full and deep appeared around George Dobbs' mouth. His eyes were old and very tired. "I'm sorry," he said, "Brian isn't here right now. We're having a little trouble, Jean; we—"

He stopped, for her hand was upon his arm, and she was looking up, saying quietly, "Is it a cave-in, George?"

"Yes."

"How bad?"

"We don't know yet, Jean."

Jean Corby stood quite still. The wind plucked at her slicker, and there was the small sound of the rain. A workman cursed close by, and from the highway above there came the sudden roaring of heavy motors.

"How did it happen?" she asked finally.

"The rains loosened the hill, Jean. The whole thing moved. Three of the five drainage tunnels were smashed flat. The boys were working two headings. One crew walked out. One didn't."

"And Brian—?"

"There's five men inside," George Dobbs said gently. "Brian's one of them. I'm sorry it's that way, Jean."

Jean Corby looked at the ground. Her voice was low and oddly muffled. "What chance have they got? Don't lie to me, George, I've got a right to know. I—"

George Dobbs said, "I can't tell you."

"Why not?"

"I'd be a fool to try." He spread big hands, uneasily. "We'll have to wait and see. The heading was in good ground, and maybe only a section of the tunnel went out. I hope that's the way it is, Jean. There's something like a fifty-fifty chance I'm right."

The rain was cold on Jean Corby's face. "Fifty-fifty . . ."

AND there was the tunnel, the light, and the men. They squatted there, five of them, backs to the same muddy wall, looking up at the yellow flame of the dying lamp.

Six by four by thirty-five—that's all the space they had, for this was a drainage job. The tunnels were veins sunk deep in the belly of the hill to let the water escape, to stop the costly slides. A man couldn't stand erect, and with his back against one timbered wall his outstretched hand could nearly touch the other. The air was hot, heavy with the reek of carbide and sweat. There was the slow drip of water somewhere near, the ragged sound of their breathing, the quiet hiss of the lamp.

And the black shadows moved in the corners, creeping in . . .

Brian O'Hara lifted his face to the light. There were strained lines about his eyes, and a bitter grin that was hardly a grin at all was stamped deep upon his lips.

"Ten minutes," he said harshly. "The lamp can't last more than that."

Shorty Dovak said, "You're scared, Engineer."

"You're wrong," said Brian O'Hara, "but let it go."

Shorty Dovak got to his feet. He was big, a squat, thick-bodied man in mud-caked clothes. A blue shirt clung wetly to deep shoulders and sweat shone on his face.

Brian O'Hara waited. None of the others spoke. They watched and listened—Joe Czaia, Old George, and Baldy—for they knew this was between the engineer and foreman. Between Brian O'Hara and Shorty Dovak—as it had been from the first.

Brian O'Hara had come straight from college, eager and a little young. And the first night he'd said, "Relax, boys, O'Hara's here. Everything's in good hands. They don't make jobs too big for O'Hara. You can all . . ." He stopped then, for the crew had gone on dressing as though he hadn't been there. Silently, almost sullenly.

He'd meant it as a joke, nothing more, but the words had gone flat. Shorty Dovak had turned from his locker.

"Your head," he'd said, "she's kinda big too."

It had begun that way. They'd called him "Big Head" from the first, and when one of the other engineers let it slip that O'Hara had been an All-America, Shorty Dovak had growled, "You don' know about work, all you ever did was play with a ball."

The crew had talked only of cave-ins and men killed when he was near. Shorty Dovak had questioned every order. And they'd fought the night Dovak said, "I'm goin' to run you off the job!"

That had gone against O'Hara too, for he'd tried to tell Dovak he hadn't a chance. But Dovak had rushed him, in the open space outside the office, and it had ended with Dovak face down on the gravel. Ended when O'Hara rubbed a swollen hand and faced the scowling crew.

"I'm here," he'd said harshly, "and I'm staying. You might as well get used to the idea."

Thus it had grown until only Brian O'Hara remembered how it had begun. He had tried to change things, though he knew there was no way. Not when each thing you say or do is twisted into another error and marked against you.

And they squatted, now, in the narrow, dark-walled tunnel. The carbide lamp was above them on a stake that had been thrust between two wall timbers. The carbide was nearly exhausted. The flame that had burned sharply blue at first was yellow now. A wavering thing that barely held the dark at bay.

They could see the cave-in, for it was but ten feet away. The timber sets had crumpled like cardboard as the hill moved, and tons of gray clay, alive with water, had come down, blocking the tunnel solidly from wall to wall. A splintered bit of timber, an edge of plank, were the only signs that an opening had ever existed there.

SHORTY DOVAK spoke then, his difficult English thickening the words, blurring them, "You put us in a hell of a fix. You busted the flashlight, an' we got no more carbide."

Brian O'Hara said, "You talk too much, Shorty."

"You busted . . ." Shorty Dovak began.

"I broke the flashlight." Brian O'Hara squared his shoulders against the wall. "Forget it, Shorty. The lamp won't last long and we've got a lot to do."

Shorty Dovak said, "Yah? What can we do?"

"The rest of the crew were in Tunnel D, and if they got out we've still got a chance. They'd phone for help right away." Brian O'Hara leaned forward. "That means there'd be a hundred men outside now. They'd work in relays, and have us out of here by morning."

"Maybe Tunnel D went down," Shorty Dovak said slowly. "Maybe they didn't get clear. . . ."

"That's possible."

They were both thinking the same thing, though neither put it in words. Tunnel D was short, steep and if the hill had moved there the men would have had no chance at all. You can't run in a narrow, crumpling tunnel when the roof timbers crack and spread and tons of wet clay come smashing down. You can't do anything, anything at all. . . .

And yet—their chance rested with the Tunnel D crew. There was no one in the office at night. No way for word of the cave-in to reach the chief before the morning shift finally went to work.

"I think there's a little air coming through the cave-in," Brian said steadily. "But it isn't enough. If the rescue crew doesn't start work till morning they'll get here too late to do us any good."

There was a moment of drawn, restless quiet. O'Hara watched the faces of the men—so alike they might have been carved from the same dark and shining wood. He could see the pulsebeat flutter in Baldy's throat, the sweat form on old George's cheek.

Joe Czaia looked up at the shrinking lamp flame. "Nobody's outside," he said slowly. "We don't hear them."

And there it was—in words—the thing they'd all known from the first. The clang of shovel blades would carry along the steel rails of the narrow-gauge track—the cave-in couldn't stop that.

BRIAN O'HARA said, "The cave-in could have pushed a section of track down the hill. That way we wouldn't hear anything till they were right on top of us."

"Nobody's outside," Joe Czaia repeated.

"It's a fifty-fifty chance, but we can't wait." Brian O'Hara got to his feet. "Shorty, get a shovel out of the heading, will you?"

Shorty Dovak tipped his shadow-splashed face up. "I'll get shovels if you can figure a way to dig out of here without timbering that muck. Hell, guy, you're nuts."

"One shovel's plenty." O'Hara's voice was level and cold, but his eyes were very tired. "I'll show you."

He led the way to the cave-in and crouched there, pointing to a spot low against one wall. An edge of plank showed there, a small opening. "That timber jammed against the wall, and

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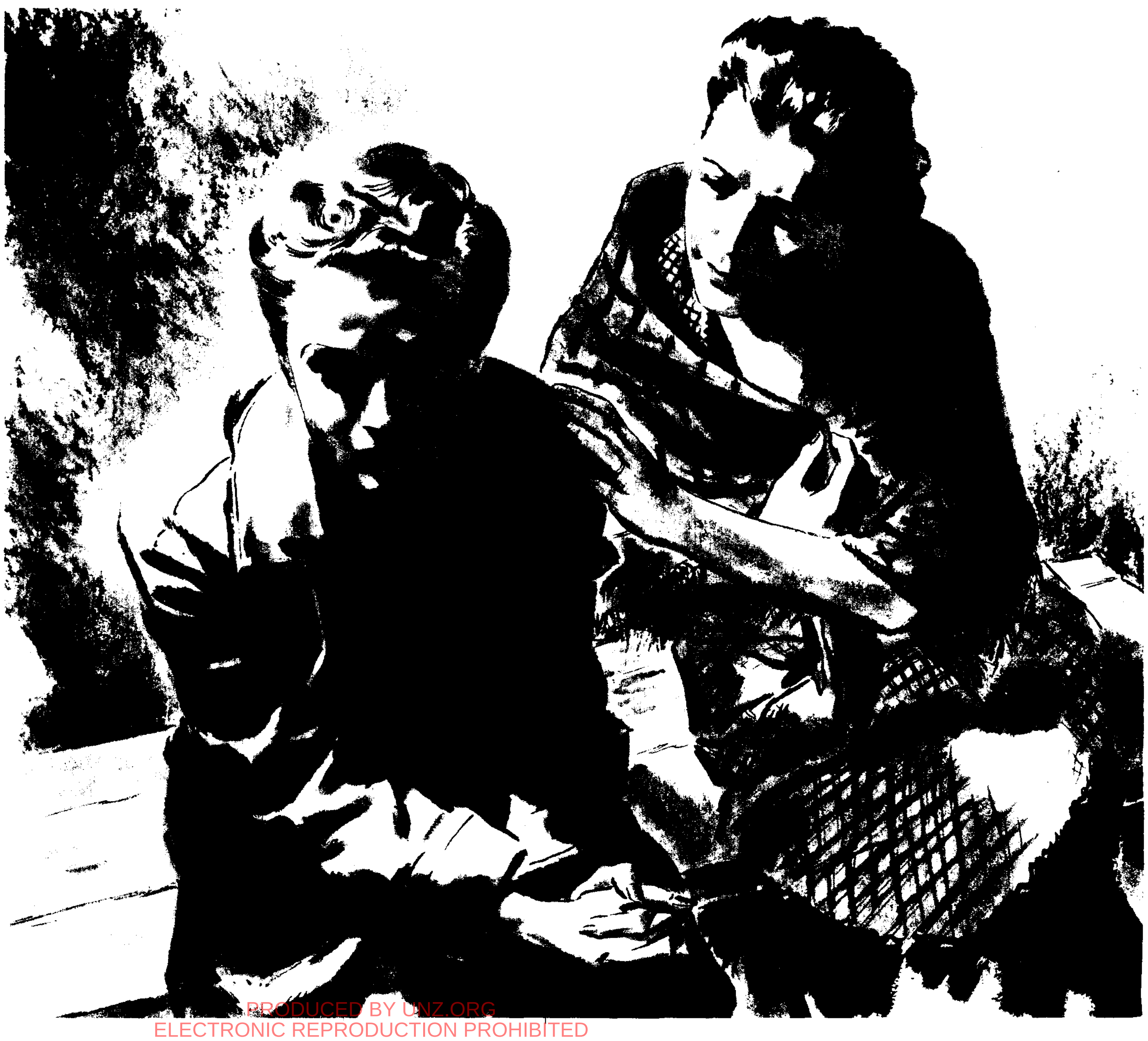


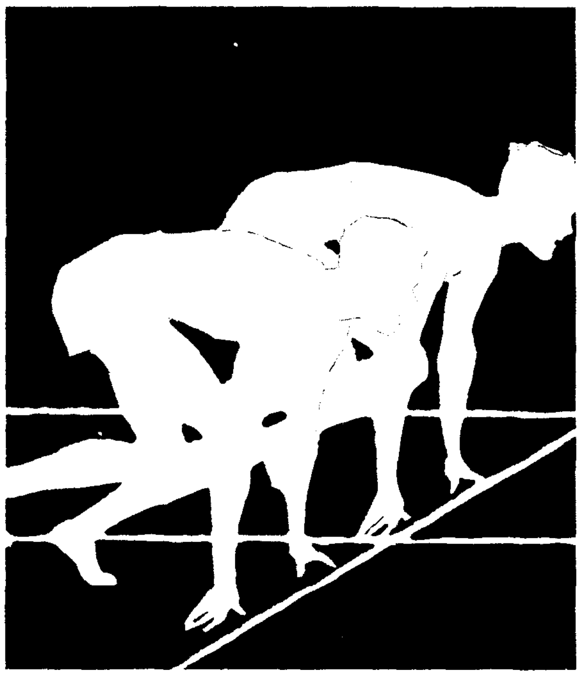
"Is your man in the tunnel?" she asked. "Yes, he's the engineer," Jean said. 'Waiting is hard," the girl replied

4 Minute Mile

By Stanley Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

One wanted to run the mile that every track fan dreams about. The other wanted only to see him beaten. It made a race



FOR a brief moment in the thronged trophy rooms before the banquet commenced, Larry Gorman could have sworn that he saw that same face with the lovely, dark-lashed eyes, the wide-open brow and unforgettable mouth that he'd seen at the last B. A. A. games.

But he lost it now, as he had lost it that night when he had slowed at the end of the race.

He kept looking, though, all through dinner in clattering Koverly Gym, which had been converted into a dining hall for the horde of homecoming sons.

They cheered, and sang old college songs and got off on There Are Smiles That Make Us Happy some seven or eight times as if to shout down the corridor of the years and summon back 1919.

They roared to the rafters when Paul Corringer, the great miler of '35, was introduced. For it was he who was to provide the high spot of this week end with his attempt at a new indoor mile mark.

Corringer had gone from collegiate triumphs to run for the N. Y. A. C. and he'd kept on shaving the seconds away down toward that four-minute mile that someone, someday, would nail to the boards.

That's what he talked of now:

"I'll not do it. Nor anyone here. But someday one of your sons . . ."

"Mammy!" thought Larry. "Get down on your knees. . . ."

"Tomorrow night"—Corringer's deep-set eyes traveled around the gym; his speech was incisive like the beat of his feet—"will be my last mile run. I'd like to lower the record here where I first began to run. It's been fun, good sport, every bit of it—here in the college, and since. But there comes a time in every man's life . . ."

"Oh, hand me my walking stick!" Larry's long body went lax in his chair. "The Boy Scout!" he thought. "What slosh! But *slosh*, Mr. Corringer, really!"

"It's worth it, fellows. Every bit of it. Competition . . ."

"Is the life of trade. Or something," muttered Larry to his melted ice cream, and he thought of the miles *he* had run. He couldn't see anything to work himself into a froth about. He just had two good lungs and good legs. Good enough, anyway, to knock the time down in the last year's I.C.4A., in spite of the hot day at Travers Island. And, oh, yes! It was there that that girl with the lovely eyes . . .

"Whether I crack that record or not," Paul Corringer was finishing now—or at least Larry hoped so—it *listened* that way; you could tell by the note in his voice—"it won't be because you haven't *helped* me, building an eight-lap track. I'll shoot the works, I promise you that!"

The great Paul Corringer sat down. Someone called for nine long ones; then up stood Prexy and said in that *solemn* way that such scholars have: "Gentlemen, let us arise and stand in tribute to another great track man, the father of the gentleman who just spoke, who was killed over Arras in 1918—Bradford Corringer, class of 1912."

"Lafayette!" thought Larry sardonically. "Hold everything! We are here!"

But he stood respectfully with the rest when the scraping of chairs had died down through a long, long minute while all sound was blotted out—then he broke for the fresh night air.

"Bed," he thought. "Oh, lovely bed! I'll make a speech about that. 'Gentlemen,' "—as he walked under bright winter stars—" 'I did my best training asleep!' "

But he turned in first at the Nimbus Club just to look them over for a while. He was sitting idly on a corner divan watching the disjointed groups of old grads, and their attendant clusters of ladies, and wondering why, among them all, there couldn't be one daughter to knock out your eye.

That was when he saw her again. She came in on Rand Jackson's arm, looking as alive and warm as the flames that licked at the logs. Rand was also a miler, and his time was right behind Larry's own. Larry didn't muff this chance. He got up and crossed to Rand's side. "Hi, pal! Say, the coach wants you. He's looking all over the place."

Rand cocked a skeptic's eyebrow and uttered the classic, "Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. He's going to start you with me in the Intercollegiate Mile."

That had its effect. Larry could see it working. Rand hung for a moment undecided between prospect of glory and the girl. He swallowed and said, "No fooling, Larry?"

"Why, Rand, I wouldn't do *that!* Run along. I'll look out for your lady. We'll stand by until you get back."

"*Do* go, Rand!"—in a soft, clear voice.

"Well, look; would you really mind, Beth?"

"Of course not!"

"Thanks!" Rand streaked for the door and in his eagerness overlooked things—specifically, introductions. But Larry didn't mind that. He took her arm and said, "Over here," and began to fend off the stags; mostly Candy Johnson, one of Nimbus' stickier men. He beat at Candy with his one free hand like you do at midge flies in May.

"Scram, sweet stuff!" Larry snarled at him. "The lady likes a *man*. She's sick of strawberry creams."

HE SAID, when they'd achieved isolation, "I saw you in Boston one night. You were in a box at the finish line, and . . ."

"But that's not the only place." Her effect in furs was impressive. They held her slimness close, and her eyes were alight and laughing, her hair a dark trap for soft lights. "*I've* seen *you* at Franklin Field and the Harvard Stadium and . . ."

"Sure! And you always yell your head off when they come down the stretch in the mile."

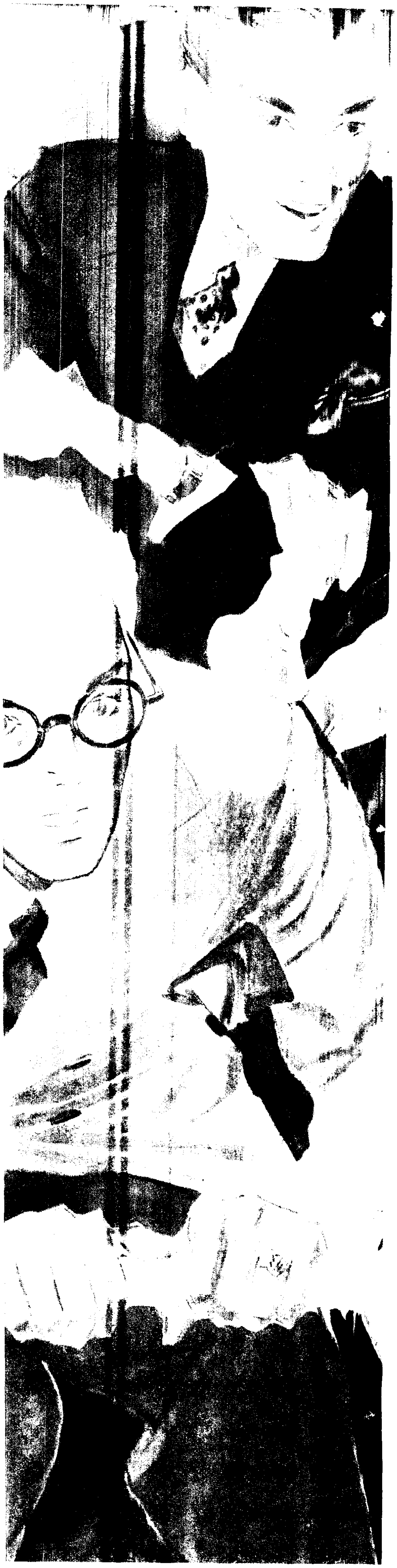
"Rather! I'll never forget the night at Madison Square Garden last year—the K. C. games, I think it was—when you and Rand Jackson were having it out on that last high-banked turn."

"Who were *you* yelling for?" Larry asked her.

Her voice broke into a laugh. It had a note, thought Larry, such as a vibraphone strikes in the diminishing minors of Stardust.

"The best man, of course," she replied.

Larry grinned. "That was swell of you, Beth. It



The crowd seemed to have gone to some distant place and was trying to make itself heard. Its frantic shriek told Larry of Corringer's bid

probably helped me win. It's nice of you, too, to leave your wraps on. I'll get mine and we'll go."

"But where?"

"I dunno. Just any place. Walk, don't run, to the exit. And hang right along my side. Nice hanging, there, Beth—nice hanging."

"But what about Rand?" she asked.

"Rand," said Larry, holding the door wide, "is going to be busy as the deuce."

"Doing what?" she asked when they reached the sidewalk.

"Trying," Larry told her, "to catch up."

He tossed up the top of his convertible for comfort, and turned on the heater for more of it and tooled out onto the highway that ran down the river toward town. They glided along between snowbanks, high and sharp-gleaming in the moonlight, and the tires sang on the frost rim, which reminded him: he snapped the radio on.

After a moment he found it—music for the mood and the moment. Way, way off in Manhattan a first-string network chanteuse got hot and sweet and mixed it about Crying My Heart Out for You.

The girl settled back on the cushions and said, "Nice! But where do we go?"

"Well, I know a place on the river bluffs where you have to be clever to keep warm."

"I'm not the least bit clever." He heard the decision in her voice.

"Maybe I thought of that one too soon. Okay; we'll begin at the Greek's."

THEY began at the Greek's with milk shakes. The Greek had done himself proud. As part of the holiday spirit he had brought up a hot duo on guitars. They were beating out Effort in F and the bass had a nice clean jive, and it worked right into Larry's ankles and up through his legs to his heart. After a moment it reached up high and touched off his eager tongue.

He said, "Whose lady are you? And what big eyes you have, Grandma dear!"

She said she was nobody's lady, and if her eyes were big, it was excitement.

Larry asked, "Excitement about what? My effect usually takes more time."

"No, not you. The track meet. And Paul Corringer's mile."

Larry said, "Say, listen, I'll bet you Snow White's complexion against Dopey's nose that you'll see a better event when they run the Intercollegiate."

She broke in at once with, "Oh, no! He's been training harder than he's ever trained in his life. He *knows* he's ready—given an eight-lap track . . ."

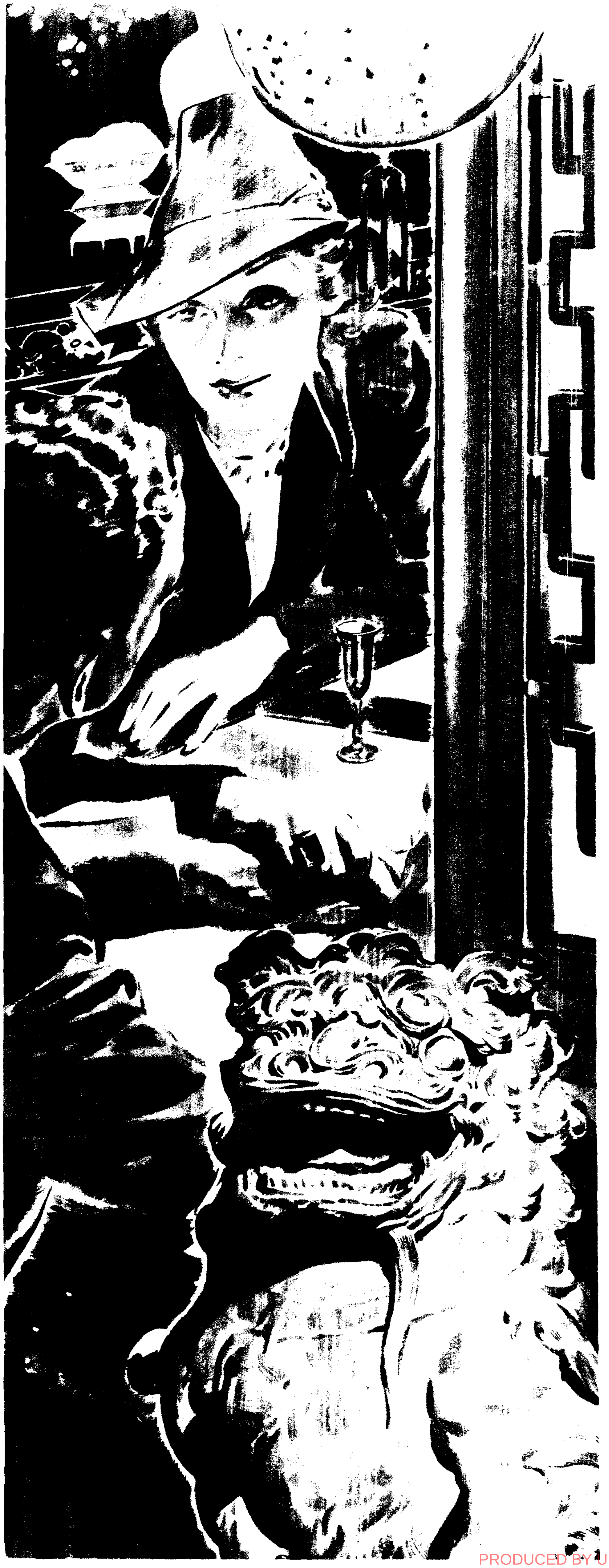
"Okay, then, Beth; he has it. But pardon me if I fail to react. He was a senior here when I was a freshman, and somehow the years dim the glamor—or whatever a crack track man has. Let's forget Paul Corringer and talk about Clicking on Sight."

So they talked about that. Or Larry did. He told her that he'd been around. Not too much, don't misunderstand him, but enough to know where he wanted to get off. The place, he told her, was right here, thanks, and he'd stay here all the rest of his life. Had she any idea what he was talking about?

"Why, a carrousel—isn't it?" she asked.

"No!" with emphasis. "Love!"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I've heard of it. But hardly ever so quickly. Wouldn't it *(Continued on page 28)*



Angel leaned forward. "Would it make you more confident if I told you I love you?" she said

Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

JUDITH CLAYTON'S wealthy father dies, leaving a will in which his brother-in-law, Jonas Morgan, is named as sole executor. Judith, the only heir, is to take over the estate when she is twenty-one—but only if she is married.

Still single, and after she has reached the age of twenty-one, Judith learns that Morgan is misappropriating her funds. To obtain possession of her fortune, she can bring the matter before the courts (and so create a scandal), or she can marry. She decides to marry (simply to solve her problem), *if* she can find a man who will co-operate with her. In Alan Hughes, an old friend, she finds such a man. Merely to oblige her, and understanding that he will be her husband only nominally, Alan marries her.

The young people occupy separate suites in Alan's home. Judith takes over her estate. Whereupon Alan—heavily in debt, unwilling to permit a woman to support him, and suspecting that his presence is a source of annoyance to Judith—moves out.

Alan Hughes has one enemy: Joe Carter. Carter, exposed as a crooked gambler by Alan, has sworn to "get" him. Warned by two of his friends—Gene Lyons and Angel Fremont—to keep an eye on Carter, Alan is not worried. But when two attempts on his life are made by the fellow, Alan realizes that he is in peril.

In need of a job, Alan finds one. Gene Lyons, who owns an escort service (the Gotham Escort Bureau), puts him to work selecting escorts, instructing them in their duties and seeing to it that they carry on in the proper manner. His salary is sixty dollars a week. . . . Early one morning, Alan and Gene leave the Club Tunisia together. Outside, while a doorman and a taxi driver look on, they encounter Joe Carter. A fight ensues. Carter knocks Gene out. Then, struck on the head by a cane wielded by Alan, Carter falls to the pavement. When he does not rise, Alan and Gene lift him into the taxicab (driven by a man known as "Chuck") and hurry him to a doctor.

The doctor examines Carter. Carter is—*dead!* Alan insists that the police be notified at once. Gene will not listen to him—he says frankly that he does not care to take the risk of going to prison. "You win, Gene," Alan says, at last. "I'm playing it your way."

VII

ALAN sounded tired, though his words were cheerful. His voice came to Judith's eager ears through the telephone receiver: "Hello, Mrs. Hughes?"

"Yes . . . ?"

"Prodigal husband speaking."

"Alan! You've been neglecting me atrociously."

"Haven't been doing so well by myself, either." He hesitated, and Judith detected a hint of embarrassment in his next words. "Booked up tonight?"

"You're lucky. I had just decided to try three hours of intensive thumb-twiddling." That wasn't true. She'd been going to the theater with Martha and Jim. But . . .

"May I come over and twiddle with you? I feel awfully domestic."

"Now you *are* talking my language. We'll have dinner together—"

"Can't make it. Got to clean up a few loose ends here at the office. See you about eight-thirty. I'm lonesome for you and Snitch."

Martha was in the shower when Judith burst unceremoniously into her room and signaled frantically. Martha came out dripping: slender and more attractive than she knew. She wrapped a huge Turkish towel about herself and said, "You look as if you'd just seen a rainbow."

"I have. But I'm not going to the theater tonight. You and Jim are on your own. Let's hear the first of the three cheers."

"What happened?"

"Just a miracle. Nothing more. My wandering spouse has filed a request for a quiet domestic evening with me. And Snitch."

"So I'm being flung out the door with no mother to guide me?" Martha smiled as she rubbed her body pink with the rough towel. She hummed The Sunshine of Your Smile, and said, "You romantic young wives! It's marvelous."

"You don't mind, do you?" Judith brushed a stray tendril of hair back from her forehead. At that moment she looked radiant and beautiful. "As a matter of fact, it wouldn't matter anyway. This evening is mine, with a capital I."

"And how it is! Go get yourself all prettied up. I'd suggest that new navy and white; it becomes you somethin' gorgeous, and isn't too secretive . . . or shouldn't I notice such things?"

"It's all right to notice 'em, Martha darling—but you've absolutely no business reading my mind."

THE dinner with Martha and Jim was pleasant enough, though Judith managed to speed things up, and to shoo them from the house long, long before theater time. She arranged liqueurs and glasses on the coffee table in front of the couch, instructed Jenkins to prepare a percolator of fresh coffee and some delicate sandwiches, just in case; and settled herself in the library with Snitch and Donald Duck. Snitch sat at her feet, regarding her with proper solemnity, head cocked on one side, eyes bright and inquisitive—leaving Donald Duck mournfully neglected.

Judith said, "Something's on his mind, Snitch. You guess what it is, and I'll hope . . . or am I shameless?"

Snitch's head moved rapidly from port to starboard. He suspected something, and was alert and eager, though Judith heard the doorbell even before he did. She herself answered the summons, and helped Alan shrug out of his coat. He said, "Howdy, Good Samaritan. You're a lifesaver."

She followed him into the room, and stood back to watch Nuit d'Amour yelp and wriggle and leap in canine ecstasy. Man and dog romped and made noises and stumbled over Donald Duck . . . and Judith watched and was worried.

Something had happened to Alan. His lips smiled, but there was no laughter in his eyes. He seemed nervous and ill at ease; she detected new lines on his forehead, and a sudden maturity that she neither liked nor understood.

(*Continued on page* 53)

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FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857
CANADIAN

Deliciously Delicate — Yet Deeply Satisfying

Night Shift

Continued from page 19

there's a hole big enough for a man to crawl in. Maybe it goes all the way through."

"Maybe," Shorty Dovak said, "maybe not. There'll be a lot of muck in there an' . . . We got to try, I guess. I'll get a shovel an' cut the handle off."

Their eyes met and held for a long moment and then Dovak turned away. O'Hara looked again at the opening—barely wide enough for a man's shoulders—and something inside him drew up cold and tight.

There was a bright, hard click as Brian O'Hara got to his feet, and a knife blade gleamed in Dovak's hand. He was squatting between Joe Czaia and Baldy, bending over a shovel handle. He was talking in his native tongue, and through the soft words came the regular sound of knife steel upon wood. Tiny chips fell to shine whitely against the muddy ties. The lamp flame was shorter now.

"And now it comes," Brian O'Hara whispered.

He went back toward the flickering light. Old George was a little apart from the others, and to pass in that narrow space O'Hara had to press his hips hard against the wall. Old George's startled eyes came up and he said something too faint to hear.

A leather folder lay open in his hand and the soft light gleamed on the worn photograph pasted there. Old George bent his head and his words came slowly, "It's my Nina and the kids. I was just lookin' at the picture."

"Nice," O'Hara said, and forced a grin. "And you'd better think of a good story or Nina will give you the devil for being late to breakfast."

The harsh lines about old George's mouth smoothed out. He almost smiled. "Yah. I guess you're right."

"Sure I'm right."

Shorty Dovak's voice rang loud and O'Hara turned that way. Baldy had pressed his big shoulders hard against the tunnel wall, and a brown cigarette drooped, forgotten, from slack lips. Joe Czaia's face was flushed.

"Hear me," Dovak said hoarsely, "I'm goin'!"

Brian O'Hara asked, "What's wrong, Shorty?"

ANGER lay dark upon Dovak's face, his lips were a thin and twisted line. "No trouble," he said. "These guys are tryin' to tell me who goes in that hole. Yah, an' it's my job. I'm the foreman. I'm goin' in!"

"You're wrong!" Brian O'Hara said steadily.

The knife slipped away from Dovak's fingers. "Now you try to tell me, huh? It's my job, an' I—"

Brian O'Hara asked, "Are you married, Shorty?"

A strained quiet came, and after a moment Shorty Dovak nodded as O'Hara had known he would.

"You see?" he said quickly. "You've got a wife and three kids, and you still want to stick your neck out." He bent forward. "And old George and Baldy and Joe are married, too."

"Sure, but . . ."

"I'm going in first," said Brian O'Hara.

Shorty Dovak's mouth jerked. "Ain't you married?"

There was time, in that drawn hush, to remember Jean Corby's smile, her dark and laughing eyes. An inner voice whispered, "Wedding day!" and his hand went up to touch the jeweler's box in his shirt pocket.

And steadily he said, "You guessed it, Shorty. I'm not married. I haven't a wife and kids waiting for my pay check. Anyway, this is my idea, and it's right in my kitchen."

"You can't . . ." Shorty Dovak began.

"I will." The hard grin shone in O'Hara's eyes. "I had to bounce you around once, Shorty. Don't make me do it again." He took the shovel—it was barely more than just a blade now—from Dovak's hands. "Let's get started!"

The wavering lamp flame shivered and the shadows pressed close. Just seconds left. And they needed that light even though it consumed oxygen they could ill spare. It was a link with the outside. It was hope.

The mud was cold beneath O'Hara's hands and it squeezed up between his fingers. He looked at the men.

"I don't want you guys too close. Remember that."

Shorty Dovak said. "Okay. We . . ."

The lamp blinked then, and the shadows sprang in, swallowing the tiny flame. And there was only the dark.

Face down, Brian O'Hara squirmed into the hole. The shovel blade caught upon wood and the slanting timber held his shoulders flat. Slowly he inched his way along. There was little mud here and he was able to push it aside.

"How is it?" Dovak asked.

"All right."

He went on. Five feet, ten, and then there was a whisper of movement above him, a light and growing pressure across his shoulders. Faintly, he heard the liquid trickle of mud.

How long he lay there he never knew. The small sound of the mud, the soft creak of timber had stopped long before he tried to move. Slowly then, an inch at a time, he worked his shoulders free and went on. And the flesh of his back crawled as he waited for the pressure to hit him there. Waited for pressure that didn't come.

Not until he was sure of his voice did he speak. "There's a bad timber about fifteen feet in. You can get by, but take it plenty easy."

"Yah!" Dovak's voice was muffled. "I'm comin' in."

Brian O'Hara lay still for a long moment, resting his forehead on his muddy hands. . . .

JEAN CORBY could see from the office window the street lights far, far below, marking the blue dark into neat squares. The rain had stopped and windy stars powdered the sky. She had been here after the first hour, sitting on a bench, waiting.

The other women had come around three o'clock. There were four of them—dark, unsmiling women who talked quietly and in their native tongue. The youngest—she wore no shawl over her head—had asked, "May we use this bench?" and with the words the controlled line of her lips had broken. Jean Corby had seen the face of fear as real as her own.

Slow moments, ticking away. The soft flow of their words went on. This wasn't a language Jean Corby knew, but she had heard it spoken on a hundred jobs, and here and there she recognized a word.

"If you don't leave this house immediately I'll go upstairs and get the cartridges"

MICHAEL BERRY

Brian's name was often on the slim girl's lips, and with it another that meant, "Short One." And there were other words: coward, dunce and bully. Thus the picture grew.

Her father had been right. Something had happened here and Brian, big, laughing Brian O'Hara, was in bad. The crew had talked at home. The women were blaming Brian for the cave-in. And yet—somehow it didn't matter now.

The office door swung wide and a booted workman came out of the dark to place a smoke-blackened pot upon the table. "Coffee," he said. "Dobbs sent it. There's cups on the shelf by the door."

"What have . . ." Jean Corby began.

The workman looked quickly away. "Nothin' yet."

And then he was gone and the slim girl put her hand on Jean's shoulder, asking softly, "Is your man in the tunnel, too?"

"Yes. He's the engineer."

The slim girl smiled gravely. "Waiting is hard," she answered.

The warm touch of the slim girl's hand was good upon Jean Corby's shoulder. She didn't speak, for there was no need. And after a while the rain began again, and the black coffee was cold in the thick cup. . . .

AND man by man the human chain grew, crawling deeper into the cave-in. Shorty Dovak and Baldy had passed the bad plank and now Dovak lay close behind Brian O'Hara.

They worked as the slow minutes crept away. The air was hot and foul, and the dark was a weight pressing against their eyes. Brian O'Hara thrust the shovel blade deep into sticky clay he could not see. He pulled it toward him. He turned then, pushing it down past his chest, past his hips, and spilled the mud within the reach of Shorty Dovak's hands. And Dovak, too, passed it back where it was packed along the side out of the way.

The shovel blade thunked on wood and O'Hara pushed out an exploring hand. A moment, and he said, "I'm going ahead again. There's a plank on edge but I can get over it. Don't move up till I yell."

Dovak muttered a taut, "Okay."

O'Hara went forward. There was room, barely room, for his shoulders between the edge of plank and the slanting timber above. The opening beyond was small but it was free of mud. He went on.

Needle-sharp splinters found his cheek. He tried to roll as his shoulder caught a broken end of plank. The rubbing groan of wood on wood was loud in his ears. The pressure came, solid and real across his back, and cold mud splashed down on his neck.

Brian O'Hara pulled his elbows in close and hunched his shoulders, heaving up. The trickle of mud grew thin and almost stopped.

"Get out!" His words came harshly from between set teeth. "She's coming down! Get out while you can!"

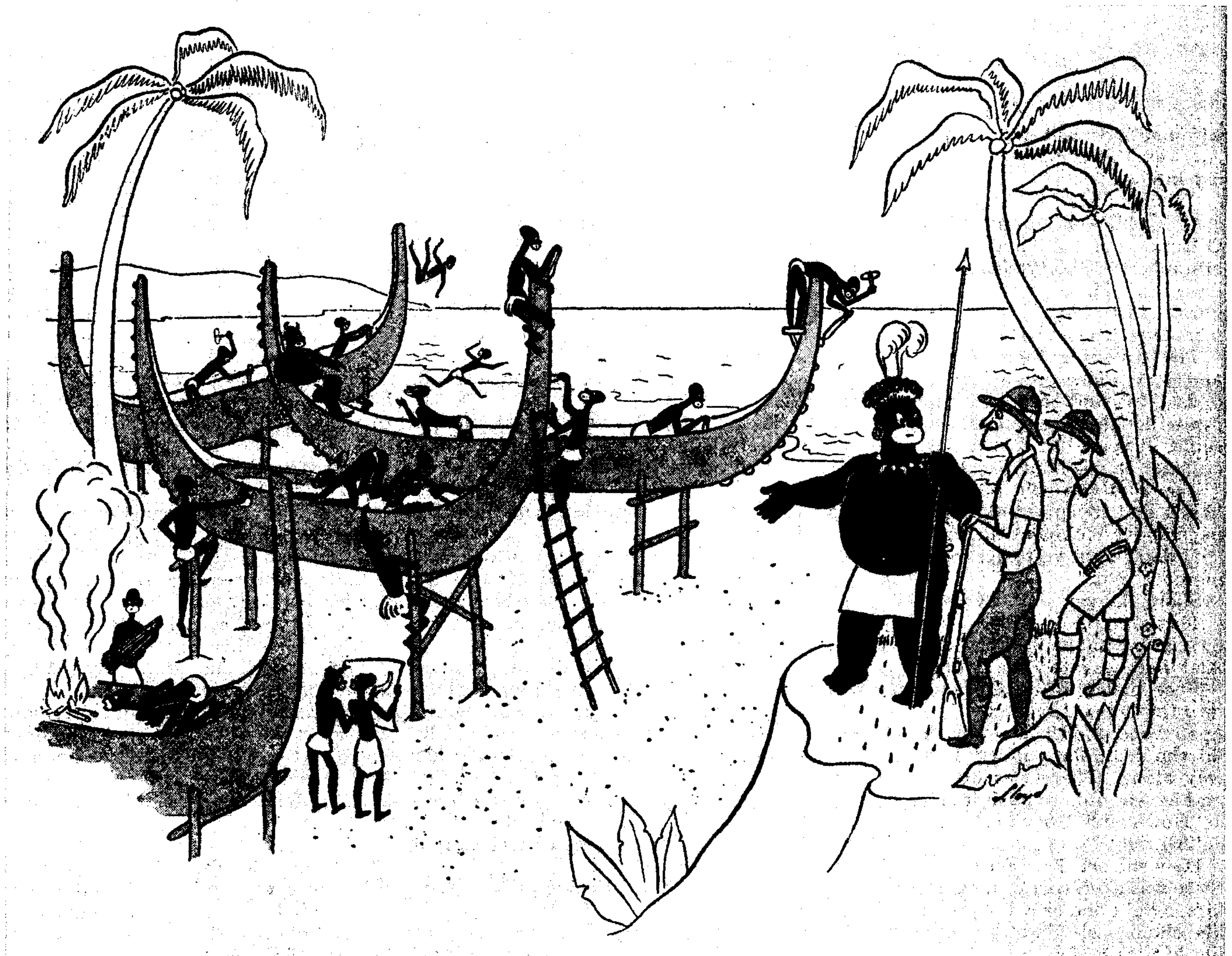
An excited mutter of voices swelled up and then came the dry rustling of muddy cloth, the scrape of boot toes in mud. The sound grew fainter with each breath.

The mud was falling again when strong fingers burned deep in the flesh of O'Hara's leg. "How is it?" Dovak's voice was steady and low. "What's wrong?"

Brian O'Hara said, "Get out of here, you fool!"

"What's wrong?" Dovak repeated.

"A broken plank. I hit it and started



"World conditions being what they are, we decided to enter the naval race" LLOYD COE

the slide moving again. I can't hold it long, and when it caves here it'll cave in all along. You can't help, Shorty. Get out while there's still time!"

"Prop it with the shovel."

O'Hara's throat was thick and dry. "The shovel's too long. Get out, Shorty, I . . ."

"Hold it!" Steel fingers bit deep into O'Hara's leg and were gone. "I'll get somethin' for a prop."

"You fool," O'Hara whispered, "you bloody fool!" The pound of his heartbeat roared in his temples, and the downthrust of the plank seemed to squeeze the breath from his lungs. "Don't try it, don't . . ."

Faintly, he heard the rasp of Dovak's mud-caked dungarees, his muffled, "Hang on, guy!"

There was pain now, dull pain that spread across his back and struck down through the rigid muscles of his arms. The stream of mud was thicker.

BEHIND him, Dovak shouted in his native tongue and the slanting walls of the narrow hole played with the strong, strange words. They boomed around O'Hara, swelling, dying. And then, like a distant echo, another voice took up the cry.

Brian O'Hara waited. His shoulders were set hard, straining up against the numbing pressure. The gray taste of mud was on his lips and his throat was tight. Dimly, he heard Dovak yell:

"Hold it, guy!"

"Stay out of here!" O'Hara shouted.

But the dry rustling went on behind him, growing louder. There was a sharp, bumping sound, a curse. And then something hit his leg solidly.

"Watch it!" Dovak snapped. "I'm goin' to shove a hunk of timber alongside you. It ought to be about right."

O'Hara whispered, "You're a fool to try, Shorty!"

Shorty Dovak didn't answer. His weight lay heavily across O'Hara's legs. He twisted a short piece of timber on edge and pushed it forward. O'Hara could feel it against his hip, hear it thudding softly against the plank that pinned him down.

"An inch," Shorty Dovak said, "it's an inch too wide. You got to go up, guy, up an inch!"

Twice O'Hara tried, and twice he failed. The mud was in his eyes now, in his mouth. It was an effort to breathe.

"No go, Shorty," he whispered thinly. "It wouldn't hold anyway. The pressure's from the side and there's no way to brace the prop. Get out!"

Shorty Dovak said, "Once more. Try it!"

Blindly, O'Hara obeyed. A dull roaring swelled in his ears, his head swam, and still he tried. Shoulders bunched, hands locked on close-set elbows, fighting upward, lifting. A lashing inner voice sang, "Up, guy, up!"

And then it was done.

"Now!" said Shorty Dovak, and the plank shot home. His weight was gone, instantly, from O'Hara's legs; and it seemed only a breath of time until his hands were locked on O'Hara's ankles and he was pulling O'Hara free.

Back. Over the plank which stood on edge and along the narrow space where the timber of the slanting roof seemed to bulge downward. Back, while the strained creak of tortured wood grew louder.

"Easy," Dovak called, "here's the bad one."

Slowly now, pressed flat against mud that crawled beneath his hands. Slowly, until the light touch of the splintered plank brushed his shoulders, touched his head, and was gone. Hands caught his legs then, and suddenly there was room to move. He was out of the hole.

There was a choked and broken rumble, as though the hill had voice and was coughing. Buckling timber groaned. A faint breath of moving air touched O'Hara's face, and the ground beneath him shook.

After a long time O'Hara said, "That does it. That locks the gate. And now we wait."

They moved through the dark, back a little way, and crouched again, their shoulders touching, their backs to the timbered wall.

Shorty Dovak broke the quiet. "I got some dry cigarettes. You want one, O'Hara?"

"My hands are too wet," O'Hara said. "I'd put it out."

"I got mine kinda dry. I . . . ah, hell, I'll hold it for you."

The match flame was bright pain exploding against O'Hara's eyes, and it was a full second before he could see the others. A twisted grin lay upon Dovak's mouth, his eyes were grave, warm. He leaned forward to put the cigarette between O'Hara's lips.

"You . . . been pretty . . ." He bent his head. "Hell, you know what I mean. Here, have a light."

The smoke was sweet in O'Hara's throat.

The match was a red ember in Shorty's hand when, faintly, the sound came into the hot dark. Low and clear, the unmistakable clang of steel on steel, of shovel blade on rail. . . .

Brian O'Hara said, "They're coming. I—"

"Stay there," Dovak muttered. "You're the boss, but it looks like I could do a little around here. It looks like I could hit the rail a crack or two to let those guys know we're here. . . ."

GRAY light edged the eastern hills when the shout rang from the tunnel mouth. Other voices took up the cry, and Jean Corby twisted away from the *slim girl's side as running feet pounded* the walk.

The tall workman opened the door to yell, "They found 'em. They're all right. They'll be out in a minute."

And then they were outside, all of them, running toward the tunnel.

The slim girl said, "I'm glad . . . glad . . ."

"Glad . . ." echoed Jean Corby. "Thank God they . . ."

She heard tired, shaken laughter and saw them coming through the crowd. They looked all alike, mud-smeared and coatless, big men who staggered a little as they walked. Who laughed, and turned grimed faces to the sky.

Brian was beside her, his eyes shining in the mud-caked mask of his face. He touched her shoulder and his voice was husky and a little rough.

"Irish! I thought you were at the hotel!"

"Brian!"

And then she was in his arms, laughing and crying and talking all at once. "You scared me to death. What are you trying to do, turn my hair white?"

"Now, Irish," he said gently. "I'd kind of hoped it would. I always wanted a blond wife."

"Boss!"

They turned as old George came through the crowd. He was smiling and he bobbed his head as he spoke. "This is my Nina, Boss. She's mad on account of I'm late to breakfast."

Shyly, the woman extended her hand. There was a warm brightness in her eyes, and she said something too low for Jean to hear. Brian laughed easily. "Bend a shovel over his head, Nina," he said. "He's not much good anyway."

AND *that brought it back—the thing* her father had said. Yet . . . she had seen old George's eyes as he looked at Brian. Years before, when Corby Construction was still small, she had seen her father's men look at him in that same way.

They had reached the office when she said, "Brian, I—" and stopped, for there were no words. She couldn't tell him the things she'd heard from her father, from the women. Not now, not ever. . . .

He said, "What is it, Irish?"

"I'm glad," she said, "I'm glad you weren't hurt."

Shorty Dovak came then. "You're a liar, Boss, a good liar." His smile was a flash of white. "No woman, huh?"

"It was a good story," said Brian.

Shorty Dovak looked at the floor. "You're a pretty good man," he said awkwardly. "You can run like hell with a ball. You knocked my ears down, an' you do a good job in the tunnel." His eyes came up and a flustered note crept into his voice. "You're pretty good, but I bet I can dance you bowlegged. I . . . We want to have a wedding party for you tonight. . . ."

Brian O'Hara said, "Swell. And wear your easy shoes, guy; I'm going to give you a run for your money."

Shorty Dovak fled, and Jean Corby looked up at Brian. "Funny. He acted as though he was scared stiff."

"Embarrassed," Brian said, "but not scared. He's one of the best. We had a little trouble at first, but it's all been ironed out."

"Ask them to the wedding," Jean said quickly.

Brian smiled. "I was going to ask about that."

"I'd like to have them there," she said. "They're your men and . . ."

"What will your father think?"

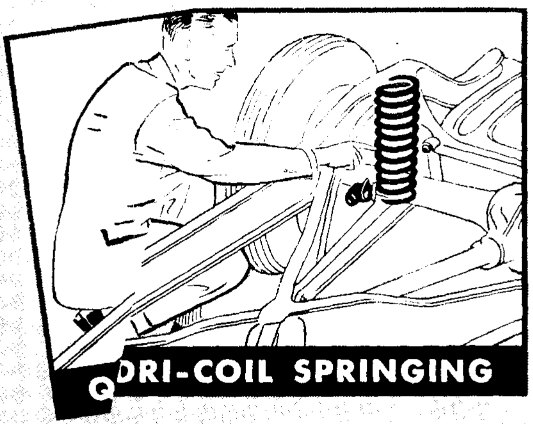
There was a warm quiet and Jean Corby thought, "Mike will turn handsprings when I tell him . . ." And aloud she said, "It's an old family custom. Mike brought a tunnel crew to his wedding. And we'll have to take him to the party."

"And *dance his shoes off.*"

"Don't bet on that," she said. "Mike's good."

And then Brian caught her at the waist, lifted her to a seat on the table's edge. "Look, Irish, I've got an idea. Let's you and I get married."

"This," she said, smiling, "is so darned sudden."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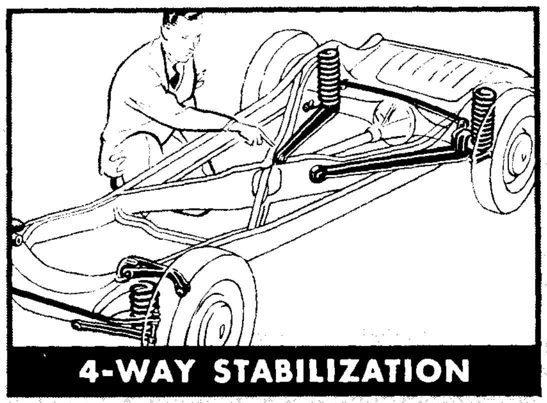
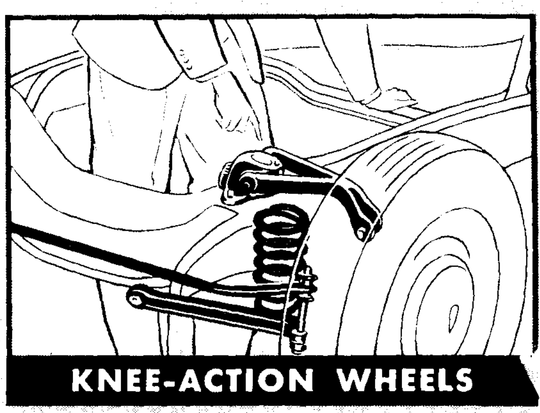

4-WAY STABILIZATION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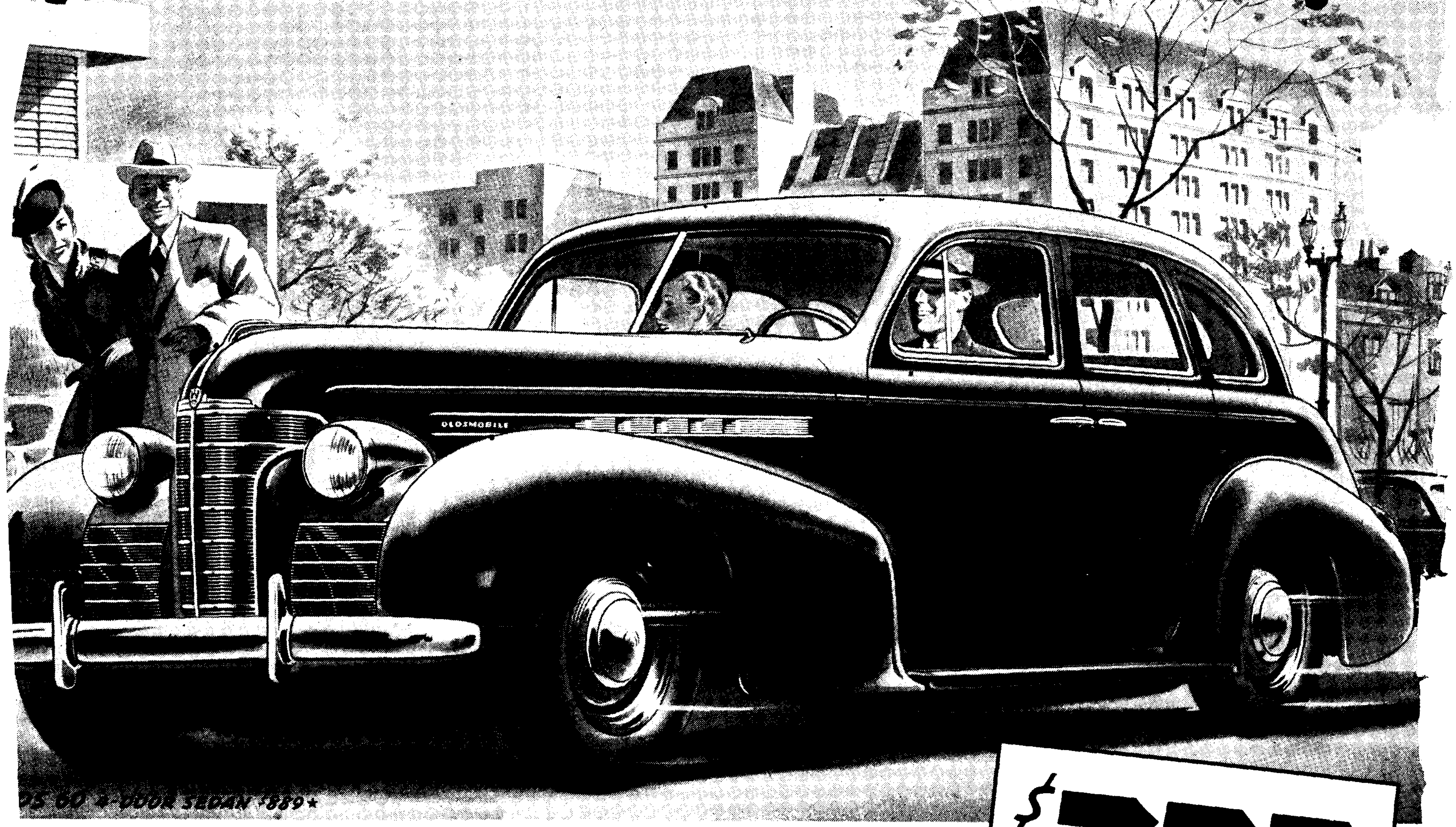
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Four-Minute Mile

Continued from page 21

be like cocktails? A lift and a sudden drop."

"Never! And speaking of cocktails"—Larry pushed the untouched milk to one side—"this is too much like training table. I'm going to have a beer. Will you join me, Beth? The Greek's lager is very light."

He saw something happen quickly in her clear and vivid dark eyes. It was, he thought, like curtains coming down with a jerk.

"Beer?" she asked incredulously.

Larry essayed a light laugh. "Oh, I know what you're thinking. No beer for the man who runs. Listen, I'll tell you something—remember that mile at the Penn relays when I took Costan of Kansas? *I was at the Bellevue Stratford* until three in the morning that day, and not exactly sober, and *was* that a mile I ran—or was it? Look, what's the matter?"

She was reaching for her purse and bright gloves.

"Darling," he said, "listen, I'm one of those guys who don't *have* to train. I've got—oh, to heck with the beer! Listen, wait, I don't *want* it."

BUT then he had to work fast. She was making one of those departures of facile, feminine swiftness, albeit with infinite grace. It would leave him with a check and an empty grin.

He tossed a coin onto the table and made a wamblylike jump to the door, and another outside for a taxi. He dared not try to get her around to his own car in back. He followed her in and sat *down beside her.*

"Where to, Beth?" he asked.

"The Inn," she said very quietly.

The old cab wheezed up the hill. "Why this Carrie Nation act? Or are you a girl scout?" he asked. She didn't answer that one. He said, "Say, look, what's your name?"

"I'm Paul Corringer's sister. But I don't think you'd better call me Beth any more."

Larry said, "Oh!" and *reached for a* strap and let his hand fall and raised it again and gave a meaningless tug at his hat brim.

She said, "And I'm not Carrie Nation. I like cocktails just like anyone, but somehow—well, a track man is supposed to be giving his best. Paul does, always. And so do boys like Rand Jackson."

She waited a moment; then said, "My *father*, Bradford Corringer, *came* in second, too. Just once. But a *good* second. Right behind John Paul Jones. Paul always comes in first. I know how he *trains* and *works* for it. Maybe it's true *you* don't have to. I've seen how easily you run; how beautifully and without effort you lead the lads home."

"It isn't exactly *that* easy."

"It looks it." They were nearing the Inn. "I'm sorry, Mr. Gorman, really. I acted on impulse, I guess. *I was rude,* too. Please forgive me. You see, I come from a family of milers and I may have a prejudiced point of view."

"Well! That's better!" said Larry as the cab pulled in for the curb. She was out before he could help her, but he wasn't two steps behind. "Listen, when will I see you . . . ?"

He saw but the back of her head, her slim, pretty legs going upward, the last gleam of a smart-slippered heel. He muttered, "Lady, you'll *eat* this after my mile tomorrow night."

By noon of a sunshiny tomorrow the Ivy League was in town. The narrow boardwalks of the campus crawled with expensive furs, and the crisp air was laden with laughter and happy young shouts. Rand Jackson came in at lunchtime.

"Larry, the coach wants you. Turn about favor, sort of. I couldn't find him last night. But you had the dope, kid. I'm in the Intercollegiate Mile."

"Congrats," said Larry indifferently. Then he realized how much such things meant to Rand. He added, "Swell, kid!" and tried his best to bounce up his voice.

"And thanks for looking out for Beth. I mean taking her to the Inn. I know you got tired of waiting . . ."

"Think nothing of it. It's all *right.*" Larry drew a coat on and went out into the crowded quad. At Koverly Gym *he* sought the basement and walked down by Football and Crew through the long steam-dampened corridor that smelled eternally of rubbing oil and sweat, and knocked on the door marked Track and Field.

"Come in," called a voice. Larry entered. "Hello, Coach," he said and sat down.

The coach was classic in pattern—grizzled, squint-eyed and hard. He kept himself in condition in this, his sixtieth year. He had developed Bradford Corringer, and his son Paul Corringer, the great.

And I suppose, Larry often thought amusedly, that he thinks he's developing *me.*

"Gorman, how are you feeling?"

"How many points do you *want?*"

"Good! I've got a job for you. You're pacing Corringer tonight."

Larry straightened, threw his head forward. "I'm doing *what?*"

The coach stood up and paced windowward. "Gorman, this thing's got to click. I nicked the treasury getting that eight-lap track. There are other reasons, and more important ones: Corringer deserves to come through and hang up a brand-new mark. For ten years he's tried pretty hard. Prep school, here and the N. Y. A. C. Tonight should be his biggest night."

"Hurray! Hurray!" muttered Larry.

The coach seemed not t ear. "We've got to give him the best p ig he's had in his life. We've got to c er him to the three-quarter post fa than it's ever been done. That's yo ob, Gorman, and the end of it."

"Thanks, I'm not lookin work."

The coach turned and g "You won't do it?"

Larry shook a high head. com- petitive miles, Coach. See y rav- ers in June. You'll probably ding me then, Coach." He got up ted to leave.

"She told me," the coach's *him, "that you wouldn't do* ld laughed. But she's going to hav I laugh." t

"Who are you talking about asked.

"Beth Corringer," the coach sa and Paul were in here this morn I told them I was going to give h She said, 'Why, Mister Gorman never consent to *pace.* Mister C is a front runner. The grandstan beat of his heart. Pace *anyone?* Ne

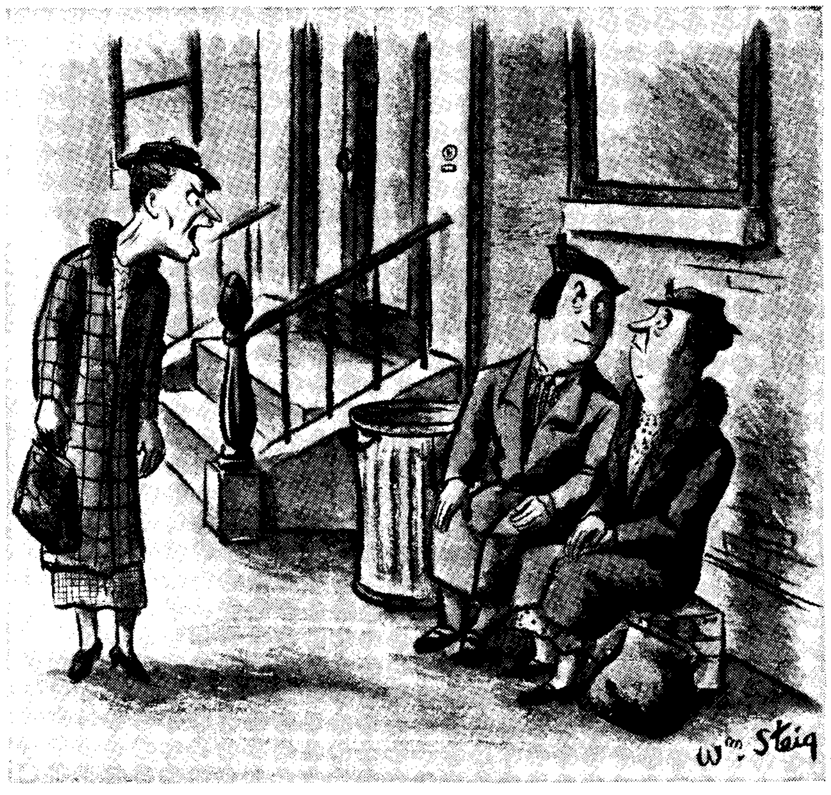
The coach seemed to wait hop

"It's an old gag, pal," Larry s him. *"Shoot the works for the s* and the girl. It leaves me cold—c than yesterday's coddled egg. I'll t the grandstand cheering. So long. you sometime."

HE ESSAYED a jaunty salute and le to go to his rooms. Once there threw himself down on a couch and l there and tried to count tricks. Compe sation went this way: "After all, wha one indoor meet? Why, even by M and the relays he'll be wanting me ba on the team. At the I.C.4A. I'll wri out that record I hung up last June, a after I've graduated I'll go big-time a run for Medina or the Curb."

Just like Corringer, only better. Why there'd be Helsingfors, when '40 cam around. He'd go over with the Olympi team and have lots of fun and make a lot of headlines and meet a lot o blondes.

But against all this was the knowl-



"Sticks and stones can break my bones, but names can never harm me"

WILLIAM STEIG

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This one helps entertain and instruct millions

Did you know that talking pictures are a product of Bell Telephone Laboratories research? And that the majority of pictures today are both recorded in the principal studios and reproduced in thousands of theatres by means of Western Electric sound equipment?

(Above is a section of film, with the sound track at left of picture).

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If your hearing is impaired, you'll be interested in Western Electric's new Ortho-Technic Audiphone. Another outgrowth of Bell System research, this instrument is built on entirely new principles in hearing aid design. It does things no previous aid could do. It will bring easier hearing and greater happiness to thousands.

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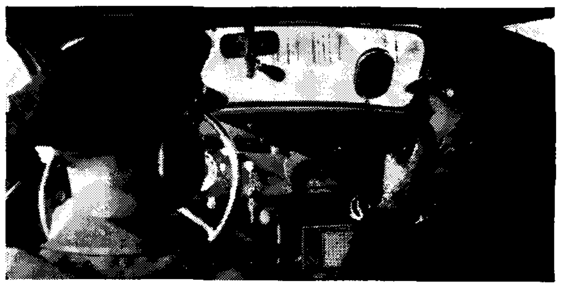
When police use Western Electric radio, arrests increase and crimes decrease. Your Bell Telephone makers pioneered in the police radio field. Today Western Electric equipment is giving added protection to 45 million people. Has your community this law enforcement aid?



All these benefits and more came out of the telephone

Since 1882 Western Electric has been the manufacturer for the Bell System, and this is still its major activity.

Experience in the field of sound-transmission has frequently enabled the Company to apply its skill in the making of other sound equipment that plays an important part in daily living.

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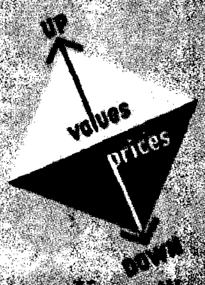

The absolute quality-dominance of Chevrolet in the field of low-priced cars is even more apparent this year than in the past, even though Chevrolet prices for 1939 are substantially lower.

You will see this higher quality plainly mirrored in Chevrolet's smarter, smoother body lines; you will feel it come to thrilling life in Chevrolet's more vigorous performance; and you will recognize its influence again in Chevrolet's lower costs for gas, oil and upkeep.

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Greatly increased comfort . . . born of added inches and added ingenuity in car engineering . . . giving the ride-results of cars much longer in actual dimensions!

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The greatest clutch advancement in years—exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range—operating with a minimum of pedal pressure—adding still further to Chevrolet driving ease!

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that help keep men at work

240 million dollars help the **RAILROADS** move the products of farm and factory.

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More than half a billion dollars are loaned to **GOVERNMENT** . . . the Federal, states, cities, counties, and school districts.

175 million dollars, mostly deposited in banks, mean a **CREDIT EXTENSION** of ten times that amount further to aid commercial enterprise . . . and employment.

These dollars are infused into the economic veins of the Nation by the capital stock* fire insurance companies. Thus, these dollars do double duty . . .

1 As assets of the capital stock fire insurance companies totaling over two billion dollars, they are a bulwark of protection against the crippling effects of disaster. That means greater national stability.

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In terms of "benefit to the many," there is no sounder brief for the American system of privately-capitalized enterprise than the institution of capital stock company fire insurance.

***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a pre-determined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

CAPITAL STOCK Standard protection COMPANY INSURANCE

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF
FIRE UNDERWRITERS
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Established 1866

After Roosevelt—What?

Continued from page 13

power and hence a brake on production. The only move toward a new philosophy of taxation has been made by a Republican, Senator Vandenberg, whose resolution for the investigation of so-called "incentive taxation" brought about the appointment of a special Senate Committee now in session. The idea is to discover whether the power to tax, which has been properly termed the "power to destroy," can be turned about and made the power to encourage; whether incentive may be extended by lightening the tax burden on productive dollars and increasing it on the unproductive.

Social Security. The present law tossed aside the experience of other countries and the advice of experts by dismissing the "pay-as-you-go" policy and providing for a so-called "reserve" of billions. The reserve is not a reserve at all, but an out-and-out fraud. The hundreds of millions of extra tax money collected annually is not being accumulated to meet future payments, but is being poured out in the TVA, or the effort to re-elect Senator Barkley, or wherever and however the Administration may decide. The unnecessarily heavy burden of the pay-roll taxes acts to diminish employment. The law should be revised and the "pay-as-you-go" principle adopted.

Relief. A statesmanlike document presented to the Congress in the last session was the minority report of the Republican House members on the Administration's measure coupling pump-priming and relief. Had the recommendations of the Republicans been adopted, the country would have been spared the scandal of relief funds being used to influence elections; the administration of relief would have been decentralized and made nonpartisan; those who deserve help would have been more adequately cared for, and the tax burden decidedly reduced.

The Wagner Labor Relations Act. Designed to guarantee the right of collective bargaining and improve the condition of labor, this Act has been followed by an epidemic of strikes and bitter controversies. It is a one-way law. It sets up a board that is complainant, prosecutor, jury and judge. Before it the employer has no rights, and from its decisions, either as to fact or law, there is no appeal. It was enacted under the mistaken notion that has pervaded so much of our recent legislation that what is good for business is bad for labor and agriculture, and that what is bad for business is good for labor and agriculture.

With the purposes of the Act we Republicans are in accord, but it is no secret that the President and Senator Wagner both are well aware of the defects operating to defeat its purposes. Their hands are tied because the New Deal is politically and financially in debt to the C.I.O. The Republican party seeks to advance the interests of American labor and promote employment by the wise amendment of this law.

The Railroads. The Republican party would proceed promptly to the reorganization, recapitalization, and co-ordination of the railroads. The objective must be not higher but lower rates. Prosperity consists of volume of business multiplied by velocity. Make the movement of people and goods swift and inexpensive and you have taken a long step toward full employment, cheaper housing, and the solution of the farm problem.

Government Competition with Business. Government should never see' to do with taxpayers' money wha+

vate citizens can do better and more economically with their own. The acceptance of this principle will mean radical revision of many New Deal policies; we may consider the utilities as just one example. Here is an industry that should begin immediately the expenditure of not less than three billions of dollars for modernization and expansion. It is spending practically nothing. Why? Because you, gentle reader, are afraid to put a nickel of your savings into utility stock. We are accustomed to speak carelessly of "capital" and "capitalists." You, with your $100 of savings, are a capitalist, and the total of the savings of millions of people like you constitutes "capital." You want to invest your savings where they will be reasonably safe. You do not want to put your $100 into an electric plant if tomorrow Mr. Ickes can point a revolver at the head of the management and say: "Either sell your plant to the city for 50 cents on the dollar or we will use public money to build a competing plant and put you out of business." This utility deadlock could be cleared up in forty-eight hours, with full protection of the public interest. The Republican party would clear it up and in doing so create tens of thousands of jobs.

The Farmer. The one best part of the Agricultural Act of 1937 was the section authorizing several million dollars for research in new uses for agricultural products. This provision, strongly urged and supported by the Republicans, has excited only mild interest in the Department of Agriculture, where the thinking is in terms of restriction, cash bonuses and votes, not of research and new markets.

The present farm problem is a self-evident failure. Each new session of Congress is asked for increased appropriations, yet the surpluses mount, the prices tumble. A sound program will provide for research for soil conservation, for the storage of surpluses, and for low-priced transportation. It will abolish bureaucratic control, encourage low-priced producers to produce to capacity, and help the farmer who cannot produce efficiently to establish himself in some other form of useful activity. Abundance at low prices is the only sound program for the farmer or the industrialist.

Other issues are omitted for the present because of the limitations of space. I wish to conclude with something that seems to me far more important than any specific legislative proposal, a discussion of the *spirit* in which the Republican party would approach the whole problem of re-creating the American vision of the future.

A moment ago it was remarked that little in the New Deal is new. But something has happened in the past fifty years to produce greater changes in human life than in the several thousand years before. That something is modern business, with its fairy stepchild, organized scientific research. In 1893 there was a World's Fair in the city of Chicago, and forty years later, in 1933, there was another. The estimate has been made that half of the people who attended the second Chicago fair were supported by industries that did not even exist at the time of the first.

There was no indus' aboratory for
scientific research ' at the time
of the first W' 'here are
more tha' 's, and
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40? THAT WOMAN? SHE CAN'T BE!
1. "OH! BUT SHE IS!" SAID HER FRIEND. "IT'S QUITE A STORY"
HELEN'S REALLY AN AMAZING PERSON! HOLDS A FINE JOB, WORKS EVERY DAY, GOES TO MORE PARTIES THAN ANY OF US, AND LEAVES LOOKING FRESHER THAN WHEN SHE CAME. I ASKED HER ONCE FOR HER SECRET—
2. AND THIS IS WHAT HELEN HAD TOLD HER
I OWE AN AWFUL LOT TO THAT DOCTOR WHO SAID I DIDN'T GET ENOUGH VITAMINS. "MODERN PEOPLE NEED VITAMINS FOR PEP," HE SAID. AND I'VE DISCOVERED A DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S EXTRA-RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT VITAMINS
3. SO AS THEY LEFT THE PARTY—
THANKS, MARY, FOR THAT STORY ABOUT HELEN. I KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO BE THE BREAKFAST CEREAL IN OUR HOUSE FROM NOW ON, AND ITS NAME IS KELLOGG'S PEP
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN (B+D) ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES
Vitamins give you Pep! PEP gives you Vitamins*

If you, too, have lacked vitamins, discover the grand things they can do for you! And to help get your vitamins, eat Kellogg's Pep! Pep isn't a medicine. It's a supremely delicious, *ready-to-eat cereal*—crunchy flakes of bran and other parts of wheat, enriched with extra vitamins B and D. And it's so economical! Eat Pep every day and see if you don't feel better! It is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

**Vitamins B and D. Each one-ounce serving*
1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitami
teaspoon of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These, of co
need. For the sources of other important vi

Sell
Which pa
Let us tell
in a year
your own boss
about just a job.
VON SCHRADER Mfg.
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Said a dandy Dalmatian
named Spot,
"I like Red Heart's 3 flavors
a lot-
Beef-fish-cheese in rotation
Pleases *any* Dalmatian
It hits every spot that he's got!"

RED HEART
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Start feeding your dog Red Heart and see him *thrive!* For Red Heart is *quality* food—a splendid formula containing fresh meat and meat by-products, vegetable and bone meal, cereals, cod-liver oil, and Fleischmann's Irradiated Yeast—prepared in a federally inspected plant. For appetite appeal, feed Red Heart's 3 flavors—*beef, fish, cheese*—in rotation. And, remember, Red Heart Biscuits are *grand* for dogs' teeth! Write today for authoritative FREE booklet, *Dogs, Their Care and Feeding.* Address: John Morrell & Co., Dept. 31, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Red Heart THE 3 FLAVOR Dog Food

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF

WE don't promise a "wonder cure" for children's colds, BUT — most folks advise a good "clearing out" as the first step in dealing with colds—and FEEN-A-MINT's ideal because youngsters take it *gladly.* No tears or tantrums. FEEN-A-MINT tastes *good*—children get all its famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder folks say: "It seems just like magic!" Millions rely on FEEN-A-MINT—*try it yourself!*

FEEN-A-MINT **TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!**

Own Your Own Business

Make up to $200 per week

Make **big money** out of clubs, office buildings, hotels, homes—every place which uses furniture, with our new electric DETERGER, which washes upholstered furniture like new right in your customer's home, using a new soapless soap which it whips into DRY suds. We have *helped hundreds of men get into business for themselves* with our automatic equipment used by the U. S. Government and many of the world's largest hotels.

NO SHOP—NO STORE—NO RENT

You save this expense for you do the work right in your customer's home. Barrett says. 'Made $28 in 8 hours." Corson made $279.50 his first month. C. M. Cheadle took in $121.00 first week. We want an honest, ambitious man in every locality. If you are that man we will help you start in this NEW Business. Only a limited amount of money is needed for the first payment—the balance you send on easy terms. The DETERGER is ready to run when you receive it and you should be able to make money the first day.

BOOK, "Your Own Business"

t FREE! Write today for this business building book,
nts out a brand new opportunity.
ou how easy it is to get started
nd business where you are
nd can stop worrying
te today—NOW.

MFG. CO.
onsin

these laboratories and the business organization that has established and now sustains them are the first and most *important shock troops in the battle* against poverty, ill-health, unemployment, and insecurity. Has any member of the New Deal ever visited one of *these laboratories?* Has any Washington official ever tried to find out what opportunities for increasing employment and adding to the general well-being are envisioned in the research work now going on? If a man from Mars were to descend upon us and discover the telephone, the automobile, the radio, and a hundred other modern marvels, each one the author of millions of jobs, he would ask: "What has produced these miracles?" And when he was told that they are the products of Industry, his natural comment would be: "This thing you call Industry must be indeed a wonderful enricher of life. Certainly you should cherish it, and seek to understand it, and encourage it in every way to go forward and produce more wealth for everyone."

Diagnosis After Operation

After six years of new bureaus, new taxes, new restrictions, and the monotonous repetition of the threat, "If business does not, government will," someone in Washington conceived the idea that it might be a good idea to find out what business really is and how it operates. The result was the appearance of Mr. Charles F. Kettering, and others of his kind, before the Anti-Monopoly Committee. Mr. Kettering is head of the research laboratories of General Motors. As the inventor of the electric self-starter, which made the automobile a universal servant and so helped to create millions of jobs, Mr. Kettering gave testimony that, according to the newspaper reports, astonished Senator O'Mahoney and his associates. They were taken into a world of new ideas and future possibilities that they did not even know existed. Why did the New Deal wait six years to discover men like Kettering? Why, after six years of surgical *operations on business, does it* at long last decide to put away the knife and try to make a diagnosis? How many jobs would have been saved if the *diagnosis had been attempted six years ago, before the slashing started?*

The Republican party is the party of business (little "b", not big "B"), and makes no apologies for that fact. It understands and knows how to promote co-operation. It knows, too, how sensitive and easily destroyed is that elusive but all-important element called confidence. A single careless remark from the White House to the effect that copper prices are too high is sufficient to set in motion the vicious spiral of deflation. An incendiary speech by Harold Ickes or Robert Jackson is enough to cause thousands of plans for expansion to be laid on the shelf. And taxes piled on taxes eat up the money that used to finance new ventures which, whether they succeeded or failed, were the source of new employment.

Industry is a living body, highly integrated, with nerves extending to every part. Cripple a limb, and the whole body limps; prick even a finger, and the pain is felt throughout. The Republican party recognizes that there are still business maladies to be cured. But we would proceed cautiously, quietly, with one thing at a time.

America has submitted to six years of special emphasis on the inferiority complex. It has been told that its institutions are broken down, that it has no health, no hope. Today there is beginning to sweep over the country a homesickness for the simpler ways and quieter days. In this development, as is usually the case, the shift in popular sentiment is ahead of the perception of the politicians. While the New Dealers are still stirring new *crusades, and promising more experiments,* the people are beginning to hunger for co-operation instead of strife, for a chance to work and save something again, for peace and a generous dose of quiet. If this yearning increases it spells the New Deal's finish. The New Deal is the child of excitement, rash experiment, fanatical zeal, and sound and fury. When these pass, it passes.

Lifting ourselves by our economic bootstraps is no good. A high wage rate, if offset by high prices, is not progress. Abundance is achieved through mass production, and this means that those who can produce most cheaply, whether in the factory or on the farm, must be encouraged to do more. We merely defeat the whole program if we try by penalties to slow down the efficient producer in order to preserve the inefficient, or to reward anyone for what he does not produce. These are simple fundamental principles, and on them the Republican party would proceed.

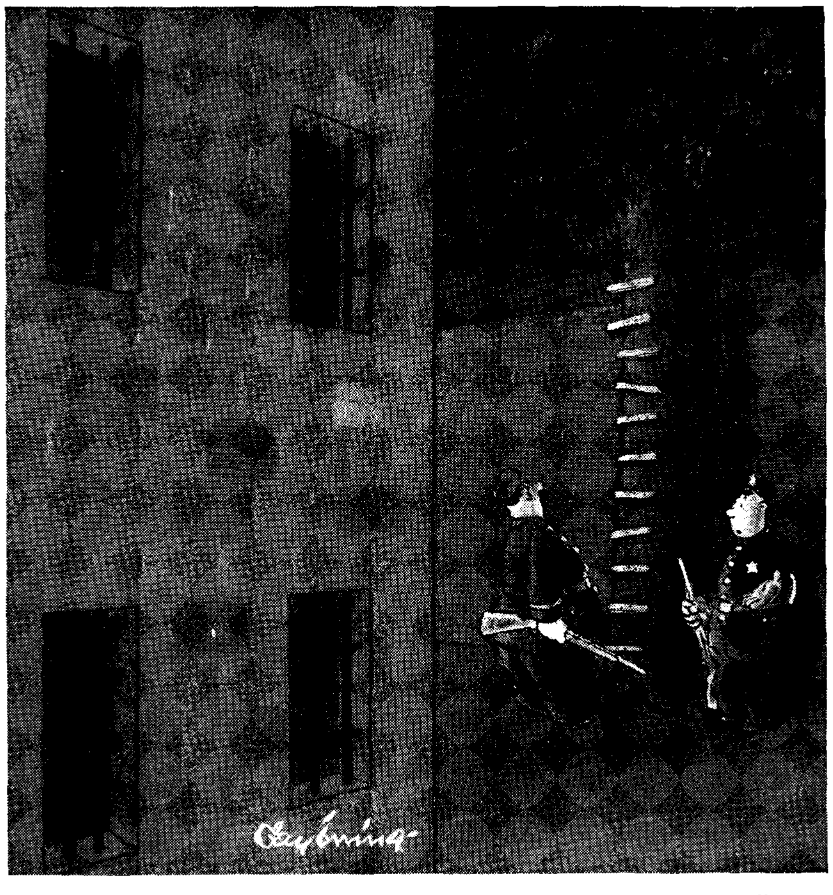
But some of us hold that America's economic problems are at bottom spiritual; that what the country needs most of all is not more economic measures but a fresh and hopeful philosophy. What would happen if our leadership should encourage us to try to see how much we can *give* to the United States? What are the potentialities of America if a spirit of mutual confidence and co-operation can be substituted for class consciousness and organized greed? A people who have conquered a continent in a brief century and a half, and turned it into the most powerful nation on earth, can solve its problems of distribution and move forward to a life of comfort, security and good will.

Some months ago a report came out of Washington to the effect that about one third of the families in the United States have an annual income of $471. Did that seem to you a cause for discouragement? I interpreted it as the greatest challenge and opportunity ever offered in American industry. Suppose *by making things better and cheaper* we can give to $471 the purchasing power of $800, what a tremendous additional market that will open! Suppose that by co-operation between agriculture, industry, labor and government we can lift the $800 to $1,200 or $2,500—how much more and better food will be consumed, how many factories will be called upon to step up their production, how quickly the railroad problem will disappear! This, not the dole, is the way to solve the problem of the "one third who are ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed." This is the program for a country that must have increased production without the stimulus of increasing population.

Good News for Voters

We need more Ketterings in Washington and fewer Ickeses and Hopkinses; more men of faith and practical wisdom, and a clean-out of the theorists and the defeatists. We need a leadership that will cry aloud: "The period of abuse, extravagance and restriction is over. At least ten years of quiet are needed to give administration a chance to catch up with legislation. In that period we are all going to work, we are all going to save, we are all going to be willing to put forth a little extra effort in order that the country can be made safer for our children and grandchildren. We are going to enlist in a ten years' war, not against a foreign foe, but against poverty, poor housing, worn-out industrial equipment, outmoded products that ought to be cheaper and better.

Already this spirit of *noblesse oblige* is beginning to be evident. Therein lay one of the most heartening things in the past campaign. In state after state, a higher type of citizen entered the race for office; men and women never before in politics turned their backs on comfortable lives and substantial incomes *to contend for the opportunity of public* service. When you see a Saltonstall, a Vanderbilt, a Barbour, a Taft and others of their kind ringing doorbells and canvassing the voters, *it is good news.* It means that those who owe most to America are recognizing their responsibility, that the spirit of sacrifice is at work, and is *starting where it should* start—at the top.



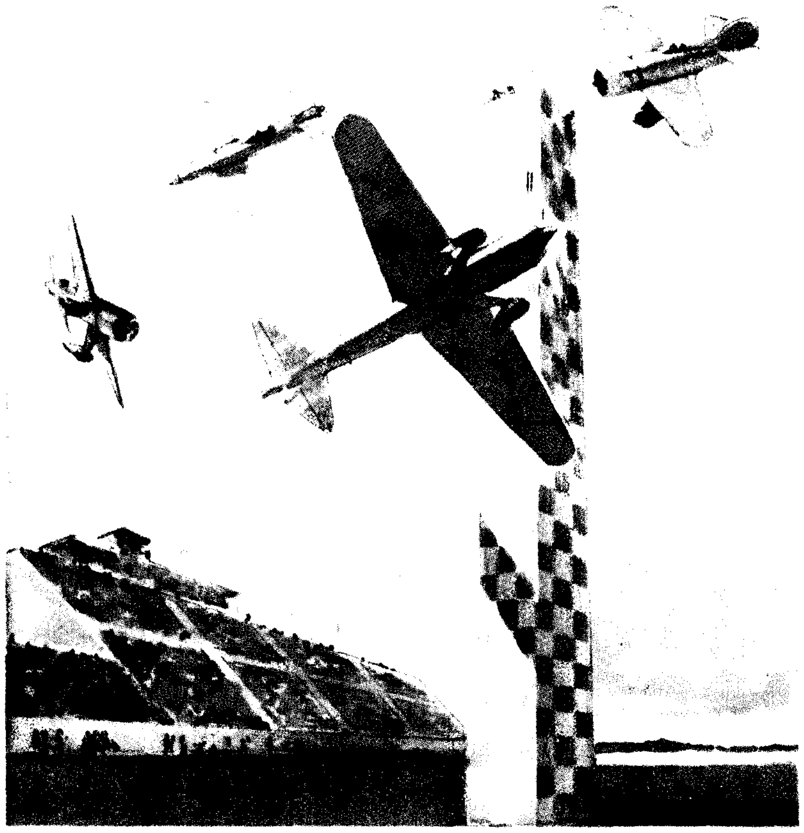
"I can't imagine where in the world they ever got an acorn!"

JAY IRVING

'WE FLY BECAUSE BRUSHING WINGS WITH DEATH MAKES LIFE WORTH SO MUCH . . . . *OR MAYBE BECAUSE IT BRINGS US CLOSER TO THE MEN WE LOVE!"*

Trixie, Gerry and Lois...taking a man's game and making it their own! *Women of the sky!*...The ceaseless emotional excitement, the adventuring romance, the startling melodrama that is their way of living!

Alice *Constance*
FAYE • BENNETT
Nancy **KELLY**



with

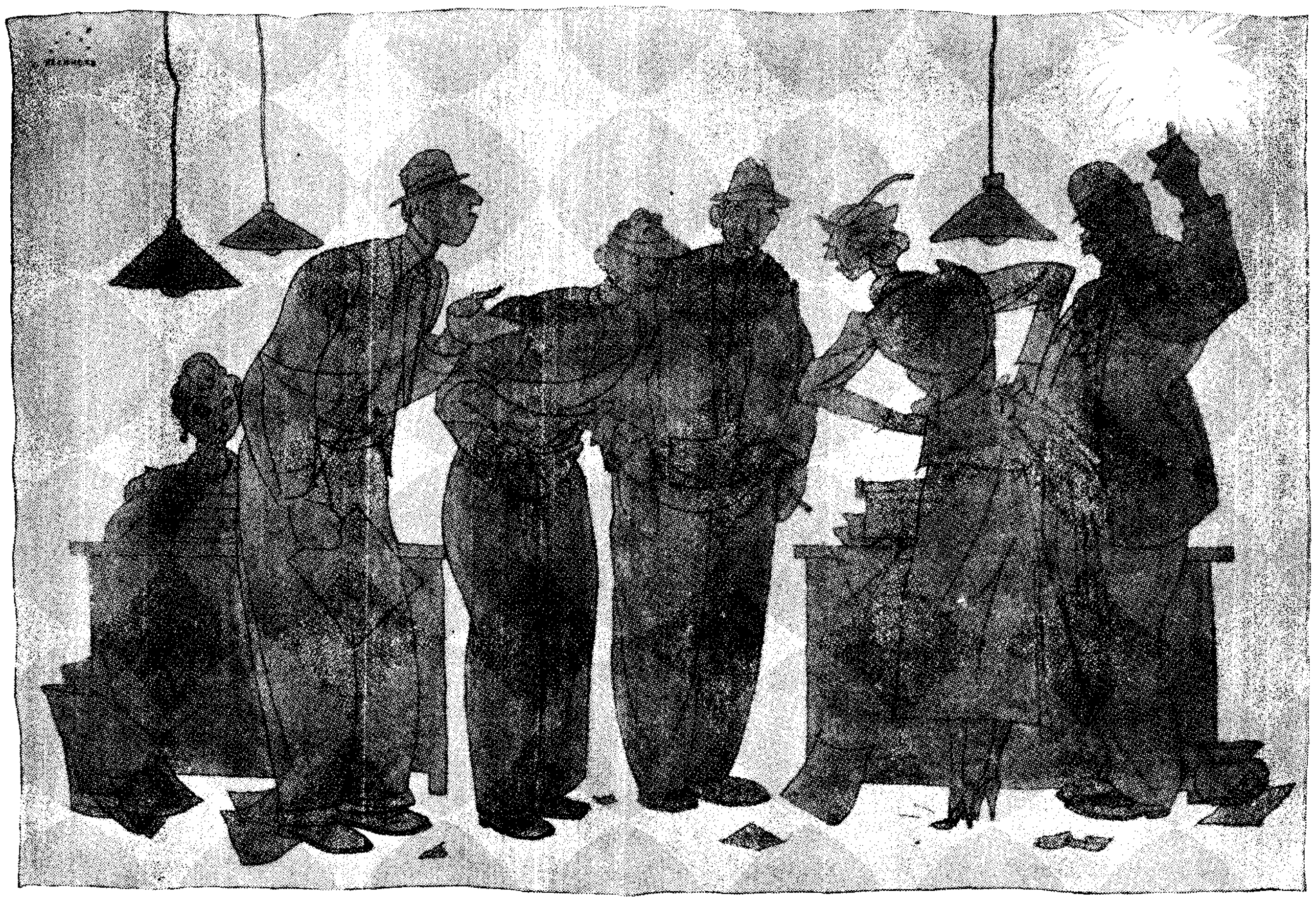
JOAN DAVIS
CHARLES FARRELL
JANE WYMAN
KANE RICHMOND
Wally Vernon • Warren Hymer
Joan Valerie • Edward Norris
Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Original Screen Play by Frank Wead
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Mister Broadway

By Abel Green

They call it the Bible of Broadway, the dictionary of screwy words. Variety and its late founder-editor have done strange things to journalism

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



When the lady auditor arrived to check up, the light fuses had mysteriously blown out

ON a Tuesday night—every Tuesday night—in a printing shop in New York, a group of assorted mugs manage to put a weekly newspaper to press. At the very least, the gentlemen seem a trifle touched. They utter weird cries in a dialect composed of one part Igorot and three parts illiterate.

"Put that Number One off page six on page eight!" they howl, which is very decent and considerate of them because it happens that No. 1 on page 6 reads:

"Everything Bands Blah 8G, Mpls."

The harrowing fact is that headlines *like that are not* only understandable to the editors but are digested by thousands of readers who know immediately that the picture She's Got Everything took in only $8,000 a week in Minneapolis even with the assistance of a stage band. The newspaper, of course, is Variety, the theatrical weekly, which was launched thirty-three years ago by the late Mr. Sime Silverman and is going to end by assassinating the English language or saving it.

When Sime came to New York City from Syracuse, he had the show bug in his veins. After hanging around the proper length of time, he got a job on the Telegraph, which was a combination sporting and show-business sheet.

When they fired him he scraped up $1,500 (borrowed from Alderman George Freeman of Syracuse) and started Variety. Broadway in those days (1905) was somewhere between Union Square and 28th Street on Broadway, and Sime worked uptown with show business until he finally pinned it down to Times Square. He made his dent so unmistakably on that section of the universe that Jimmy Walker, then mayor of New York, once proposed that the name of the place be changed to Sime's Square.

But wherever its editorial location might shift, Sime urged his mugs to tell the truth, even if it meant massacring the sweet tongue of Albion. The truth was what he cared about; the strange speech of Variety came naturally, an outgrowth of the need to write show business *in terms understood by show* people.

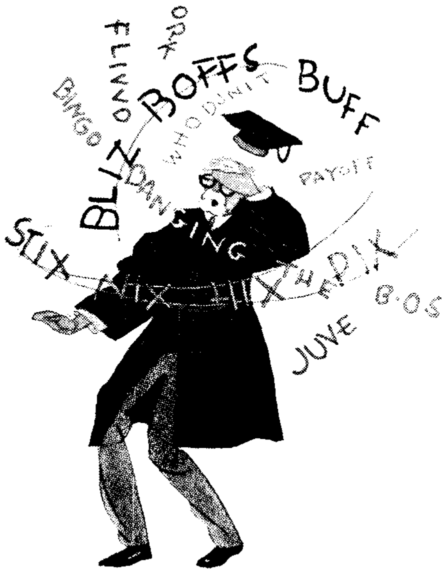
BLIZ BOFFS BUFF.

That may confuse the Poet Laureate of England but to anybody in the show business it is merely the sad tidings that the blizzard is hurting Buffalo's box offices.

BINGO BANGING THE B. O.'S means something to a showman who knows what inroads the bingo games have had on the box office (B. O.). To speak in Variety terms, the "fave" of all Variety headlines, with newspapermen in general, is WALL STREET LAYS AN EGG, which appeared on October 30, 1929, a day after the w. k. (well-known) debacle. It stood out because it *was one of the few light touches in the* newspapers of that period, amidst the gloom of the Big Faw-Down.

Sime's career from the beginning in 1905, till Variety began making real money 15 years later, was highlighted by a series of scrimmages with the sheriff.

Because he was fighting the theatrical trusts—the Shuberts, Klaw & Erlanger and E. F. Albee of the Keith Circuit—he was always in hot water. Actors were afraid to advertise in Variety for fear of being blacklisted by the producers and brokers. The paper struggled along from issue to issue. Even in later years, Sime could never get accustomed to the idea that the sheriff wasn't just around the block, keeping an eye on the joint.



Variety was calculated to bring frenzied screams from pedagogues

The riot started every time the sheriff showed up with a writ. Johnny O'Connor, then business manager (he's now Fred Waring's personal representative), would call up his strong-arm pals from Harlem, and they would come down and engage the deputies in the usual folderol that occurs when two imposing bodies of men face each other at close quarters. Nothing violent, you understand, but a prolonged *you-can't-do-that* and o-yeah-who-can't type of argument. While this was going on Sime would be burning up the town, either raising money or cornering a Supreme Court justice who would sign a writ setting aside the previous bothersome document.

A Gag That Never Failed

On one occasion they stalled long enough to get the copies of the paper in the mailbags and then they faced the minions of the law righteously.

"Well, here it is, if you want to tamper with the U. S. mails," said Rush (the late Alfred Rushton Greason who, like O'Connor, first started on Variety with Sime).

"Yes," Sime would chime in, "that's right. I understand your position, but you know how it is monkeying with the mails. Why don't you call up the corporation counsel and see what he thinks?"

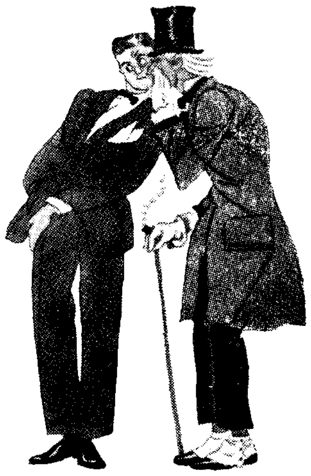
The corporation counsel gag was standard for years. Whenever Sime and his antagonists parried, Sime would invariably dredge up a puzzling bit of legal reasoning. "But don't take my word for it," Sime would insist, "call up the corporation counsel."

Which of course, meant that O'Connor or Greason or Charlie Freeman or Joe Lowe, on another extension at the printing plant, became the corporation counsel, and in firm language expressed shocked indignation at interfering with the mails.

"The Uuu-nite-ED States mails!" he would cry in amazement. . . . And that would be how another issue of Variety hit the street.

Behind it all was Sime Silverman, most revered character in show business. His last name was forgotten almost from the beginning. Sime of Variety . . . that was all. He hired his mugs (Sime's affectionate name for his hired help), invented his own language, urged his mugs to be individual, fought the bitterest of feuds with the big shots of the theater world and licked them all. With George M. Cohan, he was the easiest touch on the Main Stem. He never turned anybody down. He was the quickest man ever known in grabbing a check. Sime was of the same mind as Diamond Jim Brady—"It's all right to be a sucker if you can afford it." He couldn't afford it in those days, but nobody dared try to pay a bill when he was around.

Every morning the bookkeeper would send down a stack of quarters to Sime's desk ($10 or $20 worth) and he would jingle and juggle them nervously when in serious conversation. That was the



Sam Silverman was one of the easiest touches on the Main Stem

day's tip money for bus boys, waiters, etc. The jingling was his trademark; that, and his habit of twisting his one big gray unruly curl. He looked the typical Mister Broadway, in brown suit and brown shoes; gabardine coat, usually brown, collar up and more or less carelessly thrown on; expensive silk shirts which never looked their worth.

From the beginning Sime wrote show news as the show people knew it—in the lingo and patois of the "profesh." Just when the words cropped in is hard to determine now, but the influence of Variety on American slang and eventually on the American language has been widespread. The famous Jack Conway got a job on Variety because Variety's baseball team needed him. He was ostensibly an advertising solicitor, one of the worst ever known, and he only stuck with the paper because he could hit in the pinches. A big strapping, good-looking fellow, his personal charm was undeniable.

But by and large he was n. s. g. as a business-getter. However, when he began to write in his own peculiar way, Sime gave him entire freedom. It was Conway who first used such words as palooka, pushover and boloney; S. A. for sex appeal, and so on.

Sime's own fave expression was "It's the nuts!" which he used whenever anybody embarrassed him by praise or when he didn't believe the hooey.

Melting Pot of Slang

Words have their day in Variety, are worked hard, and then discarded. A bulletin goes out to all correspondents: Such and such a word is becoming "icky" or "corny" (old-fashioned); lay off. No actor gets "a hand" in Variety these days; that's icky. He or she "clicks"; they "panicked the house"; they "wowed 'em." Conversely, "they flopped" (a Sime coinage), or "laid an omelet," or "campbelled on their feet" (a free plug for Campbell's Funeral Church).

Unlike other papers, Variety has never ballyhooed its circulation. Nobody but Sime and Sid, his son, the present publisher of Variety, ever knew what it was, and you were likely to get heaved out of the business office if you were fresh enough to ask. Variety is happy enough to have your advertisement but the chances are at least even that opposite the page saying that the New Colossal Super-Special is the greatest picture made in Hollywood since the Birth of a Nation, there will be a Variety review stating very explicitly that spectators witnessing the New Colossal Super-Special practically fainted from the odor. So in addition to the fights Variety was carrying on with the monopoly hounds, the blacklisters and the plain crooks, there were wounded actors and irate advertisers to placate. The only thing is that Variety never placates them. Pay for the ad, yes; but don't expect any mercy.

During the famous strike of the White Rats, the now extinct Vaudeville Actors Association, an actor drove by Variety's Broadway and 45th Street office in a hansom cab and shot at Sime, sitting at his rolltop desk near the big window. Sime was in the direct line of vision, and there were Variety mugs tucked down behind desks all over the shop, scared stiff, but Sime went on with his editing, never budging.

"There wa'n't going to be a No. 2 shot," he later explained. "And if there were, it would still be a bum shot. I could see how that cab was shaking."

He knew who the actor was, but never printed it in Variety, and, of course, never complained to the police. His identity died with the Old Boy.

But Sime had a tougher time, one day now long past, with an old-maidish bookkeeper who arrived with the copy of a writ and a demand to see the books for an accounting. Variety then had its office on what is now the second floor of Loew's State Theater Building. Up above was the famed Bartholdi Inn, a theatrical hostelry from which practically all the goofy stories of the profession have come. The Variety office was dark at best, but there was also an awning, which was let down in honor of the invading bookkeeper's arrival. She wore double-lensed glasses and the offices of Variety were like the inside of a hat when she popped in. To help things along, O'Connor saw to it that all the fuses blew out. The awning wouldn't go up.

"It's a permanent awning," explained O'Connor. "There's no way of raising it."

It wasn't long before the sun, what little of it percolates through the Times Square skyscrapers, was in total eclipse, the lights failed to work, and what to do? Oh, yes, get candles. He must have gone to Yonkers because he wasn't back till the next day. A deputy sheriff, who was accompanying the bookkeeper, finally went out and got a candle himself.

The hour was getting late, the day was becoming genuinely gloomy, and what was feared might come to pass almost did. "Well, I guess I'll have to take the books along with me to complete my examination," the double-lensed lady said and the deputy agreed that was just about what would have to be done. She had a legal right to do it.

Whereupon began a fast series of ad libs. Well, you can't take them out; yes, we can; well, you just can't walk out with them—they gotta be properly wrapped; all right, we'll wrap 'em.

Another office boy was sent out for paper and cord; it just seemed Variety was fresh out of everything. That boy discovered that a twine factory in Brooklyn had the only thread worthy of binding the records of Variety, so the deputy sheriff, a half hour later, finally got an idea. He dug into his private funds, this time for twine and paper.

But such precious papers had to be sealed. Oh, yes; sealed. Officially. So nobody could break in. That took half an hour more. Because, as may be gathered by now, the idea was to stall until again, somehow, miraculously, Sime could dig up a Supreme Court justice to John-Henry the writ staying the attachment. Sime was accordingly galloping around town in a frenzy, while Johnny O'Connor was stalling. There had to be, of course, an itemized inventory of everything that went out. Maybe they ought to call up and ask the advice of the Corporation Counsel. Like hell, said the deputy, who had heard that one before.

Silverman Slicks Sheriff

Finally, nature came to the rescue. Just as they were packing up the books and taking them out to an open truck, which had been hired for the purpose, a few drops of rain fell. O'Connor reared himself to his full height and let flow with all the dramatic instinct of a frustrated ham.

"I'm giving you full warning . . . once and for all . . . These valuable documents . . . Rain . . . Spatter these valuable corporate pay-pers . . . Biggest damned lawsuit on your hands you ever dreamed of . . ."

It worked. The sheriff phoned for a closed truck and it was still en route when Sime, with all the breathlessness of a prodigal son who foils the avaricious squire about to foreclose on the old homestead, showed up with the stay order he'd been chasing all day.

In those days Variety sometimes went to press with no more than a page of advertising, the actors and song publishers being frightened off by the boycott. They tried to break Sime by stealing his

"YOU TAKE THAT DIRTY old pipe out of this room and don't let me see it around here again! Mercy! That smoke simply *ruins* the curtains! And as for the *smell* of it..."

THERE HE SITS—wondering how to make peace with his pipe and his wife. Funny thing, though—it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he buys.

THE ICEMAN overheard the argument, and gave the old boy a smart tip: "Clean your pipe, and switch to Sir Walter Raleigh, the coolest-smokin' burley blend y'ever saw."

NO MORE FIGHTS! Sir Walter smells just as good to the womenfolk as it does to the men. Try a 2-oz. tin. It's a really *mild* smoke that never bites your tongue.

IT SMOKES
AS SWEET
AS IT SMELLS
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
"Sooner or later—Your Favorite Tobacco"
UNION MADE

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-91.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, NBC Red Network.*

don't tempt fate

BY SKATING ON THIN ICE

don't tempt fate

BY RIDING ON UNSAFE TIRES

A tire may look sound as a dollar, but may be just around the corner from a dangerous blowout. A neglected nail hole, a buried piece of glass or half a dozen other things may be heading you toward one.

Be safe—find out from the Bowes dealer who displays the famous Red and White Bowes Seal. He has ways and means of finding out if you're riding on dangerous rubber, and has the one safe method of putting tires back into safety shape if there's good mileage left in them.

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind. London, England
Hamilton, Ont.

BOWES
SEAL FAST
Saf air

staff. Joshua Lowe (Jolo) was given a vaudeville franchise by the big interests that was usually worth $250,000 in those days; Joe Raymond, the ad solicitor, found himself with booking privileges on the "floor" (where all acts were booked and where the agent made his big money); Freddie Schader became press agent for Werba & Luescher, the producers. But they straggled back eventually, content to make less money if they could have the exciting life of Variety.

The toughest sheriff of all was one who came in and gave evidence of staying for the duration. He really was in no mood to dicker. Sime was working at his desk when he came in.

"Where's Silverman?" the sheriff demanded.

"I don't know," Sime replied, "but there's his hat hanging there. Probably stepped out for breakfast."

"Who're you?"

"One of the reporters," Sime answered, "but sit down and wait if you wanna."

"I'll wait and I wanna," the sheriff replied.

Safe for Another Week

So he waited till lunch time. Sime, having worked steadily all morning, got up, took O'Connor's hat from the peg and said: "I'll be either at Dinty Moore's or the Astor for lunch if anybody should phone me." To the sheriff he said: "If I see Mr. Silverman, I'll tell him. He musta gone to the barbershop, but anyway there's his hat, so he'll be back."

Sime came back from lunch, reported that he hadn't seen Sime but had left word for him all around, and for the sheriff to wait: Sime's hat was still there; he'd be back sure.

About four o'clock a man came in, snatched Sime's hat from the peg and took it on the lam, the sheriff close on his heels. It turned out to be an out-of-work actor, who had volunteered for the job. The sheriff dragged him back, found he wasn't Sime, and found that Sime meantime was gone with certain papers. Meanwhile, O'Brien, Malevinsky and Driscoll, Variety's lawyers, had been doing a Blackstone blackbottom in court so that particular writ didn't bother them for another period.

Variety was getting the news and writing it in a fashion calculated to bring frenzied screams from pedagogues far and near. The more they protested that palooka was in no sense a synonym for a clumsy oaf, the more wild and effective became the Variety slanguage.

STIX NIX HIX PIX meant merely that the Middle West had turned thumbs down on pictures dealing with farm drama, but it was enough to drive a purist whacky. A headline saying, "Snare Prez's Boy to Hypo Texas Air Derby" was a plain announcement of the fact that the Dallas Centennial Exposition had hired Elliott Roosevelt to promote an air race. The Variety addicts and mugs would be amazed at the thought of anybody pausing over a statement as lucid as that.

The now almost common usage of nouns for verbs is strictly a Variety creation. Nobody writes a play in show biz. "So-and-so authored Sam Goldwyn's new spec," Variety said, or, "Stevens will prima at the Met." The other new words came in a steady flood: Big time, small time, juve, payoff, flivved, dansapation, m. c. (master of ceremony), Aframerican. Whodunit (mystery play), a nocuv joint (no cover charge cabaret), Chowmeinery, the borscht circuit (Catskill Mt. summer resorts booking life-of-the-party m. c.'s), nitery, eatery, ork (orchestra), wickered, wastebasketed, TWA'D to the Coast; Sid Kent Normandied to London; the show's being readied, vamp, grunter (wrestler); mesa meller, sagebrusher, mesquiter, oats opry or mustanger (for a Western film); cliffer or cliffhanger (serial film), etc.

They made up their slanguage as they went along. From the tanbark and the resin, from the grips and the risley acts (acrobatic acts where one man lies on his back and juggles barrels, his partner, etc., with his feet); from the men who handled the calciums (spotlights) and the trench unionists (pit orchestra), from the primas and the sidewalk comedy teams, from juves (juveniles) and soubrets, from the race track, the diamond, the gambling houses and the conglomerate Broadway and sporting fraternity came a new language. Not lovely, not pretty, but tremendously effective and colorful.

In its critiques Variety was equally terse, ever frank, generally constructive, but sometimes vitriolic. Eddie Leonard, old Roly-Boly Eyes, had acquired the habit of taking half a dozen bows. There would be applause and Eddie would come back; more applause and back again. This was ruining an axiom of the business, to wit, always leave 'em hungry. Eddie was "milking" them. So Jack Lait, then a staff mug, wrote a review of Eddie's act, referring to Leonard as the Chinese philosopher, On Too Long, Bow Too Long.

Tommy Gray, whose Tommy's Tattles was a standard humorous column on the paper for years, coined a line which is still smiled at on Mazda Lane (Broadway). One day on the street he passed Lee Shubert and Marcus Loew in ardent conversation.

"Hi, Lee!" yelled Tommy. "Hi, Loew!" It came to life in a recent radio skit.

That's how matters went on Variety—in between the very serious business of covering the show biz. Mrs. Sime, who had created the Variety "V" trademark, wanted to work on the paper and Sime let her start a column about clothes, how acts looked—the femme interest. But she didn't get her name on it. Sime never liked the personal stuff for his own people. The column was listed as being written by The Skirt, although it became later generally known that this was Hattie Silverman's nom de guerre. The Skirt is still active on the paper, off and on, as a clothes commentator.

In Step with the Times

Sime showed his sixth show-biz sense by not naming his paper Vaudeville when he started it in 1905. Instead he used the European term, Variety, which means vaudeville over there, but which takes in everything here. In the old days Variety was predominantly a vaudeville sheet, but it's chiefly pix and radio today. Sime bothered very little about legitimate first nights but never failed to cover the Proctor at 28th and Broadway and Loew's American Theater and Roof Garden at 42d and Eighth Avenue. These were the "break-in" houses where the acts were "caught" by the agents, managers and bookers. If they landed solid there, a route was assured for them. That meant at least 52 weeks' work a year and sometimes more, for they could double up in the big cities by playing two houses the same week. But when vaudeville began to fade, Sime was ready for it—as he was later for radio and today for television.

Sime Silverman has been dead for more than five years but he is still as much a part of Variety as if he were seated at that desk in the front window with his back to the street. One expects him to go strolling out the door toward the lunch table at the Astor, with his hands in his coat pockets. In one hand he invariably had a pencil; in the other a pad of paper. When he got back to the office he had his pocket full of little slips of paper with strange symbols. A slip bearing the single initial k-5 might mean a story which would startle every showman from coast to coast. When he wasn't having lunch he was on the "top floor" of the Variety building where he held open house for all show business. During prohibition the top floor was the champ free speak-easy of America. The initiates had their own keys and came and went at will. When Sime staged a real brawl, Broadway night joints felt it. The crowd wouldn't be large but it would contain many of the Stem's inveterate night loafers.

His only relaxation was a ride into the country around New York in his open cars. He always had two or three of them around at various garages, just in case. On his rides he generally took one or two of his mugs, and just as often their wives or girl friends as well, not caring for the sociability of the big shots who persistently sought his advice.

A Start for Walter Winchell

He took on his back all the troubles of Broadway. He got Walter Winchell his start on the Graphic by telling him to go over and demand real money for the job. If the Graphic didn't want him, Sime was clamoring for him. That was purely the hooey, for nobody was clamoring for Winchell in those days. To make it even better for Walter, Sime for months tipped Winchell off to what was to be the lead story in Variety. Winchell would have it in his column the day before, and Broadway would marvel at his scoops.

In the joints, as we call the niteries, Sime's fave zanies were Clayton, Jackson and Durante. Sime's mentoring of Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante, which elevated him from a sawdust dump into a world comedy favorite, is typical of the guidance and fathering that was characteristically Sime. His foresight and ability to anticipate nuances, to be later interpreted at the box offices of the nation's theaters, or to determine the future standards and tastes of the world's film market, for instance, were characteristic.

It was the same thing that made Sime see the handwriting on the celluloid by campaigning that vaudeville was on its last legs, and that films were to be the next big thing in show biz. That's when he switched to pictures as the No. 1 department of Variety, long before the rest of the amusement industry anticipated it. And it was years before the Warner Brothers' Al Jolson starrer, "The Jazz Singer," in 1927, which was further to revolutionize the screen, that Variety was prominently reporting the experiments with Edison's pioneering inventions of coupling a phonograph to synchronize with a motion picture.

Variety is great source material for the drama, film and radio editors of the nation. The paper's policy is more or less help yourself, with or without credit, although its copyright has curbed a hoggish usage of the paper's contents by certain lazy columnists. Many a hinterlander digests the paper, extracts the cream, and credits but one or two of the items to Variety, but that's all right, because as a general thing the boys and girls play fair. It's through this wide use of the paper's contents for source material that Varietyese has infiltrated so much into the American language.

Christopher Morley once came back from England with a story about Walter de la Mare, the English poet. It seems that Mr. Morley had shown Mr. de la Mare a copy of Variety.

"I can still recall his attitude of somber perplexity," Mr. Morley reported.

This is strictly a lotta malarkey to the mugs. The idea of anybody being perplexed by Variety, which is simply the way guys talk! . . . Very pretty talk to those in the know.

Naval Engagement

Continued from page 15

with full papers." A slight smile crossed his face. "That should give you ample time." He slapped the gold sword at his belt. "I don't admire your choice of nationality, Miss Swann, but that is your affair."

Larraby, the bridegroom-to-be, looked at him with mocking eyes.

"If that's an insult, Lieutenant," he said equably, "you're wasting your breath. I'm French Canadian. Just technically British, you might say."

"I never insult anybody but a gentleman," Daniel replied with equal amity. "Fifteen minutes, Captain Wilkes."

He swung briskly over the side and into the boat. There was a loud buzz of discussion behind him, but he paid no attention. Captain Wilkes would have laid hands on his Bible by this time. A clever Yankee trick. Frances Swann would go through with it, too. But he was not going to stay and be made a fool of.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together—"

He could imagine old Wilkes hurrying through with it. Daniel Merryfield suddenly roared with laughter. That little Yankee devil. She had outwitted Raphael Semmes where all the sea lawyers on the seven seas had failed. The Old Man would appreciate that.

He presented himself as quickly as he could to the captain of the Alabama.

"Sir, I beg to report that the brig Golden Hind, though of American registry, is apparently of neutral ownership. Or will be by the time the master presents his credentials."

Semmes stroked his mustache and laid down the stub of a pen with which he had been scratching on a pad.

"Will be?"

Daniel Merryfield told him.

Semmes' green eyes had turned to warm gray. He was no longer the remote and lonely scholar, the martinet aloof on his bridge. He laughed until he showed the fillings in his teeth.

"God bless my soul!" he said. "Merryfield, we've been outwitted on points. We have been ejected from court by the slack of our breeches and are debarred from applying for further relief. Lieutenant, I thought you were a lady-killer. You didn't do so well this trip."

"I know it sounds like a cheap Yankee trick, sir, but she's a lady. She ordered everybody about on that ship as if she were the Queen of England."

"Very well, Lieutenant. We have no recourse but to release the vessel under ransom bond."

Daniel Merryfield watched the Golden Hind out of sight, a mass of sail in the April sun. He stood his watch as the Alabama loafed along toward the tropics, without raising another sail while daylight lasted. The breeze was shifting steadily as they entered the latitude of storms, and the barometer began to fall during his four-hour watch.

When he crawled wearily into his bunk, he rolled and tossed with the motion of seas that were already banking up until they met the dark green clouds of the horizon. The southeast trade winds, following the sun, crashed into the northeast trades with a fury gathered over a thousand miles of open sea. With close reefs in her topsails, her quarterboats lashed to her decks, the Alabama plunged on toward South America.

Daniel Merryfield was tossed headlong from his bunk as the wind struck the laboring vessel butt and foremost. In that split second before awakening that comprises all eternity, he dreamed that the quartermaster was rousing him with a bull's-eye lantern to board a Yankee.

BUT Yankees were safe behind the curtain of the storm tonight. His weather gear—pea jacket, boots and hat—was afloat on the wardroom floor and the quartermaster was cowering with the rest of the crew and the guests under the bulwarks. A slashing rain, drumming outside, did not improve matters. The rain was pouring out of some central heating plant above the storm, and a humidity like that of the boiler room sent him stumbling out of his cabin, sleepy-eyed, for a breath of air.

The hot shower bath kept up for four hours before the storm passed on, leaving the ship panting and wallowing before a gentle southwest breeze. The air was still foul. He turned in again, and slept uneasily.

This time he dreamed he was attending a wedding in St. Paul's Church in Richmond. The bride was Frances Swann, cool in white satin, and tender-eyed. She was marrying a black Canuck gambler in a fancy waistcoat and no one thought it strange. He awoke with a curse and went and took a bath in fresh water from the ship's condenser.

The next day was clear. The Alabama repaired the damage done by the storm, and slid past the Venezuelan coast to the island of Fernando de Noronha. A flock of curlews, blown down the Gulf Stream, lighted wearily on the stern, but the cook took one look at them and rejected them as potpie possibilities. Officers and crew dined on turtle soup and iguana steak after leaving Noronha, and the ship moved soundlessly into the great semicircular bay of Bahia. Coal was expensive in the Brazils, but coal was needed, and the Alabama's guns had a persuasive look, in case the price was too high.

Daniel remained on duty while the health officer of the port searched the ship for yellow jack and other exotic diseases. He kept himself unnecessarily busy so that he would not look for what he wanted to see—the stripped masts of the Golden Hind riding snugly at anchor by a warehouse dock. He told himself that he did not care whether Mrs. Larraby had come safely through the storm, or whether Messrs. Oglethorpe and Company had received their shoes in good order.

At sundown he availed himself of shore liberty and strolled through the streets of the town. Bahia, from the bay, was a city of pleasant white buildings against a green background. Bahia ashore was incredibly dirty and odoriferous, a city of brothels and peeling paint. Daniel passed by the noisier canteens, and finally stood at a bar on the main street. He had a salt-sea thirst for a gin-and-lime drink such as he had drunk last in Gibraltar.

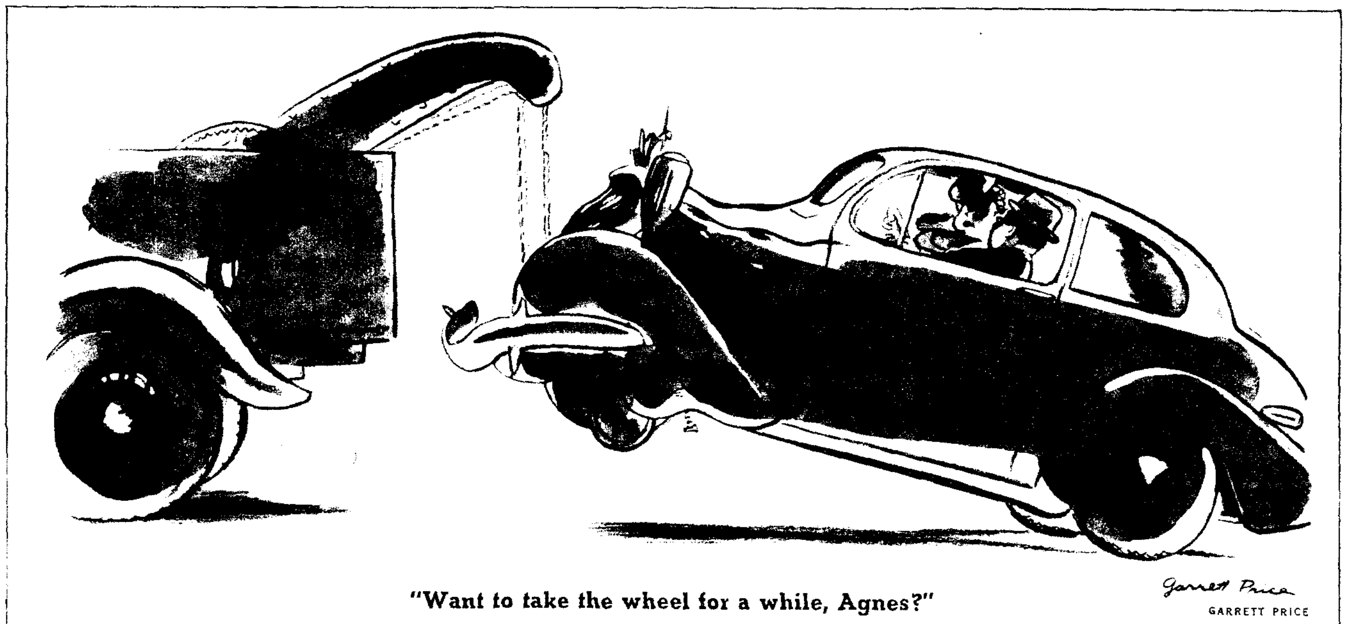
The bar was crowded, and its clients stared at his uniform. For several North Americans present it was their first sight of an authentic pirate. They ordered more drinks, and decided on the spot to stay in Bahia another month—or three months—longer.

Daniel Merryfield let his fingers enjoy the cool sweat on the outside of his frosted glass. With his other hand he rested his sword against the bar rail. It was the same gold sword, gift to the Alabama's wardroom by the cotton brokers of Liverpool, whose glitter had failed so signally to impress Mrs. Larraby, nee Swann.

A man stood at his shoulder and spoke in familiar, mocking accents. Daniel Merryfield knew that voice by this time. It was Larraby.

Larraby was not at all drunk. He was steady with the steadiness of the alcoholic who has drunk his quota for the afternoon.

"If it isn't the fancy rebel lieutenant," he said, with that mocking laughter in his voice. "I hear you won't be with us long, Lieutenant. I hear your commander has been given twenty-four


"Want to take the wheel for a while, Agnes?"

Garrett Price
GARRETT PRICE

WHAT'S THE SMILE FOR?
You'll smile too when you chew Teaberry—because it is a better gum—a gum with a pure, wholesome flavor—a long-lasting, full-bodied gum that will please you just as it is pleasing thousands of alert Americans today. Try it.
REAL TEABERRY
ALWAYS PURE
ALWAYS FRESH
LASTING FLAVOR
REFRESHING
IT TASTES BETTER!
You'll like CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM
TEABERRY
CLARKS TEABERRY GU

hours to clear out by the president of the province."

"We'll be here long enough to coal up, Mr. Larraby," said Daniel Merryfield. "Long enough, and no longer. You may be sure of that. We don't care much for the company ashore."

Larraby laughed outright this time. "You don't like me, do you, Lieutenant? I guess you're one of those Southern fire-eaters we hear about. Well, I don't like fire-eaters, and I don't like pirates. You know what they do to pirates, Lieutenant? They take 'em down to Fortress Monroe and hang 'em. When they hang you, Lieutenant, I'll be sitting in the front row."

"You will probably attend a hanging someday," said Daniel Merryfield mildly, "but you will not be sitting in the front row."

"Ha," said Larraby, "a wit. Well, well, Lieutenant, I don't blame you for not liking me. I outsmarted you, and that doesn't go down. No, sir. I can see how that is. No man likes to be made a fool of. I wouldn't, myself, not a bit."

"Every man to his state," said Daniel Merryfield. "Even to spending his honeymoon in the barroom of a brothel."

"Honeymoon!" Larraby laughed louder than ever. He almost choked with amusement. "Honeymoon! We didn't take you in, did we? Not half we didn't." He wiped his brow with a handkerchief. "Listen, my gold-braided whippersnapper, that was no marriage. I've already got a perfectly good wife and two kids back home."

DANIEL MERRYFIELD'S fist caught him just below the jaw line and sent him crashing to the floor. Larraby got up slowly, his hand nursing his lip, where the teeth had gone through. There was no hint of mockery about him now. He wiped the salt blood from his mouth with the handkerchief.

"Some more of your Southern chivalry, eh?" he said savagely. "You ruddy fool, that girl's got more sense in her little finger than all the pirates in the Confederacy. She knew I was married. She was pulling your leg, right along."

The mulatto bartender had disappeared. The errand on which he had gone was now evident. A brace of Negro policemen were descending on him, their clubs swinging in extremely business-like fashion.

"Here," said one of them. "*Acu. Ven.* Come." He loosed a torrent of liquid Portuguese at the bartender. Larraby spoke up before the bartender could reply.

"Press gang," he said, pointing at Daniel Merryfield. "Looking for deserters from pirate ship. You tell the policemen."

The bartender translated, at length, with improvements.

"*Acu,*" said the policeman once more to Daniel Merryfield.

He cursed himself soberly for a fool as the policemen marched him through twisted streets to the police station. This would be all over the port tomorrow. There was no use bothering to bribe the policemen. He would only have to bribe the magistrate over again.

He suffered himself to be lodged in a cell at the police station, after signifying that he wanted an interpreter. Sitting on a bench in the cell, he scribbled a note to Semmes and gave it to the policeman with twenty milreis. He had not the faintest notion that it would ever be delivered, but he would be missed shortly, and the Old Man had peremptory methods of safeguarding the interests of his men ashore. A patrol would be looking for him in no time.

The cell was verminous, and there was no encouragement to recline on the cot, which looked as if it were a relic of Inca torture chambers. He paced up and down, and cursed the Bahian police for an hour and a half in a language they understood.

At the end of that time he was abruptly released. The machinery of the law had plainly been set in motion by an impulse from without. An urbane magistrate, an interpreter, and several clerical individuals had been got together to condone his crime against the order and dignity of the province of Bahia.

"The President Judge," said the interpreter, "desires me to tell you that there has been a mistake in the charge against you. You are free, señhor, on your own recognizance."

There were more polite phrases, but Daniel Merryfield made his escape as politely as he could. He went straight to the ship to lay an apology before the Old Man for his conduct.

Bartelli, the captain's steward, surprised him with the intelligence that the Old Man had been ashore all day.

From his pocket Bartelli produced an envelope.

"This letter for you was brought by messenger, Lieutenant. I understand the British merchants of the port are getting up a ball for the officers. In Brazil there are many beautiful girls."

"Don't look now, but here comes a case for you" SYDNEY HOFF

"I've seen all the Brazilians I want to see," said Daniel Merryfield, tearing open the letter. The hand was feminine, a bold copperplate:

"My Dear Lieutenant: That hot Southern blood of yours will get you into serious trouble yet. You were kind enough to ransom me once. The least I could do was return the favor. Mr. Oglethorpe, at whose home I am a guest, has a good deal of influence here. But I advise you to be careful hereafter, as the authorities are not happy over your presence in the harbor. And do not pick on my Mr. Larraby again. You see, he has hot French Canadian blood. He might stick a knife in you.

"FRANCES SWANN"

"Bartelli," said Daniel Merryfield, "I've changed my mind. I'm going ashore."

HIS hack ambled interminably up a stony road to the Oglethorpe home, on a ridge overlooking the bay. The house had white pillars and spacious grounds. Except for the overlush vegetation, the setting might have been that of a Mississippi mansion on a bluff. He knocked, and a Negro opened the door.

"I am calling on Miss Frances Swann," said Daniel Merryfield, "if she is at home."

"She is at home, sar," said the Negro in that British West Indian accent that sounds so out of place in the mouth of a black man. "Pray be seated whilst I inform her."

Daniel entered a living room in which it would have been possible to play tennis, except for the chandelier. The Oglethorpes did themselves rather well: deep rugs, mahogany furniture, a piano, and French windows overlooking a terrace and the bay. A gentleman of forbidding Anglo-Saxon aspect, with mutton-chop whiskers, looked angrily at Daniel Merryfield out of an oil portrait. The old gentleman was *circa* 1830, by the cut of his coat. The original merchant prince, no doubt.

"MR. MERRYFIELD," said Frances Swann. She was wearing a yellow dress, and she reminded Daniel Merryfield of yellow roses. The black lights in her eyes were no longer opaque, nor scornful. They were amused. He had seen her only once in his life, and she was always laughing at him.

"I hope you don't mind my calling," he said. "I came to thank you."

"I'm glad to see you, Lieutenant," the girl said. "It is pleasanter to meet on neutral ground, isn't it?"

"I owe you a debt of gratitude," said Daniel. "If you hadn't got me out of jail, the incident might have embarrassed my commander. And it would certainly have embarrassed me to explain why I was brawling in a public house."

"I think I am under greater obligation to you, Lieutenant. You could have burned my ship."

"Not just after you had married a British subject. Tell me, Miss Frances, did you go through with the ceremony?"

Frances Swann smiled. "Naturally. It was very deceitful of me, I know, but that cargo represents every penny I have in the world."

"I'd like to see your friend Larraby jailed for bigamy," said Daniel grimly.

"Don't be too hard on Mr. Larraby. He really did nobly, without any coaching, I think. He is the supercargo of the Golden Hind."

"I don't like him. I don't like a man who is always smiling. But never mind about him, Miss Frances. I want to ask you two favors."

"Two favors, Mr. Merryfield?"

"They are connected," said Daniel. "First, some of our good friends in Bahia are getting up a ball for the officers of my ship. Would you do me the honor to accompany me?"

"I think," said Frances Swann, "that I may never get another chance to dance with real pirates. I should be delighted, Lieutenant."

"The other thing is this," said Daniel Merryfield. "Where do you live? I am asking permission to call on you when this war is over. That is the second favor."

There was no amusement in her gaze now. She studied his lean face gravely.

"My home is in Massachusetts," she said. "I hope you will not ever be so foolhardy as to come there."

There was no rebuff in her tone. Daniel Merryfield could not understand.

"When the war is over," he said, "there will be no need to keep bitterness alive. If you would like to see me, I shall come."

"I don't want you to be hanged, Lieutenant. And they would hang you. You and your high and mighty Raphael Semmes and all of you—maybe you don't know what they think of you in the North."

"I know, and I don't care," said Daniel. "When the Confederate States are established, everyone will see that what we did was legitimate."

"Ah, my friend, that is just it," said Frances Swann. "Your Confederacy is doomed. Do you know where I was the other day, Lieutenant? I was in New York and I passed by a recruiting station. There was a line of foreigners standing there, waiting to enlist. Every boat that comes from Europe brings hundreds of immigrants to fight for a dollar a day. The North can draw on the man power of Europe until finally you are crushed. On whom can the South draw? There is not a single Southern port open. Even your friends in England can't help you. One year more, two years more. It is all the same. And they will hang you, Lieutenant, if you go back."

"I THINK," said Daniel Merryfield, "that when the war is over you must come and visit my sister in Virginia. My family will have to get used to the idea."

"Get used to the idea of your being hanged?" inquired Miss Swann demurely.

Daniel Merryfield knew that he was only talking. There would be no life in Virginia like that he had known, after the war. This breath-taking girl was irrevocably right. Time was against the Southern Confederacy. The North could wait, increase the pressure month by month. The South was strangling to death in the blockade. Lee was still breasting the avalanche with the Stonewall brigade in Pennsylvania, but there was a high tide there that would recede.

"What will you do, Lieutenant," asked Frances Swann, "when there is no longer a Southern Confederacy to fight for?"

"If that happens," said Daniel Merryfield, "I shall be a man without a country. It seemed to me that the South was worth saving. If it cannot be saved, I can find employment somewhere else, in one of the navies of the world. The Republic of Peru, for example, has a notable navy. I might go there."

"And marry a sloe-eyed admiral's daughter," said Frances Swann. "You would be a great success in Latin-American society, Lieutenant. The señhoritas admire your type."

"I already have in mind," said Daniel Merryfield, "the girl I intend to ask."

Frances Swann walked out to the terrace and looked down at the lights of Bahia.

"I think," she said, "that the girl you intend to ask will like South America very much indeed."

Home Budgeting Season

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FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

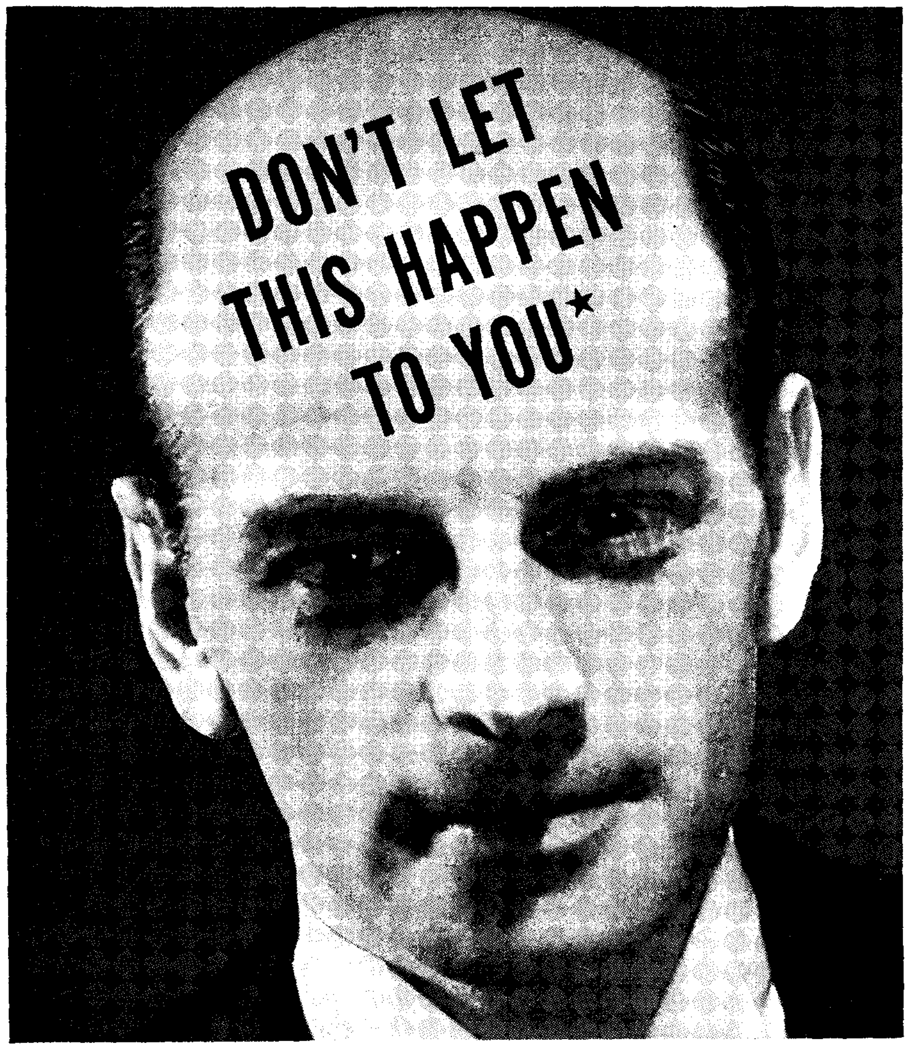
A Wife Resents

"My husband is bald (her letter reads). Yet he is a successful man in business, very popular with our friends, and I love him deeply. I therefore resent very much the use you make of bald heads in your advertising."

Since thousands of other good women may feel kindred resentment, because their husbands are bald, we hasten to apologize and to explain that baldness does not brand a man as a social or business failure.

A bald head is, however, conspicuous, and the younger the man, the more he is marked—the more handicap he feels within himself through his own sensitivity. We are awfully sorry, but Kreml won't grow hair.

But since proper care may help prevent excessive loss of hair, we sincerely believe the spirit of Kreml advertising is fair to the great masses of men who still have their hair. That is why we use the slogan . . .


DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU*

Kreml removes dandruff, every speck of it. Kreml checks falling hair. It is also a wonderful dressing, not greasy or sticky, yet keeps the hair neat as a pin. Women, too, love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the hair, especially after a permanent. Ask for Kreml at drug stores, barber shops and beauty parlors.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It is made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

★ Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the comparatively rare disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

They Shouldn't Come Back

Continued from page 16

gloves, but none of them, regardless of publicity and ballyhoo, constituted a single step in the direction of what people wanted to believe was a comeback. Never did I seriously consider another try for the title, even though I honestly believed that I could stow away most of the contenders, and perhaps some of the champions during the past ten years.

The reasoning behind this decision was simple. What Gene Tunney did another could do. Sooner or later I would run into a healthy young buck with a fast left and a hard-countering right. I was firmly convinced that a body, after giving and taking it for more than a third of its thirty-two years, could not be subjected to further punishment without risking and suffering permanent damage.

After Too Many Wallops

Too many fighters refuse to realize this cruel fact. Usually the pressing need for money is responsible for too much fighting and too many comebacks. Fighters make the mistake of holding this financial harvest more important than the health necessary to enjoy it.

And so, at this writing, I find two of my friends, Jimmy Braddock and Tony Canzoneri, considering a return to competition to cash in further on reputations that have already cost them a few twisted features. Neither fighter is in dire want. Braddock has a nest egg. Tony Canzoneri has considerable real estate, much of which is in New York.

In spite of this far cry from actual want, they would re-enter the ring for the sake of gathering the few dollars that a willing public will always cough up to see living memories out of the past. That same public would probably pay to see the likes of me put on the gloves seriously today. They would argue that, because Bob Fitzsimmons fought long after he was forty, Dempsey can. They would be just as sorrowful over an eventual ring tragedy as they are over the fight that would cause it.

But why, you doubtless ask, am I suddenly so deeply concerned about a couple of able-bodied men over thirty who wish to go in and swap punches with kids?

I am concerned because I know what can and probably will happen to them, and because it has happened to practically all the fighters who tried to get away with it. I am concerned because I admire both Canzoneri and Braddock as remarkable fighters who earned greatness in earning championships, and because I would rather continue seeing them as they are than as they might be if and when they go through with the comeback plans.

In the filing cabinet of my office I keep a copy of the American Medical Journal that contains the only authoritative discussion of what happens when a fighter becomes known as punch drunk. It is not a theory, nor a batch of answers to guesses. It is a statement of facts and conclusions based on long and detailed investigation into the state of prominent punch-drunk fighters—ex-champions, second-raters and sparring partners—by Dr. Harrison S. Martland, formerly of the Newark City Hospital and an examiner for the New Jersey Athletic Commission.

Dr. Martland, in reading this paper before the New York Pathological Society some years ago, had no grievance against boxing as a sport, as a body builder or even as a business. He simply stated, after presenting his startling facts, that a fighter who fights "long enough" is almost certain to become punch drunk.

Now, we all kid a lot about a punch-drunk fighter. We say he is on his heels, or slap-happy, or goofy, or whacky. Every young fighter sees them in gymnasiums and training camps on his way to the top. I saw them and was impressed, as any kid must be. I made no dramatic resolution never to be one, nor did I get sentimental about it, but I was always aware of the fact that every punch-drunk fighter was one who had taken too many wallops on the noggin.

Those early sights came to mind after the second fight with Gene Tunney. After his own retirement a year later Tunney made a remark for publication that stamps him as wise indeed.

"But most of all," he said in an interview, "I wanted to leave the game that had threatened my sanity before I met with an accident in a real fight with six-ounce gloves that would permanently hurt my brain."

Gene had discussed an accident in his Chicago training camp. A sparring partner's head butted his own, stunning him, and then the sparring partner hauled off and slugged him so hard he didn't know who he was for two days! This was before publication of Dr. Martland's findings, but Tunney was on the right track.

Punch drunk is not a disease, but rather a condition of a fighter, a sign that he isn't what he might be. The sign may appear in different forms, but it never leaves after once appearing. There is no cure, and not even relief. Dr. Martland says it this way:

"In punch drunk there is a very definite brain injury due to single or repeated blows on the head or jaw which cause multiple concussion hemorrhages in the deeper portions of the cerebrum. . . . These hemorrhages are later replaced by a gliosis (tumor) or a degenerative progressive lesion in the areas involved."

A Useless Risk to the Veteran

When he started on the subject of punch-drunk fighters, Dr. Martland persuaded a boxing promoter to dig up a variety of well-known ring tragedies. Twenty-three unfortunates, famous in their day, were examined. Their reactions to a series of detailed tests duplicated many of the doctor's bad concussion cases that he had handled as a staff member of the Newark City Hospital. And his knowledge of the human brain was fortified by having performed 309 autopsies of what he calls traumatic cerebral hemorrhages within a period of two years before he studied punch-drunk fighters.

The doctor shows by illustration how a hard punch can so jar the head that a small rupture occurs within the brain. That break, no matter how slight, permits the formation of a blood clot around the artery, which is separated from the brain cells by resting in a fluid. When this ring-shaped clot forms within that area of fluid, it presses outward or against the surrounding portion of the brain. By hardening it becomes a tumor or lump, and the pressure remains permanently. Usually it is below the surface, beyond reach of the most skilled surgeon. Since it can happen in enough parts of the brain to affect any of the thousands of nerves that control or influence the senses, the damage will be revealed by many different types of mental or physical drawbacks.

Now, this does not mean by any stretch of interpretation that every punch to the head will injure a boxer. For me to say that would contradict what I firmly believe: that boxing is a great sport, a great medium for building bodies, characters and courage, and that it is a great business when properly supervised.

My intention is to remind all fighters of the fact that boxing must be a means to an end and not the end in itself. Any fighter who believes otherwise and tries to carry out his belief will himself be carried out—feet first—from the ring too many times and will wind up as living proof of Dr. Martland's conclusions.

It is high time that everybody, in the ring and out, realized that boxing is for the young, well-conditioned fighter, and for him alone. It is a sporting danger to him; to the veteran a useless risk.

I believe that boxing as a sport and a business can be brought to a point where no reasonable father and mother can fear it as an outlet for a kid's pep and ginger. Today it is not an attractive proposition, no matter how you view it. But my idea is that bodies can be built with boxing, and that a halt must be called when a fighter is obliged to tear down his physique in order to continue.

Past the Thirty-Year Mark

This could be done with the help of physicians, supervising commissions and the fighters themselves. If it is not done, I firmly believe, and I intend to show how, the sport will eventually "punch itself out" with enough horrible examples to have it declared illegal again.

A fighter's worst enemy is an ego that is found in every human being in one form or another. We all have the Peter Pan idea that everything will always be as we like it best. Few women believe what they see in the morning mirror. The father who tries to keep pace with his growing son in back-yard football practice seldom understands that the old forty-year milestone has marked him for future reference.

A fighter has blind ego like that. Seldom does he realize when he has reached his peak, but, having reached it, he is just as slow or reluctant to realize that he is on the way down, that he is not as quick as he was.

The alibi "off night" crowds out the truth and common sense, which, if given half a chance, will tell him that his eye nerves are playing him false, that his reflexes do not get the brain messages as quickly as before, and that his nerves cannot absorb the shock of punches as they did when surrounded by firmer yet more elastic muscles.

They tell me that Gene Tunney confessed to Jimmy Bronson at the end of the second round in Chicago the horrible discovery that his timing was off, that the straight left was missing by inches. Gene thought his carefully planned attack was gone for good until Bronson reassured him and told him to keep shooting the left until the accuracy returned. To my deep discomfort, Bronson was right. Midway in the fourth round Tunney was hitting on all cylinders and on all areas of my face. His confidence rose and all was well again.

Gene had failed to realize that he was pretty close to thirty and that he had been boxing for ten years. His body had done a great job and was still working wonders, but it was not the body of a few years before, and that is what too many veteran fighters past the thirty-year mark forget to remember.

Benny Leonard retired as undefeated lightweight champion in 1925 at the age of twenty-nine. He had spent twelve very active years fighting and re-fighting the best batch of lightweights ever grouped in the division. His record was a masterpiece. He had a fortune, countless opportunities for business associations and plenty of health for enjoying them. It was an ideal finish to a boxing career.

What had seemed to be good investments soon melted his substantial savings. There was an automobile tire and accessory company, a professional hockey team, and so on. He decided to stage a comeback in 1927. He was talked out of it.

Four years later he could not be talked out of it, even by his close friends. He returned to the ring as a welterweight. With great reluctance a faithful publicity man helped with the preliminary ballyhoo to put over those early fights of the campaign, and they needed it, being far from sensational. When Leonard began talking about what he would do to Jimmy McLarnin, who was then at the peak of his punching power, the publicity man called a halt.

"It's silly," he pleaded with Leonard. "That kid is young, tough and a murderous hitter. You can't take those—"

But Leonard went ahead with his pushover competition, pointing toward a big-money match with McLarnin. Even if those fights were serious, none was enough to improve Benny's brilliant record, and he was miles downhill from his peak, but he stepped from those fights into the ring with one of the hardest punchers ever seen or felt among the welterweights, to risk his life and health for a few thousand dollars.

McLarnin's sense of respect and sentiment prevented a possible tragedy. Jimmy didn't tear in savagely as was his custom, and the Leonard of 1932 was strictly counterpunching. That made it a slow and one-sided fight. Everybody present began to hope that nothing awful would happen. Finally, in the seventh, McLarnin whacked him in the whiskers, dropping him with a single punch, a lucky punch because it sent Leonard into permanent retirement where he belonged. Many other comeback victims were not as fortunate.

Take, for instance, the case of Mike McTigue. He lost the light-heavyweight title to young Paul Berlenbach. Mike was thirty-three and had been battling more than ten years. Instead of taking his rightful place on the side lines, he went into the heavyweight situation just as it began to seethe with ambitious kids trying to succeed Gene Tunney. For three years Mike took regular beatings. He scored two kayos, won two decision fights, fought three draws—

But he lost hard fights to Leo Lomski, Tony Marullo, Armand Emanuel and big Jeff Carroll, and he was knocked out by Jack Sharkey, Mickey Walker, George Hoffman, Jack Gagnon and Tuffy Griffiths!

Cobwebs in the Muscles

A few years later Mike became a problem to his friends and his growing family, and not long ago he was committed to a sanitarium where he could get constant care and attention.

Nobody in boxing is proud of the McTigue case. All of us are ashamed of what has happened to our Ad Wolgasts, Joe Grims, Bob Martins, Floyd Johnsons, Charlie Siegers and other permanent accusations against promoters and boxing commissions that refuse to legislate against such living suicides.

Max Schmeling learned an unforgettable lesson in June. He learned that every year over thirty to a veteran fighter acts like compound interest. Ordinarily he could have weathered that first-round storm of viciousness that Joe Louis dished out. He did weather such a storm in their first fight. He came out of that one with the left side of his face black and blue and swollen. He had to take a terrific drubbing before he made Louis stay on the deck.

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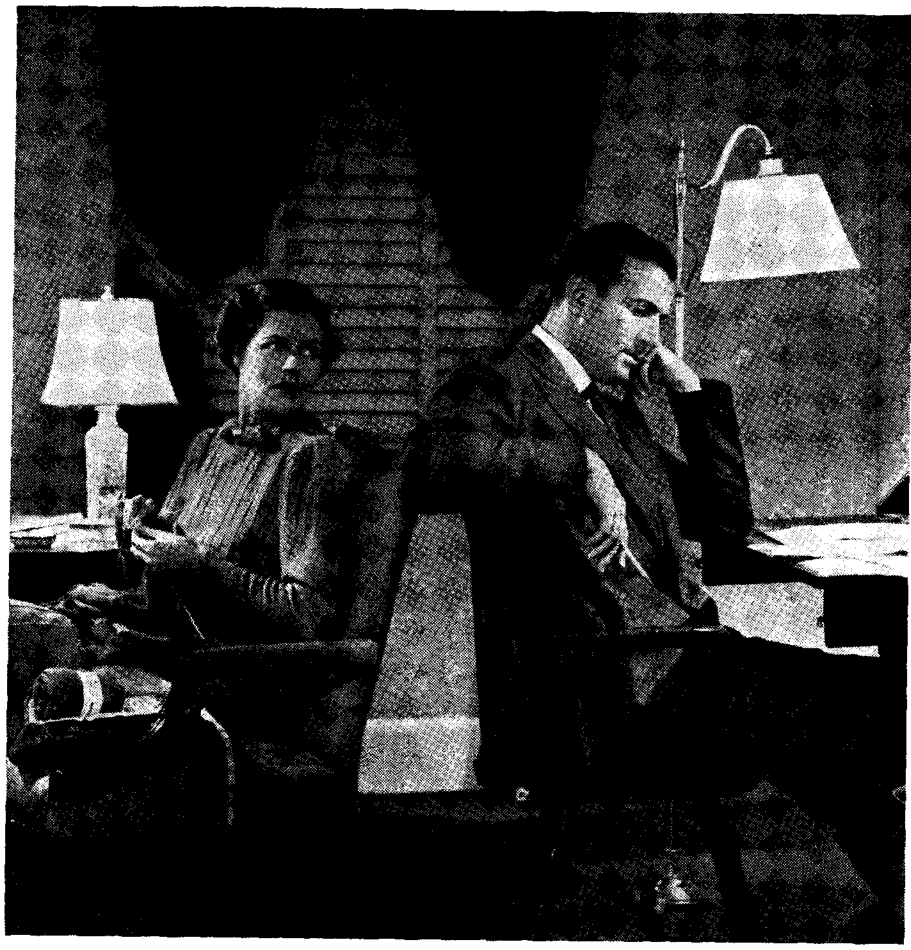

If each year finds you getting older but no richer...

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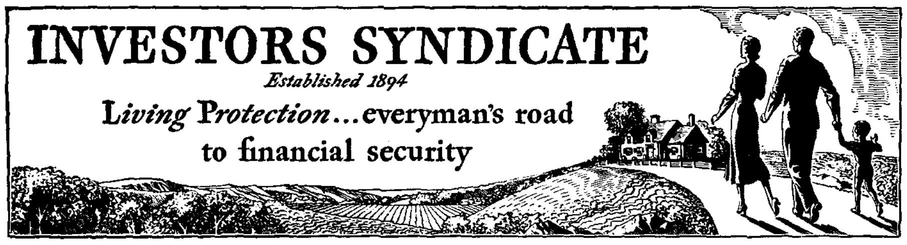


crossings put plenty of cobwebs into Schmeling's muscles and reflexes. Each of Louis' numbing blows put him farther from recovery. Finally he was stunned to a point of helplessness. He was not himself for several hours. That was due not so much to the power of Louis' wallops as to the refusal of Schmeling's 33-year-old physique to stand up under heavy punching for more than fifteen years.

Invincibility is for youth, because it is little else but youth. By the time we get experience at anything, a stack of years usually makes it impossible to combine it with the power and enthusiasm of youth.

And so they shouldn't come back. Moreover, they should be prevented from coming back. My examples of ring foolishness here have to do with only a few ex-champions, but it should apply to every fighter who ends a long career in the ring and later tries to cash in on his reputation by returning to the ring after he is thirty.

Unofficial Charity Cases

Every failure—and they all fail—becomes an undeserved black mark against what should be a great body-building sport. Such failures are used by biased reformers to point out that boxing is a greater destroyer of bodies than it is a builder.

Such a claim, in the face of facts, is unfair to the many people who depend upon the game for a livelihood, in the ring and out. Boxing is a destroyer only when a body, built up by leather-socking, passes the peak of physical efficiency. It is then that strenuous training or competition begins to tax heart, muscles and nerves. A fighter is more likely to enter the ring below his best condition. It is then that the punches begin to do the damage. However, any sport on the calendar will destroy when the contest taxes the physique of the competitor.

Now, it is one thing to sermonize like this and point out what should or shouldn't be done, but quite another matter to offer a solution. The dramatic critic isn't expected to write a better play, but I think I can present enough constructive suggestions to justify everything I have said, and I have meant every word of it.

After all, I owe whatever I have in this world to boxing, or to the public that paid millions of dollars to see me give and take it. Since I expect to be around for many more years, I have no wish to see boxing reach a state where people will point to a handful of us and say, "There are the exceptions that prove everything." And if the game permits ex-champions like Braddock, Canzoneri, Baer, Schmeling and others to go on fighting indefinitely, nothing else can be expected.

A further decline in the state of boxing would make life pretty empty for me, because I devote much time even today to sponsoring a few promising fighters, refereeing bouts and operating a couple of large restaurants that depend upon my name to draw a certain amount of patronage. I would keep busy at something, of course, in the event that boxing disappeared from sight, but I would rather have it involve canvas, resin, ring ropes and swinging leather gloves.

Since almost all comebacks to the ring are prompted by the need for money, the best protection against resulting tragedies would be to force both boxer and manager to prepare for the boxer's retirement as soon as the license is issued by the boxing board. This would take the form of a portion of each purse, about ten per cent, which by compulsion the promoter or manager would turn over to a finance committee within the state board. Every dollar of this money would be invested on behalf of the fighter against the day when he hangs up his gloves.

If this sounds fantastic or despotic, just remember that only about a dozen fighters now retired have any of the big money they made in the ring. This is partly due to the fact that fighters usually begin careers in their 'teens, and early privation and struggle make it tough to hold onto money when it arrives in chunks.

The least a sport can do is to help a green kid take care of those early dollars. At the end of ten years he might have much or little, but he would have something and that is considerably more than 99 per cent of the fighters have today when they hang up their gloves, or when they are chased from a promoter's office.

Having a nest egg would enable more fighters to quit sooner, and while they still have health enough to be businessmen and useful citizens. This earlier and steady retirement of veterans would leave more room and opportunities for the kids starting in. Fresh talent would stimulate interest. Gate receipts in the smaller clubs would rise. The sport would benefit all around. Even the fan would be rewarded with a quicker turnover of talent. Today's professional boxing is loaded down with repeaters who cannot quit, and so the Golden Gloves play to capacity.

Every successful fighter is familiar with the plight of the down-and-out veteran. They always turn up at fight clubs and "put the arm" on the only ones who understand their predicament. This may sound too ironic to believe, but I know of fighters who give more freely than others because they half expect that the hand of fate will one day put them in a similar position and the touch will then be returned.

Once I made the mistake of boasting in print about a successful $400 touch that had been put on me through the mail, but which had paid oil-well dividends ever since. Within a year after the boast appeared in a magazine, we received 15,000 requests for money and most of the letters asked for $400!

Careful supervision of a young fighter's money and forcing him to quit boxing with all his faculties would greatly reduce these unofficial charity cases.

One Beating Too Many

Another badly needed constructive step is legislation to protect the manager who discovers a young fighter, spends considerable time and money in bringing him along slowly, but who loses him to the buzzard type of manager on a promise of a quick march to the title. Very few managers of today will take the risk of training an unknown kid for fear of being victimized, and boxing needs the skill of managers as much as it needs fighters.

Boxing commissions could and should give closer supervision and investigate every sale and switch of fighters' contracts. With a guarantee of such security, you would see a quick rush for raw material, which is always the best investment for a manager who knows his business.

Finally, I believe that boxing commissions would do well to investigate the subject of punch-drunk fighters, or fighters who are heading in that general direction. It seems to me that there must be some way for an examining physician familiar with boxers to determine just when a fighter begins to lose ground mentally or physically without resorting to a peek at the KO-by's against him. There must be some way, besides through jokes or comic strips, of telling whether or not a boxer has taken one beating too many.

The Resounding Skies

Continued from page 10

didn't come down here to run away from a broken heart, that I like the tropics—and that I'm *not* free tonight!"

Walter Lane grinned.

"What about tomorrow night?" he asked.

"Previous engagement," Muriel said. "There are exactly seventeen women in the Puerto Musa division, twelve of whom are married. And there are two hundred and eleven men—if you include the chief train dispatcher, who is bald and has false teeth."

"So I'm No. 212?"

Muriel Monroe did not reply. She was typing again. Very efficient, Lane reflected; efficient and beautiful, and refreshing; an amazing contrast to the usual Hollywood picture of the white woman gone to pot in the tropics. In the Hollywood version, white women quickly became indolent and slovenly—mentally, morally and physically. It took only a few months for them to lose their youth, their virtue, their ambition and their good looks. They became pale, washed-out caricatures of themselves, wasted by the heat, ravaged by some private digestive disorder. But not in the Caribbean. In the Caribbean tropics, they were more like Muriel Monroe.

The fruit companies were so damned American. They refused to admit that the subversive influences of the tropics were a match for American business genius. They ignored the heat and the rains, screened out the mosquitoes, cleared away a million acres of *bosque,* strung a network of telephone lines a hundred miles into the jungle, laid down a private railway system to connect outlying farms with a made-to-order port, erected wireless stations to co-ordinate shipping and agriculture.

THE tight organization of course called for efficient American office routine, which in turn called for smart, quick, clear-eyed American office girls: Muriel Monroe and her tribe. Lane liked their kind. The only trouble was that there wasn't enough of them to go around. . . .

"What about next week, then, Miss Monroe?" Lane asked.

"How do you know you'll be here next week?"

"I'm going to work here, Miss Monroe."

The girl ran her thumb along the top of a card-indexed drawer, not looking at Lane.

"Sure of yourself, aren't you?" she said.

"Why not? Perry needs a man. He had to send Bill Bossert home in a box after his blackwater fever."

Muriel looked at him again. She smiled strangely.

"So you think you'll get Bill Bossert's job?" she asked.

"What do you think?"

The girl's smile vanished. She was looking right through Lane—or over his head.

"You might ask Mr. Perry about that," she said. "Here he is."

DAVE PERRY, division manager for Caribbean Fruit Co. at Puerto Musa, towered impressively behind Lane, an imposing figure in starched whites. His hair, too, seemed starched—bushy, straw-colored, streaked with gray, standing up straight to make him look taller than he really was. He examined Lane with shrewd, not unkindly eyes that peered out from under pale eyebrows that would have been invisible if they weren't so luxuriant. Deep furrows framed his straight, thin-lipped mouth and a perpetual frown bisected his forehead—a frown that gave him a worried, thoughtful, harassed air.

"Looking for me?" the division manager asked.

"I'm looking for a job," said Lane.

"Ever work in the tropics before?"

"Sure. I've been up and down the banana coast for the last year or so."

"Where, for instance?" Perry's voice was sharp, crisp, challenging.

"I was timekeeper for Standard at La Ceiba."

"Why'd you quit?"

"For a better job—with United Fruit at San Pedro Sula."

Perry looked Lane over carefully from head to foot.

"Why didn't you stick with United Fruit?" he asked. "They're a big outfit—twice as big as we are. And they've got twice as much room at the top for ambitious young men."

"Maybe I'm not ambitious," said Lane.

"Why did you leave San Pedro Sula? Shoot a politico?"

"No. I didn't shoot anybody."

"Gal trouble?"

"No. I just quit. Restless, I guess."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," said Perry pontifically. "What are you grinning at? Your name's not Stone, is it?"

"No. It's Walter Lane—the lane that has no turning."

"Where'd you go to school?"

"What difference does that make? I can grow bananas. That's all you want, isn't it? I can start from scratch with new rootstocks and have your new supplies shooting nine-hand fruit in ten months. I can draw up a pay sheet and cuss out backers and checkers and cutters in fluent and profane Spanish. I can keep your drainage ditches clean and the suckers pruned and the *mozos* sober—except on payday. Isn't that enough?"

Perry said nothing. He took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He shoved one pensively into his mouth, then offered Lane one as an afterthought. As he squinted through the smoke, he tried to size up this rangy youth.

"Well, do I get the job?" Lane asked after a long pause. "Or do I have to wait until Stilton comes down from the Capital?"

Dave Perry dropped his cigarette. "Who told you Mr. Stilton was coming down?" he demanded.

"I've just come down from the Capital myself," Lane said. "I get around the cantinas some. And I keep my ears open, as well as my mouth."

"You know Mr. Stilton?"

"No."

There was just a second of hesitation in Lane's answer. Or did Perry imagine it? He said: "Why didn't you strike Mr. Stilton for a job in the Capital, when you were up there?"

"I don't want to work in the Capital," Lane said. "I want to work on the coast. At Puerto Musa." He grinned at Muriel Monroe. "I like it here."

THE division manager hesitated an instant, then turned to his secretary. "Call Rio Sangre," he said. "Get Hind on the phone."

"Where's Rio Sangre?" Lane asked, as he watched the girl twist the crank on a bracket telephone. "End of the line, I suppose."

"Not quite," said the division manager. "In fact, it's not on the main line at all. The Rio Sangre District feeder line branches north at Kilometer 20. Your farm is about ten kilometers toward the river. You'll have the river in your back yard, in fact . . ."

"Rio Sangre on the wire, Mr. Perry," said the secretary.

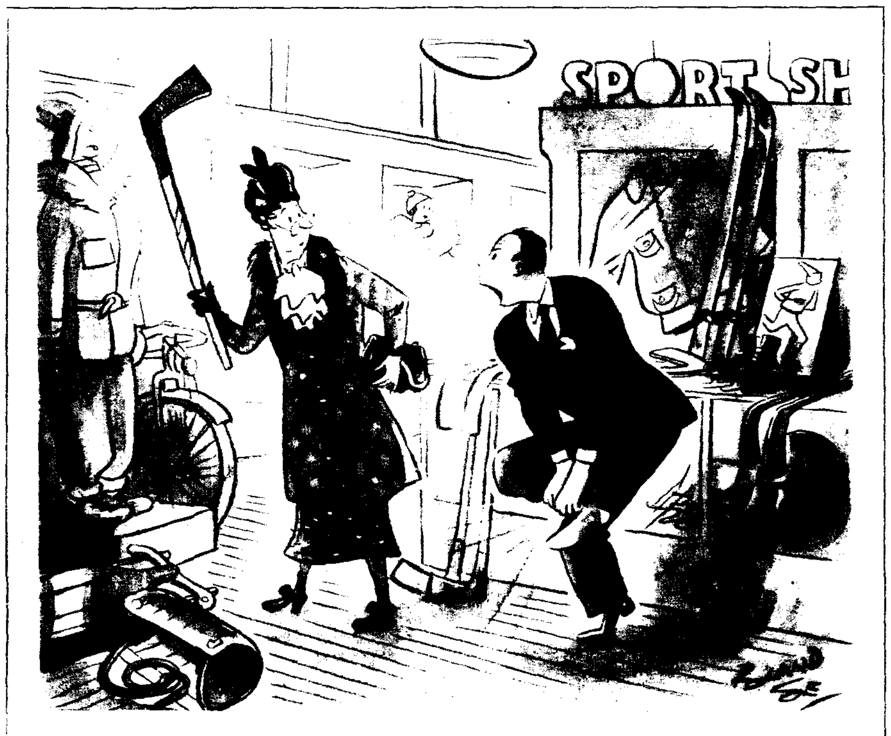
"Hello, Pinky," said the division manager into the instrument. "I've got a new timekeeper for you. Will you come down and get him tonight? . . . All right. Meet him at the junction, then. His name is Walter Lane. I'll send him up with the mules on the morning train."

Perry hung up.

"You'll have to sleep in port tonight, Lane," he said. "There's a room over the club you can have. Miss Monroe will show you how to get there. And have Alcott put his name on the pay roll, Miss Monroe."

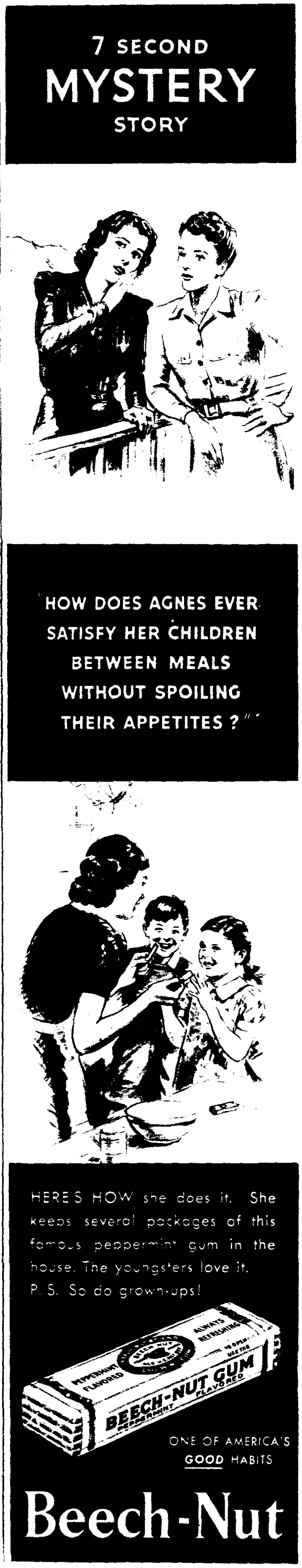
The division manager shook hands silently, then frowned his way into the inner office and closed the door.

"We were talking about next week, when we were so rudely interrupted."



"I thought you said you didn't know anything about the game!"

ROLAND COE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ONE OF AMERICA'S GOOD HABITS

Beech-Nut

Lane was leaning over the counter again, smiling at Muriel Monroe.

The girl did not smile. "If you get back to port in six weeks, you'll be lucky."

"My luck's always been uniformly good," Lane countered.

"It's run out now," the girl said. "You've got Pinky Hind for an overseer."

"What's the matter with Mr. Hind?"

"You'll see. Was Bill Bossert a friend of yours?"

"Never met the man," said Lane.

"He was Pinky Hind's timekeeper when he got sick," the girl said. Something about the way she said it gave Lane a queer sensation of cold at the pit of his stomach.

PINKY HIND was sullen of spirit, surly of speech, and red of hair—a composite condition that had been his for nearly fifty years. Pinky Hind's life had been blighted at the baptismal font. The infant Hind had been christened "Barnaby" by unimaginative and shortsighted parents, who, although they had given him a name inevitably destined to indelicate contraction, ribald paraphrase, and an embarrassing initial, were unfortunately unable to give him the sense of humor to go with it. And since he was also endowed with bowed legs, prognathic profile and pitifully inadequate stature, he was preordained for the permanent role of embattled gnome.

If he wasn't fighting because of a nickname—only Dave Perry called him Pinky, for Auld Lang Syne—he was fighting to compensate for his smallness. He even fought professionally on two occasions—a soldier of liberty on each side successively in the same electoral battle in Nicaragua—but usually he fought from an inner urge.

He had come to the tropics nearly thirty years previous, when he and Dave Perry were banana herders together in Costa Rica. But while Perry had stuck to fruit growing and become an executive, Hind varied his career with aggressive loafing, serious drinking, and any job that came to hand. He had bossed a dragline crew in Colombia, helped build a railway in Honduras, moved mahogany logs down the Belize River. He had dabbled in cacao in Cuba and coffee in Guatemala. For a year he had done very well for himself smuggling chicle over the Yucatan border. The rest of the time he had occupied himself chiefly with bananas and hating the world.

The announcement that Walter Lane was arriving with the mules was not calculated to relieve Pinky Hind's chronic misanthropy. On the contrary. A green timekeeper and green mules were too much to inflict upon an overseer at once.

Walter Lane had hardly time to walk up the steps of the little yellow farmhouse on stilts, cross the screened-in veranda and drop his bags in the bare, cheerless bedroom before the bandy-legged overseer was standing on the threshold.

"Come on, lead pants," said Hind. "We're ridin' the farm."

"I was going to unpack—"

"You can unpack on your own time," said Hind. "This is a workin' day."

Lane glanced at the .45 on Hind's left hip. Without a word he turned around, opened a suitcase, lifted out his own belt and holster and buckled them on. Then, slowly and deliberately, he pushed two octaves of cartridges into the front of the belt.

"Never mind the artillery," Hind said. "We ain't goin' huntin'."

"I always dress in the latest style of the country," Lane replied. He bent over again to pick up his Acapulco—a long, Mexican machete—slipped his wrist through the loop of the finely tooled leather scabbard. "Come on," he said at last. "Let's look at the *finca*."

The stockman was waiting at the hibiscus hedge with the saddled mules, and the two men crossed the railway tracks to follow a tramline deep into the bananas. They rode for a mile down a green cloister of broad, arching leaves that met overhead in an interlacing lattice of shade. They crossed a drainage ditch, then turned into a narrower, thickly grown Gothic aisle. They could see no more than fifty feet in any direction.

The new mule was leaping rotted logs and stumps of felled jungle, floundering through mud, galloping through undergrowth that sang with mosquitoes, trying to brush off his rider against passing trees. The new timekeeper, however, was handling his fractious animal well—too damned well, Pinky Hind thought. They had been riding for two hours and were at the eastern limit of the plantation before Pinky saw the opportunity he had been awaiting.

"This one shouldn't be so hard to cut down, Bessie. Somebody's already cut the core out fer us"

REAMER KELLER

The sea of restless banana fronds broke against a cliff of virgin jungle, a creeper-hung wall of giant ceibas, ironwood and mahogany. In a little cleared space not fifty yards beyond the edge of the plantation there was a thatched hut in an obvious state of disrepair. Walter Lane reined up. He pointed.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Engineers built that shack when they was clearin' the land for plantin'," Hind said.

"Not the shack. I mean that gadget shining on that branch above it. Looks like a porcelain insulator."

HIND was spared the necessity of answering, for Lane rode closer to the shack and dismounted. He dismounted, Hind noted with satisfaction, as a man who was jungle-wise; a man who, knowing that a halter rope can furnish transportation to incredible myriads of stinging insects in amazingly few minutes, never ties an animal to a jungle tree. When Lane walked into the shack, the redheaded overseer rode close to the riderless mule, unslung his machete from his pommel, and brought the flat of the blade down across the surprised rump of Lane's animal. The mule reared, bolted, reared again, then galloped into the bananas.

Hind could see Lane through the doorway of the shack, bending over something so intently that he did not even turn around.

HIND dug his heels into his own mule's flanks, rode off in the opposite direction. Feeling quite pleased with himself over a good afternoon's work, he jogged leisurely across the plantation to the Rio Sangre commissary, where he killed two hours and six bottles of beer talking to the overseer of the next farm.

When he got home he was surprised to hear water splashing in the shower. He stalked in, bursting with profanity for a careless houseboy. When Walter Lane's dripping head peered around the painted partition, the profanity died. He could only say:

"What the hell happened to you?"

"My mule ran away." Lane spouted water, grinned, and churned up a lather that had a clean, carbolic smell.

"I tried to catch him," lied Hind. "You were gone when I went back for you. How'd you get home so quick?"

"I found my way to the labor camp and borrowed a mule from one of the contractors."

"You don't waste no time findin' your way around."

"I've got a good bump of direction."

"You got—" Hind paused, his mouth open. He was staring at a blue blurr of tattooing that developed on Lane's chest as the soapy foam dissolved under the streaming shower. Lane turned his back.

"Hey, go easy on that *agua!*" Hind resumed. "The rain-water tank ain't very full, and a banana herder don't have no call to smell like the flowers in May, anyhow. Besides, we eat in ten minutes."

"Good," said Lane. "I could eat a horse . . . a small one . . . if it was cooked right."

"Black bean soup with pigs' tails," Pinky Hind announced as they sat down to dinner. "You prob'ly don't like it, but I do, so you'll get plenty."

"Very tasty," said Lane after the first spoonful.

"The young squirt that was here before you hated it," said Hind.

The second spoonful stopped suddenly at Lane's lips. He sipped it cautiously. He remembered reading somewhere that arsenic was practically tasteless, except in some compounds that smelled of garlic. There appeared to be a touch of garlic in the black bean soup.

"I don't suppose," Lane said, "that a man could get blackwater fever from bean soup."

"You mean Bossert? Hell, no. He was just careless about takin' his quinine, that's all."

Lane pushed back his plate. "You didn't like Bossert, did you?" he asked.

"Why should I? Why should I like any o' the young squirts the company is sendin' down here nowadays to push us old-timers out in tall grass? Why should I be nice to anyone just because he's young and full o' table manners and education, when he don't grow no bigger bananas than we did when we was all full o' rum and machete scars and maybe a hunk o' lead or two? Why should—?"

"In other words, why shouldn't you get rid of Bossert just as quickly as possible?"

"Was Bill Bossert a friend o' yours?"

"Never met him. I was just wondering if you weren't planning to get rid of me, too."

"I wouldn't've had to get rid o' Bossert," Hind said. "If the fever hadn't've got him, he'd have queered himself soon enough. He wasn't no banana herder. He was a crook o' some kind, hidin' out down here."

"Was he?"

"He musta been. He had three different passports. They all had his picture on 'em but they all had different names."

"NICE of him to show them to you," said Lane.

"Hell, he didn't show 'em to me. When Bossert got the fever, Doc Janvier phoned to bring his stuff down to the company hospital when they thought he was goin' to kick in. I just happened to see the passports when I was runnin' through his stuff."

"I see. Just running through his stuff." Lane was suddenly not hungry any more. He stared at his overseer across the table, and instead of seeing the aging, hard-bitten face of the redheaded gnome he saw again the strange shadow that flickered in the blue eyes of Muriel Monroe when she told him his luck had run out because he had Pinky Hind as an overseer. He had been thinking a lot of those blue eyes during the past twenty-four hours, but he had begun to remember the shadow only since he had made his discovery in the shack on the edge of the jungle. He said suddenly:

"By the way, Hind. I ran across a couple of big storage batteries in that old hut this afternoon. How do you suppose they got there?"

"Engineers prob'ly left 'em," Hind said.

"I doubt it. They haven't been there long. The connections aren't badly sulphated, and the lead seems to have been scraped fairly recently for contacts. Besides, the batteries are of German make."

"German?" Hind's lower jaw worked laterally in the pensive manner of a calf chewing its cud. "Maybe the Heinies across the river are up to something."

"I thought the Germans were all up in the hills on their coffee *fincas*."

"There's a few Heinies in Liberica," said Hind. "And a few independent planters across the river."

"Banana planters?"

"Well, they grow a few bananas on the side. Coffee mostly, though."

"I didn't know they raised coffee down here on the plains."

"They do, a little. This Liberian tree coffee grows down here. Graulitz raises some on his *finca*. You'll probably see Graulitz tonight."

"Tonight?"

"I forgot to tell you," said Hind. "You're going out on the river pickup tonight. English fruit. Eight hundred stems from company farms. Three hundred from the independents across the river. The foreman will be along to show you where the *bacardillas* are. The launch will pick you up at the landing behind the house at two o'clock. You'll have time for a nap before then."

"Sleep is a waste of time," Lane said.

"Don't keep the launch waitin'," growled Hind. "You got half a dozen barges to spot before daylight."

"They'll be spotted," Lane said.

When Lane went to his room, he did not go to sleep. He finished unpacking his bags, hung up his clothes. Out of the second bag he took a compact portable radio set, no larger than a fat dictionary. He set up a folding loop aerial, bending the crossarms down until the network of green silk-covered wire tightened into a diamond-shaped spiderweb. He unhooked the speaker connection and plugged in a pair of earphones which he clamped over his head. Then he switched on the current and squatted on the floor. While he was waiting for the tube filaments to warm up, he twisted the short-wave dial to the nine-megacycle band.

A minute later he was listening to a German short-wave station. The voice in Berlin came in clear and strong, reading in Spanish an amazing series of bulletins of the Spanish War that would appear in no newspapers. The Nationalists (they were never Rebels to the Berlin announcer) continued to make tremendous gains upon the Marxists (they were never Loyalists). A group of misguided Central Americans serving with the Marxists had been completely annihilated. Three Latin-American nuns had been tortured and put to death by the Marxists at Barcelona. . . .

More German stations were carrying the same story over the fifteen- and seventeen-megacycle bands. . . .

Rome was coming in strong on 11.810 megs, telling how Italy, mother of all Latin lands, was demonstrating anew her friendship for her spiritual children by trading two fine Caproni bombers for a few paltry tons of Tierra Rican coffee and a little sugar. . . .

LANE dialed the North American short-wave stations and got only noise. He tried one channel after the other and heard the same steady roar, like the crackling of a prairie fire, that completely covered whatever program was coming down from the States. He swung the frame of his loop aerial back and forth until the roar was loudest. He glanced down at the small compass set into the base of the aerial. The needle was dancing. He shut off the current, waited until the needle had come to rest, then made an entry in a black-leather memorandum book.

Lane put out the light and stretched on his bed, fully dressed. He lay for a long time in the dark, thinking, listening to the frogs outside in the warm night. They made strange and wonderful sounds, these tropical frogs—cackling like hens, grunting like pigs, lowing like cattle, crying shrilly like frightened children—nothing to recall the cheerful ringing frog chorus he used to hear heralding the spring from the banks of a Connecticut river. . . .

He sat up suddenly, guiltily aware of the fact that he had been dozing. He heard the put-put of a gasoline motor somewhere in the night. He got up, went to the screened window. The beam of a flashlight was swinging along the hibiscus hedge. He took his hat, started out.

A kerosene lamp was burning dimly on the veranda. On the table beside it was a vacuum bottle of coffee and some sandwiches that Hind's cook had left. Lane picked them up.

The flashlight had reached the steps by the time Lane opened the screen door. The glow made polished-ebony high lights on a round black face under a wide-brimmed hat. A tall Jamaican Negro said:

"Hi ham pleased to meet the new timekeeper, sar. My name his 'Enry Morgan, *sar, foreman for this farm*." Morgan's accent was cockney with a Kingston twist.

"Mine's Lane." The youth held out his hand. After an instant of surprise, the Jamaican shook it heartily.

"You hare aready to haccompany river pickup, sar?"

"Quite ready," said Lane. He tucked the vacuum bottle under his arm and followed the foreman around the house toward the river.

AT KILOMETER 20, Dave Perry's car stopped on the tracks beside the dispatcher's telephone booth. The shiny blue automobile was a popular-priced sedan, undistinguished except that it wore steel-flanged railway wheels instead of balloon tires. The fruit company having discovered that sixty-pound rails were more resistant to tropical rains than motor roads, no wheeled traffic moved out of Puerto Musa unless it was equipped to ride standard-gauge tracks. And none moved, therefore, without being routed by the train dispatcher in the port.

"Get the *via,* Muriel," Perry said, leaning across to open the door. It was the first time he had spoken since they had left Puerto Musa. He watched his secretary walk to the dispatcher's box, her golden hair blowing defiantly free in the hot wind, her trim figure almost boyish in the gray jodhpurs she always wore when she accompanied Perry to the farms.

The man in the back seat was watching her, too. Henry Alcott, the accountant, took off his glasses and wiped the blur of perspiration from the lenses. He also seemed to take off fifteen years and his austere, guardian-of-the-millions expression. Without his glasses, he had the earthly, slightly dissipated air of a man who had repeatedly lost his illusions, and thoroughly enjoyed the process. He eyed the girl for a moment, as with brisk, efficient gestures she opened the phone box, cranked the instrument, and picked up the pencil that hung by a string beside it.

"Dave," said Alcott, "why did you have to bring the gal along? Why don't you keep her out of this business?"

"Try to keep her out of anything within a radius of a hundred miles," Perry replied.

"Losing your grip, Dave? You used to be boss of this division."

"Ever hear of a boss who didn't let a smart secretary handle details and make routine decisions, Hank?"

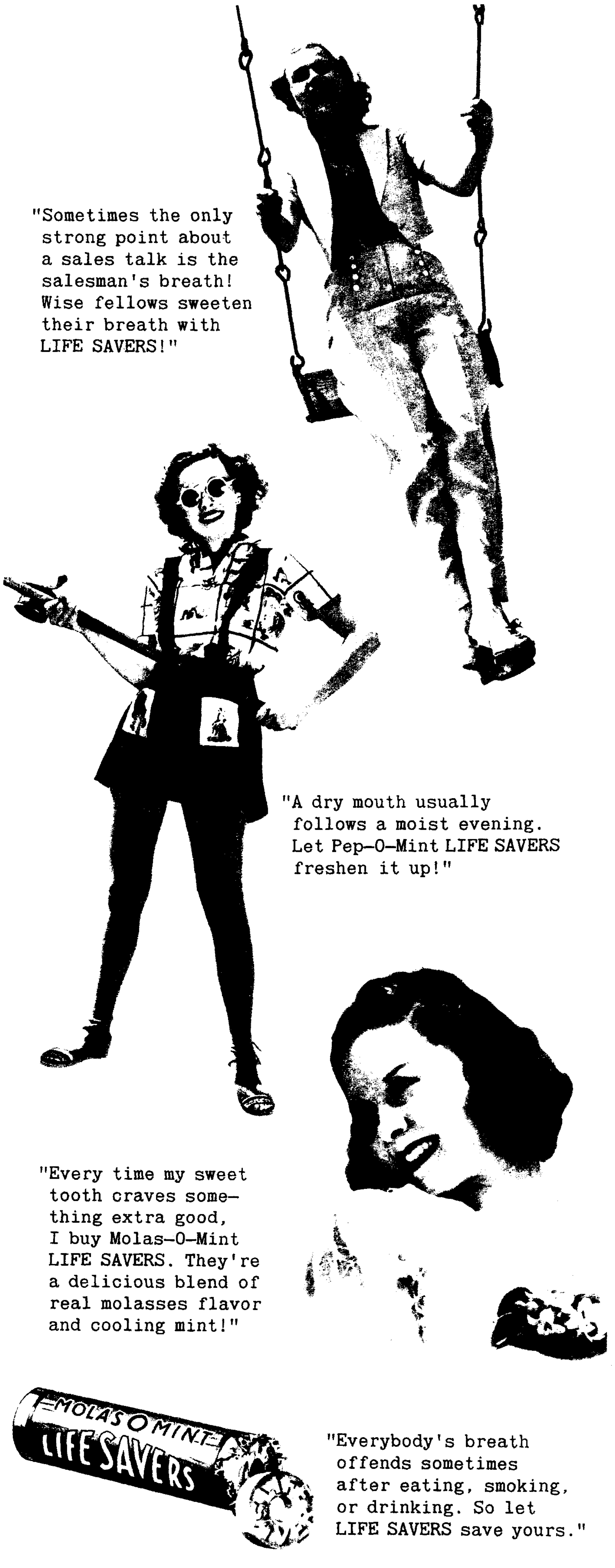
Alcott leaned back against the cushions. His chuckle was a little like a cackle. He said: "Know what the gang in Honduras calls this division now, Dave? Puerto Petticoat."

Perry's shoulders squared, but he didn't turn around. "For your information," he said, "which you can pass on to Honduras if you want: Women haven't worn petticoats for twenty years, Hank."

"You know more about that than I do, Dave."

"What's the matter? Does Mrs. Alcott still wear 'em?"

Alcott made a moist, explosive sound



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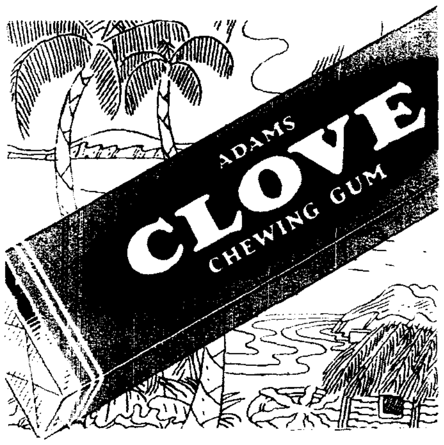


A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

with his lips, put his glasses on, and relapsed into silence.

At the phone box, Muriel Monroe was reading back her orders to the dispatcher: "Order No. 67 to Motor Car 1 at Kilometer 20. Proceed to Rio Sangre. Track clear ahead. Okay and complete. 2:41 P. M." She hung up, closed the little door, and came back to the car. "*All aboard, Chief*," *she said*.

Perry let in the clutch and the blue sedan rolled down the tracks to the red-roofed bungalow that was headquarters for the ten farms in the Rio Sangre District.

Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent, was standing on the steps, watching a *mozo* cut his lawn with a machete. Holliday was the only man in the division who could wear a white sun helmet without being accused of affectation. Soft felts were all right for his colleagues, but a sun helmet seemed as much a part of Holliday as the crooked pipe that was constantly between his teeth. He was extremely English and he looked it.

He hadn't the red face of a professional bearer of the white man's burden, nor the pomposity of a retired colonel, nor the precious superiority of a provincial snob flaunting an Oxford accent like a school blazer. He had a quiet authority about him that somehow recalled the orderly hedgerows of Surrey on a summer evening, a gentle refinement that lay in his calm gray eyes and showed in his sensitive features. It showed in the interior of his house, too. Although Holliday was a bachelor like the other banana herders in his district, there were rugs on the floor instead of piles of dirty laundry, pictures on the walls, a phonograph, well-lined bookcases instead of stacks of pulp magazines.

He offered his left hand to Perry and Alcott—he was sensitive about his right, which lacked two fingers and part of a thumb—and he patted Muriel Monroe affectionately on the shoulder as though to say: While I'm almost old enough to be your father, I could still be terribly fond of you.

"Well," Perry began as they sat down on the veranda, "what did you find out?"

"Only what I told you by telephone," Holliday replied.

"Have you seen Lane since then?" Perry asked.

"Yes. I rode the farm with him yesterday afternoon. We had quite a talk."

"And—"

"And I still think he is an intelligent young man with a comprehensive grasp of our methods of tropical agriculture. He knows his business and minds it very well. I think we might very well do the same."

The harassed lines on Perry's forehead drew closer together. He said: "Pinky Hind phoned me that Lane has the same marks tattooed on his left breast that Bill Bossert had—a blue swastika and the figures '28.' "

"What of it?" Holliday asked.

"He claims he doesn't know Bossert. He's lying."

HOLLIDAY smiled tolerantly. "I didn't know a man had to be a paragon of virtue to work for you, Perry," he said. "Besides, Lane may not know Bossert under that name. You say he had several passports."

"Damn it, Holliday!" Perry banged his fist on the table. "I'm not going to have my division blow up under me. You know what our position is down here. You know the ticklish situation that exists between the company and the Capital, and how little it would take to upset it. You know that confiscation of foreign interests is getting to be a popular government pastime in more than one country these days—and be damned to the company's investment or our jobs. Suppose this man Lane is an *agent provocateur?* Or a gunrunner? Or a snooper for the coffee people across the river?"

"More likely he's just a company spy," Alcott suggested.

Holliday shrugged. "If that's the way you feel, why hesitate? He's not the first good man you've given the sack."

"I'll fire him today!"

"No, you won't, Mr. Perry." The girl spoke for the first time. "You promised you'd let me have a whack at him first."

"Muriel says she can find out all of Lane's history in a week," Perry explained to Holliday. He shook his head. "Too much can happen in a week."

"It won't take me a week," Muriel said. "Give me forty-eight hours. I'll start now." She held out her hand. "The keys to your car, Mr. Perry."

Perry hesitated. He looked at the girl narrowly. "I don't think you're doing this for me," he said. "You're too interested in this big guy Lane. Have you gone and fallen for him, Muriel?"

"Don't be a fool, Dave Perry," the girl replied impatiently. "I've only seen the man once—for about half an hour."

"You've talked to him by telephone every day since he arrived."

"It's not my fault, is it? If he calls the division office once in a while. I thought it was part of my job to answer the phone."

"You never sound particularly businesslike when you talk to Lane. I—"

"You make me sick, Dave Perry," the girl interrupted angrily. "Just because a man seems to have more than a glimmer of intelligence, and talks with a trace of breeding, you think something's wrong with him. You seem to forget that the company doesn't insist on hiring semiliterate drunks like Pinky Hind any more. Give me the keys to your car. I'll be back in an hour."

"Well . . ." Reluctantly the division manager handed over the bunch of keys. "Take Alcott with you, Muriel. He's got to see Pinky Hind about tomorrow's pay sheets."

MURIEL didn't say a word to Alcott as the car sped down the tracks toward Hind's bungalow. She was seething inside—and she wasn't sure why. She wondered if she had resented Perry's intimations because there might be more than a grain of truth in them. It was true that she had shown more than casual interest in Lane, but it was not true that her interest was emotional. It was purely intellectual curiosity, she told herself. She was intrigued by the strapping young timekeeper, but not because he was big and clean-cut, with a pleasant smile and a self-reliant expression in his dark eyes. It was rather for the same reason that Perry was interested in him—because he was not exactly what he pretended to be.

Yes, that was it. There was something mysterious about Lane's presence in the tropics, and it was only normal that her curiosity should be piqued to know what lay behind it. Very likely Dave Perry was right in suspecting that the youth was here because Bill Bossert had died, but somehow Muriel felt instinctively that there was nothing sinister about him. Of course she had seen him only once, and even she had been vaguely disturbed by Bill Bossert's death. Dr. Janvier was such a competent physician, and men died so rarely from blackwater fever. Still . . .

"Whoa, Muriel. Where are you going? We're here!"

Muriel jammed on the brakes. The steel-flanged wheels screeched as they slid along the rails.

AT HIND'S bungalow, the Jamaican foreman said that the *mandador* was at the labor camp.

"Damn!" said Alcott. "It's too hot to go all the way down there. I'll wait in the house. See if you can get Mr. Hind for me, Morgan."

"Yes, sar."

"And where's Mr. Lane, Morgan?" Muriel asked.

"Mr. Lane, 'e gone down to Section heighteen, down by the river. Want me to go fetch 'im, Miss?"

"Thanks, Morgan. I'll ride down myself, if you'll get me a saddle mule."

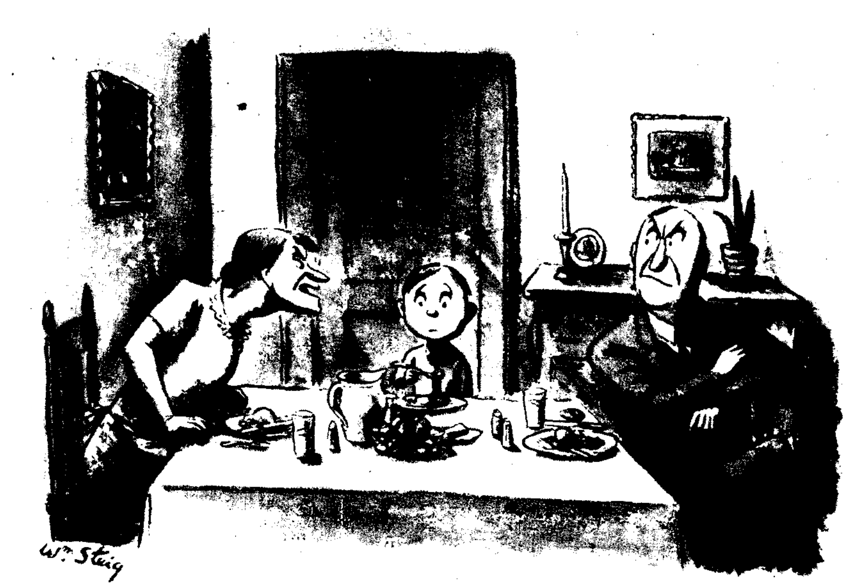
Section 18 was separated from the river by a narrow strip of virgin jungle, the roots of which protected the plantation against undercutting by flood waters. The sluggish, coffee-colored stream was about three hundred yards wide here, divided by a sand bar on which gray-green alligators were basking. Walter Lane was standing on the edge of the thicket, with only a clump of Bactris palm between him and the water. He was holding a pair of binoculars to his eyes, peering at the opposite bank between the feathery fronds and spiny stalks of the palm, when Muriel Monroe came up behind him. He was not aware of her presence until she tossed a sprig at him. Then, as the missile struck him in the back of the neck, he jumped as if he had been shot.

"Am I intruding?" Muriel asked innocently.

Lane recovered himself with a laugh that was a little frayed on the edges. He let the binoculars dangle from the strap around his neck.

"Not at all. Come right in. The jungle's yours." He smiled with his eyes. "So the mountain has come to Mahomet!" he said.

(To be continued next week)



"Tell your father I said he can go fly a kite!" WILLIAM STEIG

Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?

Continued from page 17

already rolling. Jesse James is scheduled for release this month and Tail Spin in February and the press department assures they are all notable dramas and will crowd the theaters with happy customers. The press department could scarcely say anything else and remain on friendly terms with the studio police.

The boys are probably correct, for John Ford directed Submarine Patrol and John Ford hasn't made a poor picture since the other Ford ruined the livery business. Henry King made Jesse James and Roy Del Ruth is the man behind Tail Spin, and clear-eyed studio thinkers who have seen the pictures wear an air of complacency.

Nancy is now seventeen years old, born March 25, 1921, which is about three years after the war ended and you can hardly believe it. If she doesn't make a million dollars, then nobody ever will in this world. She is sitting now in the driver's seat and will presently be the envy of all young females and especially those in Lowell, Massachusetts, where she appeared upon this footstool.

Never Too Early to Learn

She never even saw Hollywood until a few months ago, never set foot on a sound stage, never nodded timidly to the gateman, and while Submarine Patrol will be her first movie as a grownup, still that doesn't mean she's a greenhorn.

Studios do not startle nor cameras alarm, for this Kelly girl has been in 52 motion pictures, if you count baby jobs. She started at the feeble age of two, over in Astoria, Long Island, where her family lived, and acted for the cameras until she was eight, at which period she became obviously too tall and leggy to go on being a baby, and too awkward for a regular job, so she quit.

Her movie career apparently over at the age of eight, she retired to the depths of Astoria, to browse among her clippings and photographs, all showing a baby being held or sitting. Even in those tender years on the set with Gloria Swanson, Warner Baxter, Jean Hersholt and Richard Dix, she must have had childish talents not discernible in her press clippings, for she looks to me like every other baby, not only in Astoria, but everywhere.

She was known as America's most photographed child and whiskered doctors used to come around at intervals to see if she was still one hundred per cent physically perfect. Her first baby picture was The Untamed Lady and soon after that she met Warner Baxter and went to work in The Great Gatsby. . . . In between pictures, she learned the multiplication tables, but old age stopped her at eight and her parents placed her in the Bentley School for Girls.

The cold-blooded movies displayed small concern over the loss of their child actress, so Nancy went into radio. From the start, it appears that she was the kind of young girl who is always going into something. While she was playing in a stage piece called Give Me Yesterday, a radio magnate wandered in, heard her voice and almost instantly she was on the air waves in the March of Time.

All the while, she was growing up to be a tall, slender, dark-eyed girl with expressive features, and, unknown to her, a play was coming along, Susan and God, which was to be a metropolitan success and give her a boost.

John Golden was hunting for a girl to play Blossom and Rachael Crothers helped him hunt and pretty soon along came Nancy Kelly, whereat the other girls were sent home.

Mr. Zanuck returned from Europe, saw the play and, the next afternoon, a man asked Nancy how she would like to have a whirl at the movies. Omitting all reference to her six years on the screen as a baby veteran, she said it might be a good idea. A test was made in New York and shipped out to Hollywood, where Submarine Patrol was warming up, and as the test looked good to Producer Gene Markey and John Ford, Miss Kelly took over the lead in the picture, which was originally called The Splinter Fleet; it would be yet, if they asked me.

Jesse James was in preparation and they wondered if the wistful young lady would do as Jesse's wife, who, by and large, was about to have a pretty dismal time of it in the drama. She had to have a baby, be abandoned by her lawless spouse and suffer extensively.

So they gave her a technicolor test, with a group of flinty-eyed studio hands looking on. You have to be good to sail through a technicolor test, with grave experts watching and the knowledge in your own mind that if you don't do this right, then your goose is cooked. It's tough.

I happened to see the two tests for Jesse James, and knowing as little as anybody about acting, I willingly swear that Miss Kelly is the best seventeen-year-old actress in the world and a most convincing weeper. Here's what they did.

Sidney Lanfield made the test . . . Nancy casually took off her hat and coat and donned a nightgown of the General Grant or close-to-the-chin period, climbed into bed and pretended to be the unhappy wife of the outlaw. With cameras poking their black noses at her and klieg lights snarling and workmen staring, Nancy acted out that scene, her baby for the moment being a Japanese doll with a very pink head, on which the varnish glistened.

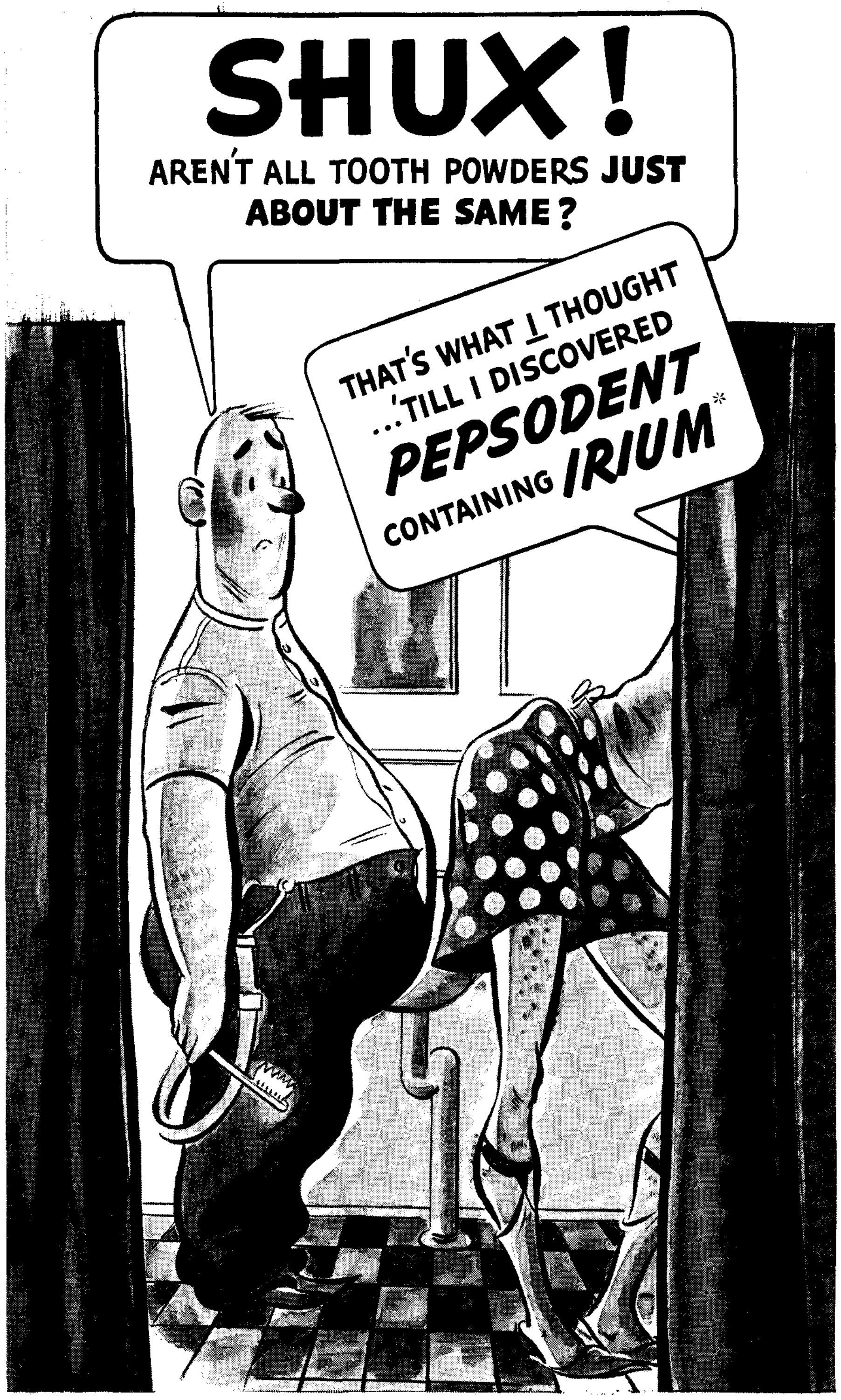
This was the part of the picture where Jesse James had to abandon his wife, as he was busy being shot at by the enraged posse, and Nancy did fine. She cried, looked unhappy and abandoned, and displayed a laudable affection for her phony baby. In the other test, where she pleaded with Jesse to quit being a bandit, her voice shook with emotion and everyone was delighted.

She went into the picture with flying colors, along with Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda and others. . . . In Tail Spin, to be released later still, she works with Connie Bennett, Alice Faye and other notable scene stealers, but the experts say she will take care of herself.

The Studio Says

Strangely enough, Miss Nancy goes around wishing something would happen to her. She says in all seriousness that nothing happens, day after day, and the whole cosmic scheme looks rather flat and uninteresting. It is stated that she reads Chaucer in the original chawed-up verbiage used by that playful old fellow and that may be why she thinks nothing ever happens.

It is further stated by studio officials, wearing serious faces, that she reads, in French, mind you, the works of De Maupassant, Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils,* Voltaire, Proust and Zola, but I have had a couple of good looks at Nancy and to me she doesn't seem the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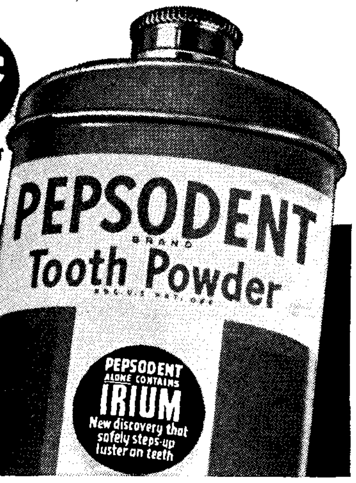
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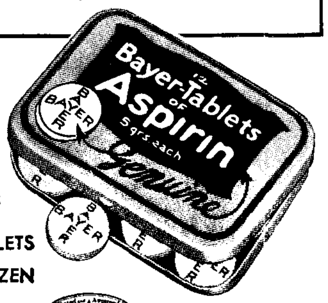

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS
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kind you would find curled up in a corner with Proust.

It was Sidney Lanfield who made the two brief tests to see if she would do as Mrs. Jesse James and Sidney is a veteran director, not particularly given to fulsome raving over young actors or any actors. Following these tests, Mr. Lanfield said: "This is the greatest young actress I've ever seen."

Even if Lanfield is only half right, Miss Kelly will not be found walking the streets of Hollywood as a free-lance artist or general work hunter. Her family consists of herself, her father and mother, Carole, a sister, and Brother Clement, and they all live together in a large residence in Beverly Hills.

Mrs. Kelly selected the house with care, making sure to pick out a place formerly not occupied by some movie star, as she didn't care to have the bus announcers roaring the news that they were now passing the palatial residence of the famous movie star, Miss Luteous Lush. The family that owned the house were in lumber and still are.

Romance is Barred

Nancy has an entire suite of three rooms to herself and can loll in her window and look down into a garden with six hundred flowers, and how do the young girls back in Astoria like that? She is never seen in the night spots with gay young blades and says herself that she is entirely too young for romantic adventurings.

There is, however, one comparatively young escort who got himself talked about lately. Nancy likes to dance and this young man is a first-class dancer and they were seen together, causing some busybody to remark to Mrs. Kelly: "I thought you said Nancy isn't running around with any of the younger set, and if so, then who is this guy has her out the other night at the Troc?"

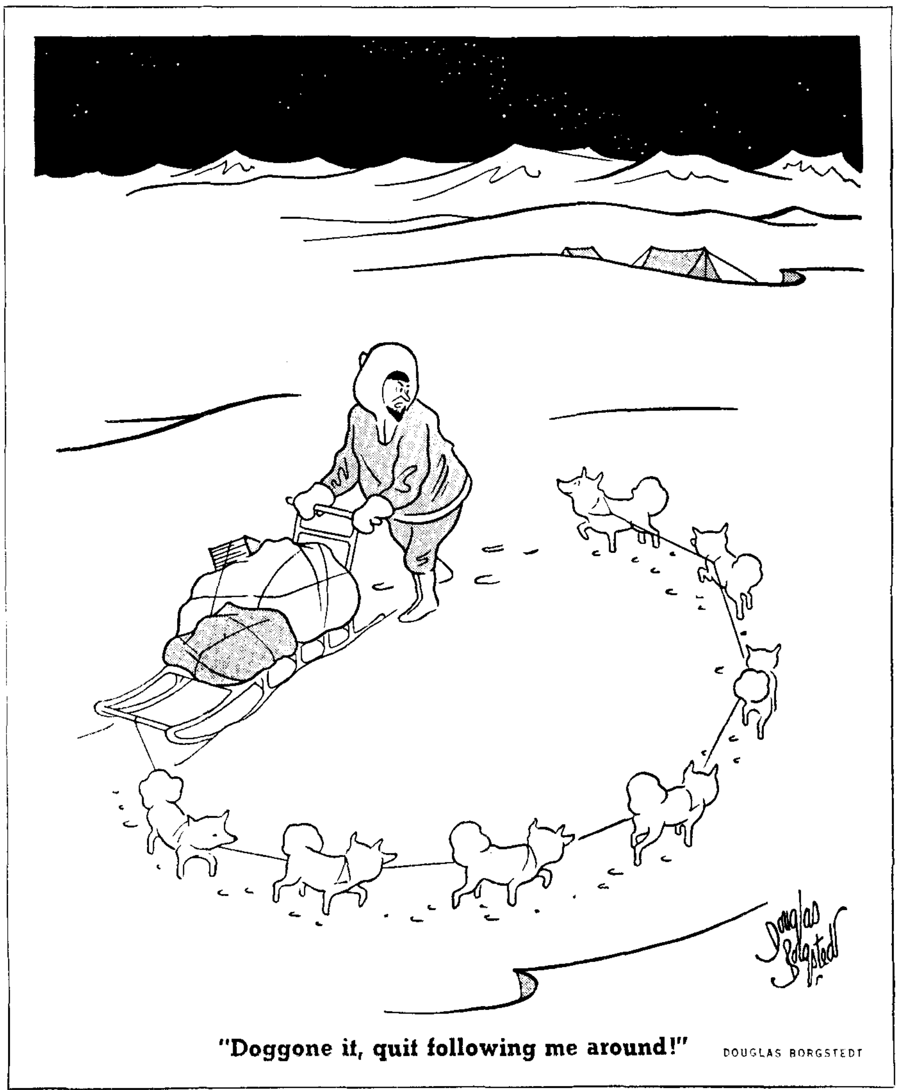
That was no young gent, lady. . . . That was her father, Jack Kelly, age thirty-eight and briskly interested in dancing. Rushing rapidly through a few vital statistics, Nancy swims like a fish, rides horseback, plays golf, reads Chaucer (ha), sings casually, collects knives, loves dogs and has a bracelet with 52 charms, probably one for each of those baby pictures.

Her favorite actor is Warner Baxter, because she met him first and is loyal. Her favorite flower is the gardenia, just as her favorite author is F. Scott Fitzgerald. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 113 pounds, has very brown glossy hair and looks at you with an air of mingled inquiry and quizzical good humor.

Her eyes are large and James Lee swears they are the deep brown of forest pools, but I don't trust James much. He is the same one who brought up the Chaucer business. Not for my money. When Nancy catches her breath after this Belle Starr picture—and first the department has to make sure Belle was the stirring female bandit they think she was—I am going out to the studio with a copy of Chaucer and demand that she sit down somewhere and desilt three or four chapters for me.

In the studio, Miss K. has her own dressing room, an ambulant affair in robin's-egg blue, full of mirrors, plush seats and lights, with a kitchenette on the starboard bow. It is presided over by Mrs. Kelly, who trained her daughter in histrionics and is still fervidly on the job. Nancy has never had a dramatic lesson except from her mother.

Five years hence, the Kelly girl ought to have a dollar for every sea gull in Sweden and be known to one and all. She has now about the best head start any young lady has had in Hollywood since they pulled down the pepper trees on the boulevard, and in spite of her paternal escort to the dance spots, I venture to prophesy that within a year or two you can pick up a fan magazine with a red cover promising you "The Amazing Love Life of Nancy Kelly."



"Doggone it, quit following me around!" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Strange Honeymoon

Continued from page 22

Eventually Snitch and Alan called it quits, the dog curled up in front of the couch and went unceremoniously to sleep. Alan poured ponies of benedictine and cognac, and stretched out his legs. He said, quite simply and unaffectedly: "This is nice."

"Mister, you flatter me something terrible."

"I feel rather silly about it—"

"Please don't." She was singing inside. There was something in his manner, in his voice, in his eyes—something that seemed to be reaching out to her. He was explaining, not without embarrassment: "I'm glad we're alone. It's . . . well, restful."

HE WAS saying these things, but she knew that he was thinking something else. There was trouble behind those brown eyes of his. He was older . . . and the aging had occurred in the past few days. But that didn't matter just now: The important thing was that he had sought her . . . the tranquillity and sanctuary that her companionship offered. She asked, gently, "What's on your mind, Alan?"

"Nothing."

"Don't pull your punches—please. I'm a perfect listener."

"I didn't come over to talk, really. I just had a sudden urge to be back home."

"I've missed you quite a bit, you know."

"I haven't been terribly attentive, have I?"

"I enjoyed the other night." She smiled with pleasant reminiscence. "That was tops."

"The other night . . ." She detected a trace of bitterness in his voice. "That was a long time ago, wasn't it?"

She said, "I'm trying my durnedest not to ask questions you don't want me to ask."

He looked steadily into her eyes, as though searching for something. Then, abruptly, he left his chair and dropped down beside her on the couch. He took her hand, and sent the blood pounding in her body. She heard him ask, "Mind?"

She tried to laugh. "I love it. And it's really quite respectable."

He was groping for words. "I never realized how swell you are," he said suddenly.

"I've been a bit unconscious of it myself, Alan."

"All day today, I've been thinking of you. Sort of feeling that I might relax if you'd let me come around . . . this way. "Nice, isn't it?"

"I'm right fond of the idea."

"So am I. But I didn't know how much I needed you—until I got here."

No matter what has happened, she thought exultantly—I'm glad. He's seeing me for the first time. If he'd only let me help. . . .

Aloud, she said, "Want to get it off your chest, Alan?"

"No. Just sit and hold hands and look at Snitch and forget what's outside. And if I'm going dramatic on you, kindly bust me right on the jaw."

"Anything wrong with the job?"

"No. That's moving all right." He looked at her, and for the first time he really smiled. "Ol' rockin' chair got me, Judith. That's all."

They were silent then. She wondered whether he knew that his hold on her hand had tightened, as though he were clinging, as though he needed her. She felt inordinately happy. It wasn't the gesture of a lover, but it was the grasp of a man who needed her—desperately.

Amazing, how well she knew Alan; how completely she understood the mood that was on him. Maybe it was because she felt as she did, maybe it was this famed sixth sense she'd heard so much about. Intuition: that was it. She wanted him to break down and confide. She knew it was no trivial escapade. And it couldn't possibly be finance. Money troubles would never bother him. And it wasn't a hangover: He wasn't that type, either. Was it . . . She felt a sudden apprehension at the thought of Angel Fremont. Perhaps Alan had come to tell her something about Angel. . . . She waited, and there was fear present now, whereas before there had been only worry.

But he did not mention Angel. Nor did he explain the dark mood. And she was too wise to probe more deeply than he invited. As the evening progressed, she realized that for some inexplicable reasons, he actually had wanted only to be with her, and to escape—however briefly—from the outside world. She was inexpressibly happy . . . and deeply perturbed.

Once or twice she attempted to be gay, to snap Alan back to his cheerful normalcy. He made heroic efforts to respond, but each time the conversation would slip away from them, each time he'd reach for her hand again and cling to it, each time he would stare into the empty fireplace . . . and then, at eleven, he rose. He said, "I'm on my way."

"Alan! Why so early?"

"I've made a nuisance of myself—"

"That's not nice. And it's a million miles away from the truth."

"I feel very stupid, really. Next time, I'll promise to be a good boy."

"Please don't. I detest good boys."

She saw that he really was going, and she was too wise to argue further. She followed him to the door, and there he took both her hands and looked down into her eyes. He said, with a depth of sincerity that startled her: "Thanks."

"For what?"

"For being what you are."

HE WAS gone then. She watched him swing toward Fifth Avenue. His step was firm enough, but his shoulders seemed to sag as though they were bearing an unaccustomed burden. She saw him disappear around the corner, and then she closed the door and walked to the telephone.

She called several night clubs and spoke to the headwaiter in each. Finally, her quest was successful. Yes, Mr. Lyons was there. Just hold the phone a moment, please.

Then Gene's voice: calm, deep, assured. He told Judith that he was alone; he said certainly he'd be delighted to come over. And, no—he wasn't going anywhere, and that he had all the time in the world. In a very few minutes, his taxi stopped in front of the door and she ushered him into the library. She came straight to the point.

She said, "You're Alan's best friend, aren't you?"

He gave that charming smile of his. "I'd like to think so."

"He just left here," stated Judith. "He's terribly worried about something. What is it?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"He told me nothing. But I know."

"You know what?"

"That there's something radically wrong. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Sure I have."

"Why can't you tell me?"

"It's Alan's business, not mine."

She rose and stood in front of him. She said, "Listen to me, Gene . . . I'm

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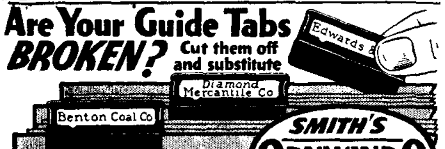

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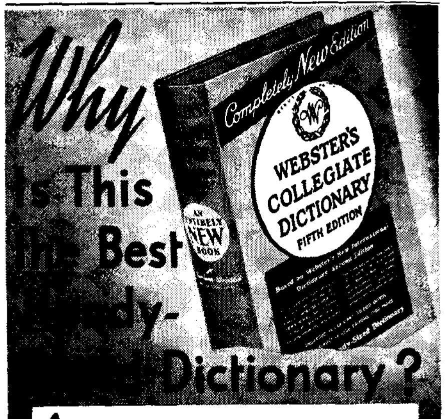

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going to talk straight, because I believe that's what you'd rather have me do. I'm in love with Alan . . . and he happens to be my husband. If he's in trouble, I think I have a right to know."

Gene pondered for a moment. Then he said, "If you're really in love with him—that would make a difference."

"Look at me," she invited recklessly, "and judge for yourself."

"I'll play it your way," said Lyons, "on one condition."

"Name it."

"It's between you and me. Forget that you know it—even if he tells you. I don't usually blab about another guy's affairs, but . . . well, you're his wife. . . ." He paused long enough to light a cigarette. Then: "It's Joe Carter."

"What about him?"

"Can you take it, Mrs. Hughes?"

"I can take anything."

"Carter's dead. Alan killed him."

He caught a glimpse of her face. He rose quickly and put a strong hand on her shoulder. He said, "Steady! Sit down—relax—and listen. . . ."

HE TOLD the story simply, clearly, concisely. Judith was surprised by her own calm. Emotional torment might come later, but now she was under control. When he finished speaking, she asked, "When did this happen?"

"Night before last."

"Did the doctor—succeed . . . ?"

"Yes. It was very simple."

"The police don't suspect anything?"

"Not a thing. And no one but ourselves, the doorman and the taxi driver saw it. They're safe."

She said slowly, "Alan did the only thing he could do. He couldn't get you involved."

"He'd have been in a tough spot if he'd called the police." Gene flicked the ash from his cigarette. "His story about Carter's two attempts on his life would make his position weaker, because it would sound like a cheap lie."

She spoke without looking up. "What's he to do?"

"Nothing."

"*It's whipping him down.*"

"He'll get used to it."

"I don't know. . . . I wish it had been different."

"We all do. But it wasn't. So what?"

"You're sure it'll never be discovered?"

"There isn't a chance. Everything is fixed."

She said awkwardly, "It must have cost you a good deal."

"Forget it."

"I mean . . . I want to help. I know things like that aren't accomplished without spending a lot of money. . . ."

Gene Lyons looked at her squarely. "Let's drop that angle, Mrs. Hughes. I did little enough. Alan went to bat for me, and I feel better about helping on my own. Understand?"

She said, "You're being pretty fine about it."

"I'd like to be. And now you've got your job cut out for you. Try to snap Alan back to normal. Forget you know anything. Even he will stop worrying about it eventually."

"I hope so. But—"

"But what?"

"I have an uncomfortable feeling . . . something I can't put into words."

"Suppose you try."

"Well . . . and please don't think I'm hysterical . . . I have a feeling that there's more coming: that the real trouble has just started."

AFTER three months of handling her own affairs, but of otherwise having nothing to do, Judith hadn't decided whether she liked it.

She tried to groove her life, and to take advantage of every opportunity for occupation. For one thing she ridiculed the suggestion of her attorneys that she employ a secretary. She had no slightest desire to lighten her duties. It was a relief to have things to do; to reflect occasionally: "No, I can't go to the matinee this afternoon. I'll be busy."

There were a thousand and one details connected with the handling of her affairs: consultations with the lawyers, the huge house that had to be looked after with business—as well as housewifely—efficiency, visits to the banks, and even a considerable bit of study on the subject of investments.

There were other things to be done, too: books to be read, art galleries to be visited, concerts to be enjoyed, plays and pictures to be seen. She laughed at herself for working at her leisure; it seemed so absurd not to take things in stride, not to enjoy the gifts the gods had provided.

But now Gene Lyons had brought to her the doubtful gift of worry. And for these past two days her life had been exciting enough—and more. It had taken on something that had been lacking up to that time: purpose. There was a reason for all of it now, a goal toward which she might strive—however futilely. She was, in brief, happy and miserable at the same time.

This afternoon she was busy in the little upstairs room that she had converted into an office. There was really a lot to do, once one buckled down to it . . . and she didn't hear the first light knock on the door. She heard the second, said, "Come in," and then, "What is it, Jenkins?"

The preternaturally grave face of the butler was heavy with disapproval. He said, "There's a person downstairs who insists on seeing you, Mrs. Hughes."

"What sort of person?"

"Very uncouth, Madame. Most perniciously uncouth, if I may say so."

"Sounds interesting. What does he want?"

"He refused to say. I think he's a taxi driver. I'm not sure, though."

"I'll see him," Judith said. "Show him into the library."

Jenkins descended the servants' stairway, shaking his head in disapproval. Judith took the other stairs, and all the way down she was thinking, "It's about Alan. It's about the Joe Carter thing. Keep your head clear, Judith . . . keep your head clear."

JENKINS ushered the visitor into the library, and, at Judith's insistence, closed the door leading into the reception hall. Judith studied her visitor.

He was a small man: short and wiry. His eyes were just a trifle too close-set, and as he stood there twirling his chauffeur's cap and chewing gum, he exhibited an odd admixture of deference and insolence.

Judith was on guard. She asked crisply, "Well—what is it?"

He looked around the room, moistened his lips, and inquired, "You Mrs. Alan Hughes?"

"Yes."

"My name's Chuck. Chuck Watson."

"Well?" She was deliberately making it no easier for him.

Again that quick gesture of apprehension. "Ain't no chance of anybody listenin' in, is there?" He caught her eyes, and added, "Ma'am."

"No."

Chuck spoke with more confidence. "I come to see you, Mrs. Hughes, about something important. Something that happened in front of the Tunisia the other night."

"Go ahead."

"You know what I'm talking about, all right."

"Go ahead."

"Yeah . . . you know, ma'am. And so do I. That Carter guy got killed, and your husband is in a tough spot."

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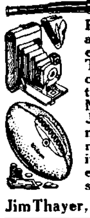

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"You seem to know a lot."

"I know plenty. I was the guy that drove the taxi. I was in the doc's office with Mr. Hughes and Mr. Lyons when the doc said Joe Carter had croaked. Me and the doorman, we know everything. He ain't talkin'. Neither am I—if things work out right."

"What do you mean: If things work out right?"

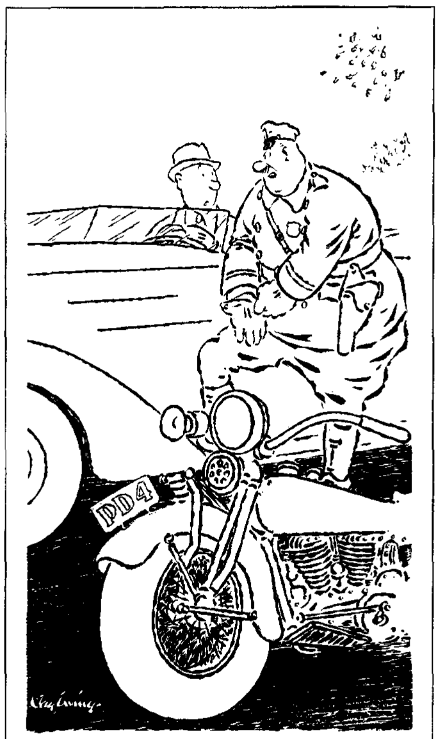
"Well, ma'am . . . I mean times ain't very good, and I'm kinda short of dough."

"Don't hold back. Let's have it."

His voice was cold: "That's the way I like to hear you talk, ma'am. It shows you're sensible, so there ain't no use of beatin' around the bush no more." He moved one step closer: "Here it is then, ma'am—straight from the shoulder. You're Mr. Hughes' wife—and I'm puttin' the bite on you."

"I'm afraid you'll have to be clearer. By 'the bite,' do you mean you're blackmailing me?"

He shrugged. "It all adds up to the same thing."



"Listen, Mister . . . this mornin' my coffee was cold an' th' toast was burned. An' my wife had a crank on an' my kid busted my pipe. Now look . . . I'm sayin' you was doin' sixty . . . What's your story?"

JAY IRVING

She smiled. "You've got lots of courage, Chuck."

"Meanin' what?"

"We-e-ll, since you know so much: Do you also know that Mr. Lyons is likely to do something about this—when he finds out?"

"Yeah, I figured that out. But he won't do nothin'."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I'm kinda smart myself. So I wrote the whole story of what happened the other night: givin' names and places and proof an' all. A friend of mine has a sealed copy of that, and if a bad accident should happen to me, why, it'll be delivered to the right place, and I gotta hunch the D. A. and the newspapers would be very interested."

"Mr. Lyons still might—"

"I ain't scared. Lyons is too smart to take chances."

"You seem pretty sure of yourself."

"Yes'm. I'm too smart to take chances, too."

Judith said, "How much are you demanding?"

"Fifty grand," he announced calmly.

"Quite lofty ideas, haven't you?"

"I don't think so. You're lousy with dough."

Judith said, "I'll think it over."

"No'm. That won't do at all. I gotta have it now."

"So . . ." Judith moved closer, apparently calm and unafraid. She was taller than he and her gaze never wavered from his ratty eyes. She said, "Let's put all our cards on the table, Chuck—because you might as well know that I understand everything.

"You've figured things out pretty keenly. Maybe you'll win . . . I can't say definitely right now. But you won't rush me into giving you any money, because you won't tell the police until you're sure you won't get it. If I say wait, you'll wait."

"You ain't no dummy, ma'am."

"Thanks for the compliment. It might also interest you to know that I'm going to talk to Mr. Lyons."

"I wouldn't if I was you."

"You're not me."

"Okay. You're callin' 'em. I figured this out."

"Where can I get in touch with you?"

He gave her an address. He said, "I like to do business with somebody like you. You're smart enough to think both ways. And the more you think about what I just told you, the more you'll see you gotta play it my way."

"Perhaps. And goodbye."

She pressed the buzzer and Jenkins answered. She motioned toward the door and Jenkins showed Chuck out. But just before he passed from view the little taxi driver favored Judith with a confident and impertinent grin.

JUDITH turned to the telephone. A half-hour later Gene Lyons was closeted with her, and fifteen minutes later he was pacing the floor, eyes blazing.

"The dirty little rat," he said. "I'll break his neck."

"No you won't, Gene. He's got us tied up, and he knows it."

"I'll get him some day. . . ."

"Forget it." Her voice softened. "We've had too much of that sort of thing. It's all incredibly horrible. Let's think of Alan—and what's best for him."

"Chuck wouldn't dare to squawk."

"I agree with you. But he might—and I don't care to take the chance."

"You're not figuring to pay him?"

"Why not? The important thing is to see that it doesn't keep up. Blackmail usually does, you know."

"And how I know it!" Gene sat down in an easy chair. "It's a tricky setup, Mrs. Hughes. I've got to hand it to you, the way you've done so far. But I don't like the idea of laying it on the line for a punk like that."

"If we must, we must."

"Give me a little time to think."

"On one condition, Gene. Promise me you'll do nothing—physical, that is—to Chuck while you're making up your mind."

"Okay. I'll play smart. My first job," and he smiled thinly, "will be to try and find out where he's planted that dope about what happened. If I can get my hands on that—"

"Don't take chances," ordered Judith. "And there's one more thing, Gene. You told me this thing in confidence: Made me promise I wouldn't discuss it with Alan. Won't you release me from that promise?"

"I'd rather not. No telling what an impulsive guy like Alan would do. And where would it get you, anyway?"

"I want to help him," she explained simply. "He's going to have to talk to somebody soon, and I'd rather have him talk to me."

"I don't think you've got that right, Mrs. Hughes. Alan wouldn't dare tell

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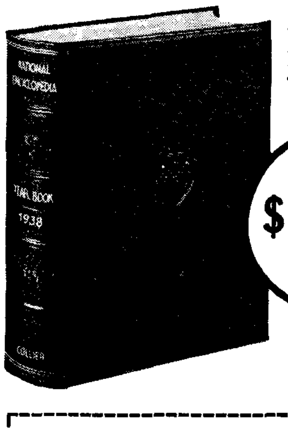

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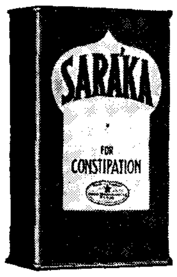

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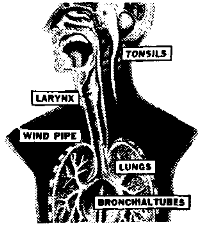

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anybody what happened that night. Why, look: There ain't anybody he could trust."

And Gene Lyons did not know that his statement was untrue. He had forgotten that there was one person Alan felt he could trust.

Gene had forgotten Angel Fremont.

FOR more than one hour Alan had sat alone in his office. Work accomplished during that period added up to just exactly nothing. Twice his secretary had entered the room, placed memos before him, looked at him curiously, and gone out shaking her head. It had her puzzled, she confided to the switchboard operator, what had got into Mr. Hughes: him that was always so full of pep, and kiddin' along and such—he seemed dead on his feet; moody and brooding and looking like he was in love and wasn't even being met halfway. "Which," finished the young lady with great vehemence, "wouldn't be what was ailing him if it was me."

For twenty-seven years Alan's life had been grooved. It had been neatly regulated, pleasant and exciting. But in the past three months, everything had changed—and Alan had changed with it. Things had happened too fast and too dangerously: physical and emotional upsets had crowded one another, life was no longer a well-ordered thing that could be taken in stride and with a shrug and a smile. He thought he was putting up a good front, and didn't suspect that he carried his worry in his eyes, and in little lines that were beginning to appear at the corners of his mouth.

Gene Lyons had tried to cheer him up. The Carter affair, explained Gene, was finished, done with and off the record. But somehow Alan couldn't make himself look at things that way. He could not forget that he had killed a man. He wanted to talk, and there was no one he could talk to except Gene—and Gene was too prone to accept the situation as a closed issue.

The desk telephone rang sharply, and Alan picked it up and said "Hello."

"Alan?"

"Yes."

"This is Angel."

Steady, thought Alan. *Make it sound natural!*

"Hi, Sugarfoots," he said, "what's on your mind?"

"You."

"You flatter me."

"Be yourself, Nice Boy. What's been agitating you recently?"

"Nothing special. Busy, that's all."

"Oh, yeah? Well, how about a good old-fashioned talk tonight? Just you and lil Angel . . . provided you're not all tied up."

"I'm free enough. But listen, honey—you'd rather not."

"What do you think you are? A mind reader?"

"Yes. I read my own mind. I'd be rotten company."

"Give me a chance to find out. Something nice and cozy and chatty."

"You'll be sorry."

"Nope. And I won't ask too many questions, either. Whatever it is, you can cry on Mamma's shoulder. It's a right nice shoulder, too, or all my boy friends are dirty liars."

Alan felt himself slipping. He liked Angel. She was so comforting, so reassuring. He said, "You're sure you can take it?"

"Mister, I'm panting."

"This quiet place you're suggesting . . . ?"

"It's a chop suey jernt. Discreet little booths. How's for picking me up here about eight?"

"I will. But no questions asked or answered."

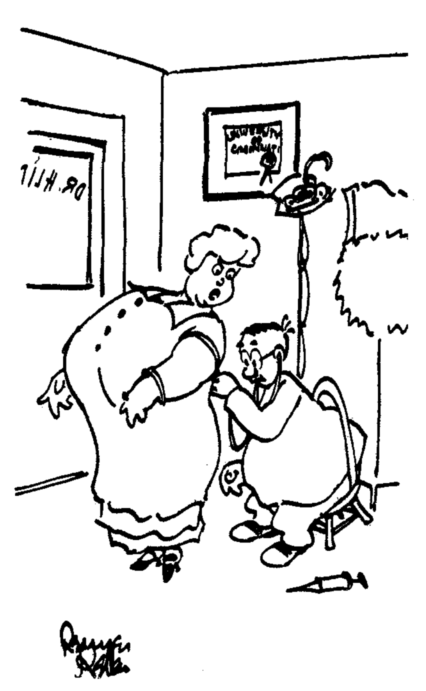
"Right." And he didn't hear her say, as she hung up, "That's what *you* think."

He sat back in his swivel chair and looked around the office. It meant so little now, whereas just a week before he had been so boyishly proud of it.

There had been zest in everything he did, down to the last tiny detail of devising economies so that his sixty dollars a week would prove adequate. But that savor had vanished, and he hoped Gene's prophecy—that his slump was only temporary—was true.

He doubted it, though. You couldn't kill a man, no matter how justifiably, without having the affair crowd out all lesser thoughts. It was all very well to argue that right and justice and equity were on his side. It was too much like unfinished business . . . and there was that vague, disturbing feeling that he hadn't heard the last of it.

Alan called for Angel shortly before eight. The early May night held more than a hint of the imminent summer. Angel's costume was simple and inexpensive, but it set out her vivid blond beauty startlingly, and did no injustice to her figure. They walked to her little chop suey parlor, ignored the table d'hôte menu which offered a fairly interesting meal for sixty cents, and concentrated on Angel's special order of chicken chop suey, fine cut, with extra portions of white mushrooms and bean sprouts.



"I did exhale!"

REAMER KELLER

DURING cocktails, and chop suey, and through little cups of tea and a plate of thin rice cakes, they chatted of nothing in particular: gossip of Broadway, idle queries and indifferent answers, sentences and phrases that both knew were time killers. And then, over ponies of liqueur, Angel leaned forward.

"All right, Big Boy," she inquired, "what's it all about?"

Alan said, "You promised . . ."

"Sure I did. But I had my fingers crossed."

Alan hesitated. "There's nothing the matter—really."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"No."

"Atta boy! Now then . . . ?"

"It's something I can't talk about."

"Why?"

"I can't—that's all."

"But you'd like to."

"Of course. . . ."

"Only it's something you're afraid of."

"That's about it."

"Would it help give you confidence—" her cheeks were white, but her blue eyes were level and unafraid—"would it make you more confident if I told you that I love you?"

It was sudden. Startling. Embarrassing. Alan shook his head, and said, "I thought you wanted to be serious."

"I do." He knew well enough that she was serious, and afraid and glad. "I'm stepping out of line, but I think it's my cue to do just that. And if you weren't a total sap, you'd have known it long ago. The point I'm trying to get across is that you can trust me."

"I know I can, honey. . . ."

"I'm not asking anything, and I don't want to go sloppy on you, either. I know just what the setup is at home, and—well, you might as well get it straight. I've never really thought of marrying you. I've always known that was out. But there was always the hope that I might get a break." She gave a short, sharp laugh— "How does it feel to have a gal tell you those things?"

"Rotten. And I don't believe 'em."

"You wouldn't . . . except that you do." She smiled with a touch of warmth: "Is it me or you, Alan?"

"You or me, what?"

"Am I poison or are you a fish?"

"Neither. Maybe I just never thought along those lines. Maybe—"

"Say it."

"Well, I always had the idea that you—and Gene . . ."

"You were right. Gene looks after me, in his own peculiar way. We like each other. . . ." She broke off, and then shrugged. "Gents are divided into two classes, Alan. Your gang, which plays hands off; and the other ninety-nine per cent who think it's always open season on the wives and girl friends of their acquaintances. It's my hard luck that you're one of the minority . . . but you are and I know it . . . so we'll skip the rest. It isn't important anyway—"

"Please, Angel. . . ."

"I know. I know. But I'm still not sorry I made it clear how I felt, and how I'll probably always feel. You know, you drive me nuts at times. You come for me, or you take me home after a date, and what do you do: A peck on the cheek . . . a nice, chaste, brotherly smack. Just one for the books, that's all. But darn it! Why can't you talk to me? Why can't you give me that much of a break? Why can't I be the one person in the world you'll really trust?"

He covered her hand with his and said, "You can."

She said, simply, "It's pretty nice, at that. Now, let's have it."

ALAN talked. He talked because he wanted to, because he needed to, because he was impressed and disturbed by what had just happened. He talked because he was with Angel, and because he was fond of her, because he considered her as fine as any girl he had ever known.

He talked simply and directly, pausing occasionally to think, so that he could present facts in proper order and proportion. He made out no case for himself, nor for Gene: he told what had happened, what had been said, and he let her draw her own conclusions. And when he finished speaking, she sat looking at him, thinking hard and saying nothing. Then she spoke:

"It's a hell of a mess, isn't it?"

"Do you wonder I've been up in the air?"

He liked the way she took it. No saccharine sympathy: simply a complete comprehension. Gene had never quite understood how Alan felt about it. But Angel understood.

She said, "Heard anything since?"

"No. Gene reported that the doctor had fixed it up okay. That seemed to satisfy him." He sought for some encouragement. "Was I right or wrong, Angel—about not calling the police?"

"Right." She said it sharply, without any suggestion of doubt or equivocation, and he realized that she was not saying it merely to reassure him. He knew she was thinking fast and clearly. Her questions, pitched in a low, husky voice, were direct.

"What was the taxi driver's name?"

"Gene called him Chuck."

"He's okay. Gene's done him favors. The doorman is okay, too."

"And the doctor?"

"You'll have to take Gene's word for that. He's in as deep as you are. And if he picked the guy out . . . well, Gene always knows the score."

"If it had just been my fight . . . if Gene hadn't been there. . . ."

"You'd probably be where Carter is now. He was a tough hombre."

"At least I wouldn't be worried."

"You've got something there."

HE SAID, slowly, "I've been trying to think sanely about it. What's done is done, and I can't change it. It's too late now to tell the police—"

"Feller! And how it is."

"And yet I can't get it out of mind. Each day I think I'll get accustomed to it, but I don't. It's heaps of no fun."

"So . . . ?"

"I'd hate to believe," he said, "that things would just rock along this way."

"What else can they do?"

"I don't know. But I've got the craziest feeling—call it fright, call it premonition, call it anything you want. . . ."

She said, "Look: I want to talk to Gene about this."

"No."

"Alan—you've *got* to let me. He won't get sore: honest, he won't. And *you* can't talk to him. He keeps on trying to make you feel better. You can't even ask him questions. But I can."

"Gene wouldn't like the idea that I'd shot off my mouth."

"He doesn't own this jam, does he? You've got as much right as he has. Be a good guy, Alan. Lemme talk to him. I've got an idea I might get somewhere."

"If you'd tell me what you're driving at—"

"No can do. You either trust me or you don't."

He said, "You win—again. But I still think you're wrong."

She said, "I'm telephoning before you get a chance to change your mind." She disappeared into a telephone booth. And she was back in a few minutes. "Found him," she said. "He's up to his neck in a party. Can't get away, and I have too much sense to tackle him when he's tired out. I'm seeing him at my apartment tomorrow afternoon at four."

"Did you explain what you wanted?"

"Don't talk funny. Of course not. . . . Pay your check and let's travel."

They walked across town. Her hand sought his, and they walked that way. Alan felt better, now that he had told someone. And he felt closer to Angel than ever before.

They walked up the narrow stairway. She opened the door of her apartment and invited, "Come in for a nightcap?"

"No, thanks," he said, "it's late."

And even she smiled at that. She said, "You're not very subtle, are you, Alan?"

"I'm afraid not."

He bent his head for the customary, casual good-night kiss. And then suddenly her arms were around him, her warm pliant body tight against his; her lips passionate and eager. He held her close for a moment. . . .

She was gone before he realized it. Her door slammed.

He did not know that she stood for a few minutes inside her door, praying that he would come in. Nor that she then flung herself across the bed and tried—with a pitiful lack of success—to find relief in tears.

(To be continued next week)

How Mother Easily Changed Worry to Welcome with AUNT JEMIMA'S Delicious, Jiffy-quick Pancakes
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PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS
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GEE! I WANT SOME MORE AUNT JEMIMA'S. THEY'RE SWELL!
AUNT JEMIMA
AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES

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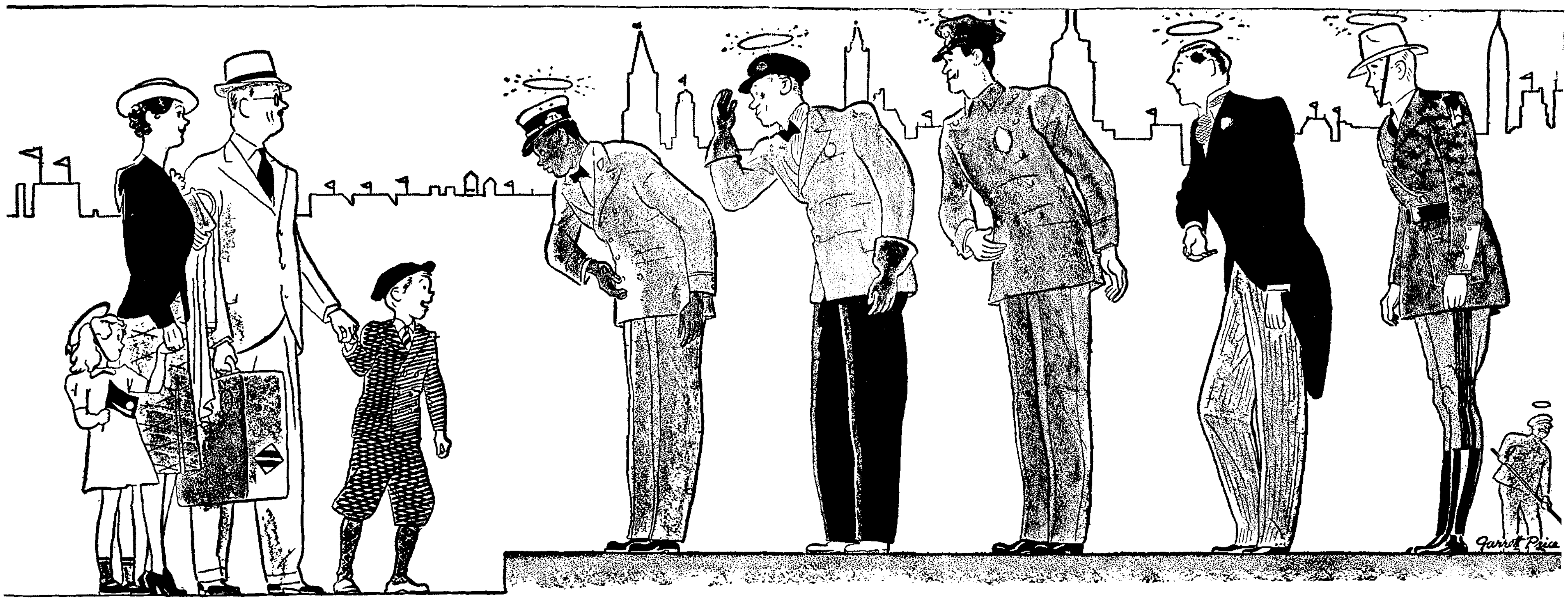

New York is Nicer Now

THE Hon. Grover Whalen, captain general of the New York World's Fair, is passing around word to New York City taxi drivers, bellboys, hotel clerks, ticket sellers, ticket takers and other contacters of the general public that they'd better polish up their manners for the Fair. He doesn't want any out-of-town customers enraged into buttoning up their purse pockets and going home by any displays of the proverbial New York City snootiness and upstageyness.

Our observation is that Mr. Whalen for once has missed a boat; that you can't justly hurl this particular reproach at New York City any more.

Once, of course, it was perfectly true. Without straining the memory, we can recall a time when an ordinarily quiet-spoken citizen couldn't come near a New York taxi driver or doorman without expecting to be snubbed or barked at. You had to pretend to be as tough as James Cagney is on the screen and as haughty as a French dining-car steward to get civil treatment out of the boys. It was like entering the presence of a typical banker or a typical Republican leader in pre-1929 days.

We think it's mostly all over now, though, and has been for some time. We base this belief on a good deal of harboring around New York City and a good deal of interested watching of its folkways.

You still run occasionally into an old-fashioned High Mightiness tending restaurant doors or theater-ushering or driving a hack. But most of them that we meet up with these days are as polite and obliging as the average soda-jerker in Milwaukee or the average baggage checker in any Chicago railway station.

Like the bankers and the Republican leaders, these boys have pretty generally come down to earth, we believe. We suspect it's for the same reason—that the crash taught cigar clerks and waiters as well as bankers and politicians that nobody knows everything.

Not that we'd advise World's Fair visitors to lay themselves open to being steered to clip joints by unethical taxi drivers, or to fall for phony auctioneers or sidewalk con men, or expect to find nothing but sweetness and light in New York City. New York isn't Utopia yet, any more than the rest of the country is.

But we do believe visitors to the Fair (which, incidentally—free ad for Mr. Whalen—promises to be a great show) will find only the American average amount of boorishness, arrogance and other varieties of small-minded cussedness in the New York City of today. About as much as you find in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Richmond, Kansas City, New Orleans, Seattle or San Francisco—which, incidentally (free ad for San Francisco), is also giving a splendid fair this year.

As regards manners, at least, we honestly believe New York City has finally taken to heart the long-standing advice of its haters to try joining the United States.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Motto

IN ONE of his columns Walter Winchell wonders "whether Eleanor Roosevelt's motto doesn't top the Golden Rule. She says, 'I will do more than live and let live; I will live and help live.' "

That's not our idea of the way the Golden Rule runs but, leaving that aside, we think Walter's point is open to argument.

You take the live-and-let-live or mind-your-own-business people, and you place opposite them the live-and-help-live people, or do-gooders, and you look over what the two groups have and haven't accomplished for the well-being of the human race, and what do you find?

You find, we believe, that it takes both kinds to keep things in balance, and that it will be a sad day for the human race when and if either one of these groups comes to be in the decisive majority. We say this though we agree that Mrs. Roosevelt is about as admirable a do-gooder as could be imagined.

The trouble is that most do-gooders overdo the doing of good. The best illustrations we know of at the moment happen to be a couple of members of the official family of this same lady's illustrious husband.

There are Harry L. Hopkins (now Secretary of Commerce) and Aubrey Williams, of WPA fame. Beyond question, both of these gentlemen have hearts of pure gold. But we think it is also beyond question that these two hearts of gold are doing the country great harm.

Mr. Hopkins furiously denies ever having made the famous remark attributed to him, "We will spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect;" but that is the principle on which most of the WPA's bosses and sub-bosses have been acting for years. It was only after the New Deal defeats of November, 1938, that Mr. Hopkins let a murmur escape him about perhaps making WPA more efficient and economical.

Mr. Williams' 24-carat heart has an unfortunate effect on other parts of his chassis: it leads him now and again to put his foot in his mouth. It was Mr. Williams who advised WPA "clients" to vote for their friends; remarked, according to the usually reliable United Press, that he didn't know but what class warfare in this country would be a good thing.

There have been do-gooders whose efforts didn't have such ruinous kickbacks—Florence Nightingale, Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, Alexander Baden-Powell, Clara Barton, to mention a few. On the other hand, there have been Savonarola, Karl Marx, the Puritans, William Jennings Bryan and the federal prohibitionists—all of them lovers of humanity and convinced that they knew how to save humanity. And there are, to repeat, do-gooders like Messrs. Hopkins and Williams.

We hope the do-gooders, or I'll-improve-you-if-it-kills-you people, go on by being pretty well counterbalanced by the mind-your-own-business people who are willing to give battle for the right to go to the devil in their own way if they so desire.

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